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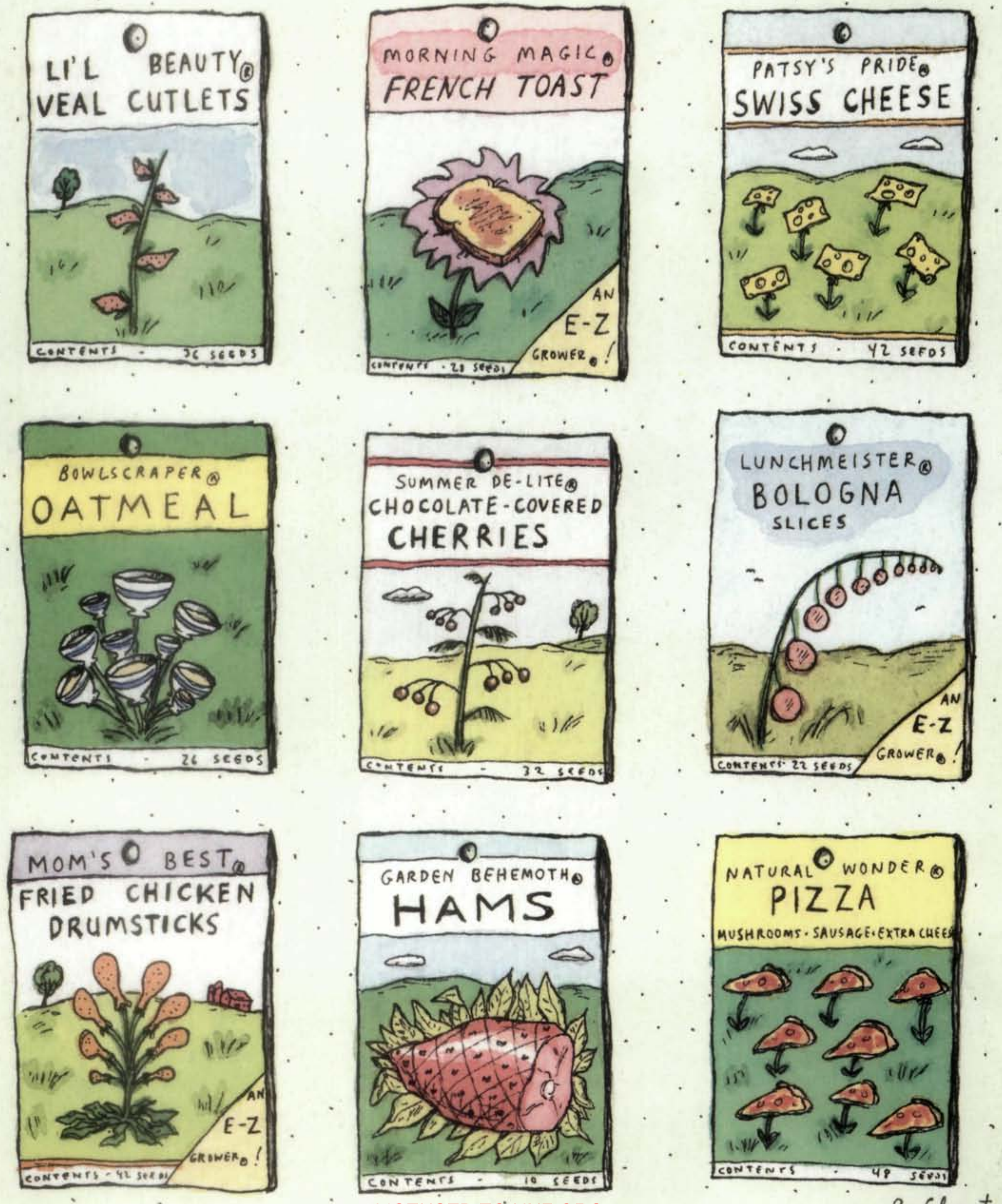
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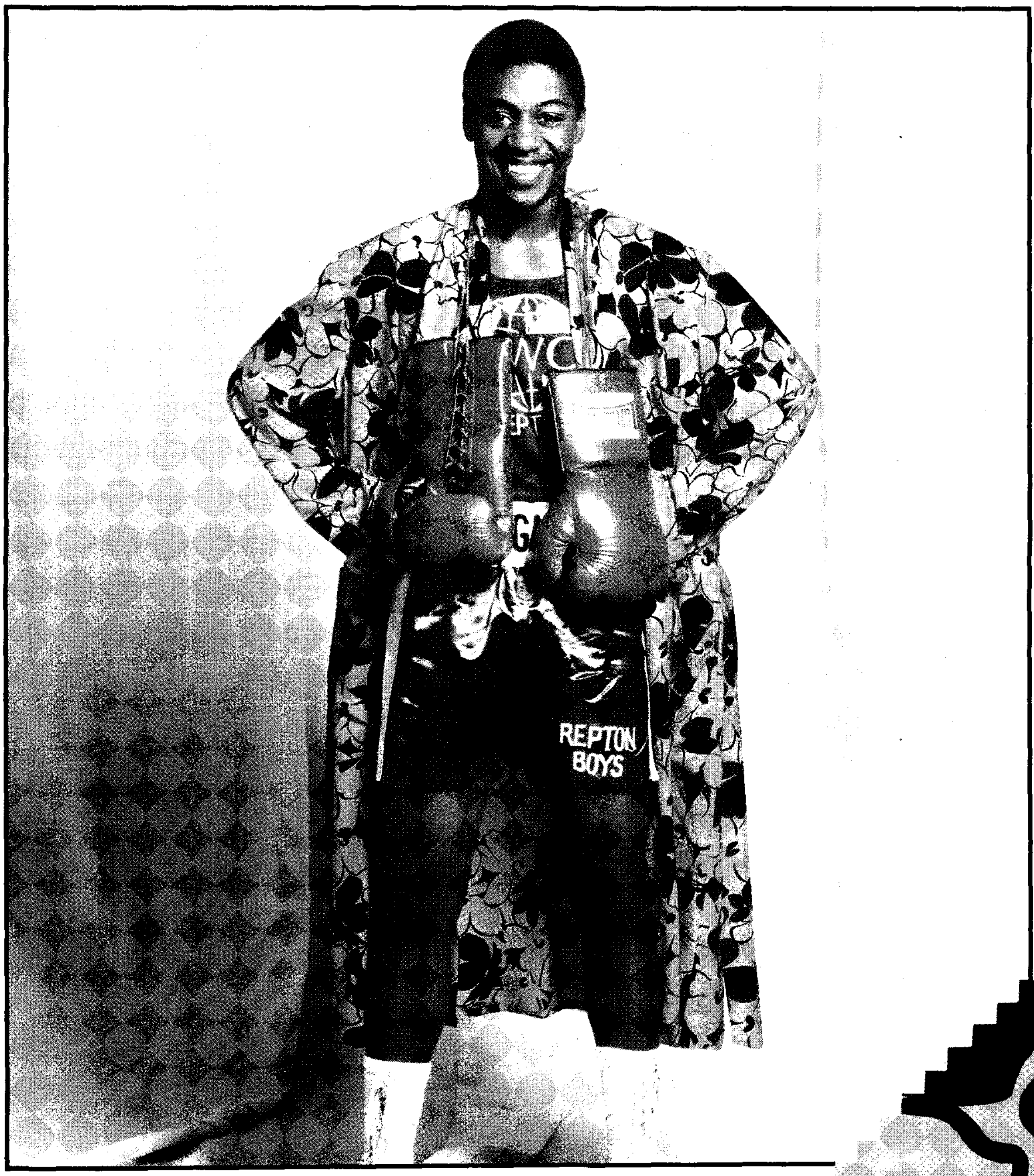

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/13/87.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. A revival of William M. Hoffman's **AS IS.** Wednesday, May 27; Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31; and Thursday and Friday, June 4-5. Closes Friday, June 5. . . . **ROAD SHOW,** Murray Schisgal's depressing, prankish play about a writer on his way to Hollywood who makes a significant stop in Indiana. (Reviewed in this issue.) Thursday and Friday, May 28-29; Monday through Wednesday, June 1-3; and Saturday, June 6. Closes Sunday, June 14. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Monday, June 1, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's play, starring the Flying Karamazov Brothers. Other performers include Avner the Eccentric, Ethyl Eichelberger, and Douglas Wieselman, who composed music for the show. Directed by Robert Woodruff. Previews through Saturday, May 30. Opens officially on Sunday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, June 28. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's deft direction. (4/27/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Educating Rita—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. The good production is by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company; Jeff Perry was the director. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "April Snow," by Romulus Linney; "Waking Women," by Cassandra Medley; "Bad Blood," by Peter Maloney; and "Real to Reel," by Frank D. Gilroy. Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 7:30; Saturday, May 30, at 5 (previews) and 9 (opening); and Monday, June 1, and Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Lady of Fadima," by Edward Allan Baker; "A Ripe Banana," by Jennifer Lombard; "AfterSchool Special," by Keith Reddin; "All for Charity," by John Patrick Shanley; and "Dinah Washington Is Dead," by Kermit Frazier. (Reviewed in this issue.) Friday, May 29, at 7:30; Sunday, May 31, at 3 and 7; Wednesday, June 3, at 7:30; and Saturday, June 6, at 5 and 9. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Through Monday, June 15.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of **WISH YOU WERE HERE,** a

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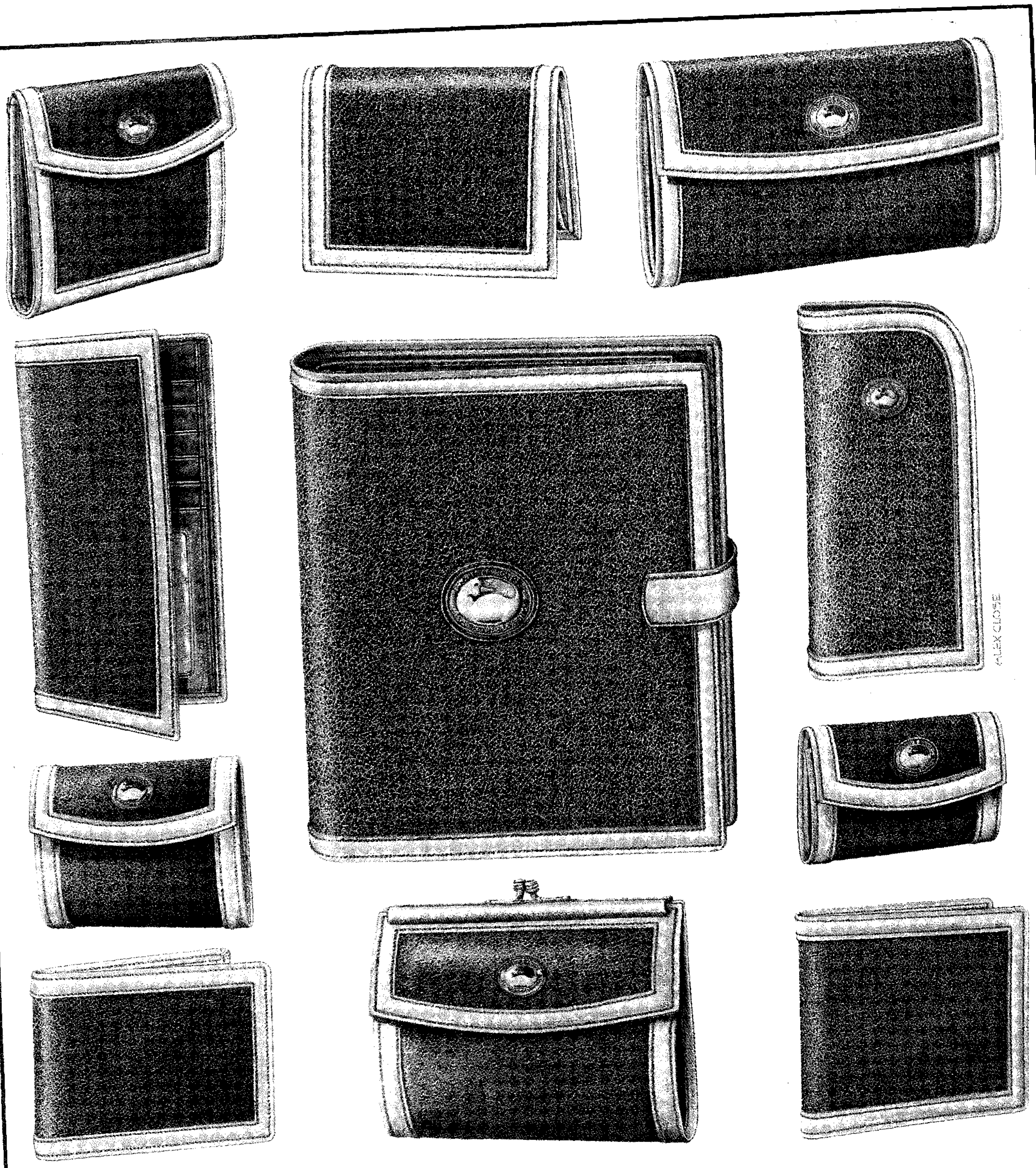

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1952 musical by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan (book) and Harold Rome (music and lyrics). (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 7. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. Reopens Wednesday, June 3. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A comedy by Ray Bradbury, **THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT**, is the third in this season's series of productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Morning performances Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11. Closes Saturday, June 13.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best foreign play of the year. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Little Murders—A more than satisfactory revival of Jules Feiffer's comedy about a family under the siege of the day-to-day menace in this city. Mr. Feiffer's satire doesn't cut very deep, but his humor and his mocking spirit are as entertaining as ever. With Mike Nussbaum (in three roles), Graham Beckel, Christine Lahti, and Frances Sternhagen, among other good actors. John Tillinger directed. (5/18/87) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 7.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. Remarkable though they are, they are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. Even so, chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

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The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

New York Theatre Workshop—Presenting **A NARROW BED**, by Ellen McLaughlin. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A disappointing revival of Tom Stoppard's play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton play a middle-aged woman and a college undergraduate who meet one summer and fall in love, or seem to. Why four actors are required to embody two distinctly simple characters is a question that only the playwright, A. R. Gurney, Jr., is in a position to answer. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

Talk Radio—A play written by and starring Eric Bogosian. Preview Wednesday, May 27. Opens officially on Thursday, May 28. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; *opening-night curtain at 7:30*. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Three Postcards—A beguiling musical by Craig Lucas (book) and Craig Carnelia (music and lyrics). Mr. Lucas's libretto consists almost entirely of the seemingly desultory conversation of three women at a restaurant in the Village; as they talk, Mr. Carnelia plays his melodic songs at a cocktail piano. The performance, with Jane Galloway, Maureen Silliman, and Karen Trott as the diners and Brad O'Hare as a waiter, is free-form and always stylish. Norman René was the invaluable director. (5/25/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, June 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, June 4, at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,272 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, June 3, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

"Show Business Applauds Lincoln Center"—Milton Berle, Shirley Jones, Swoosie Kurtz, Bill Irwin, and the Rockettes are among the performers in an all-star salute. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, June 1, at 8. For tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 523.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, May 27: "Scotch Symphony," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 28: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 29: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Pas de Deux," "Moves," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 30: "Chaconne," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 30: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Moves," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 31: "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concertino," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 31: "Scotch Symphony," "Moves," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 2: "Les Petits Riens," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 3: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "La Sonnambula" and "Bournonville Divertissements" (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5585). . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "The Four Temperaments," "La Sonnambula," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "The Four Temperaments," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Swan Lake," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Brahms/Handel." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 27: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 28-29; Saturday matinée and evening, May 30; and Monday evening, June 1: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 2: "Les Rendezvous," "Sunset," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 3: "Donizetti Variations," "Sunset," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 3: "Donizetti Variations," "Dark Elegies," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "Donizetti Variations," "Dark Elegies," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5, and Saturday matinée, June 6: "Paquita," "Airs," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Donizetti Variations," "Airs," and "Etudes." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

Lyon Opera Ballet—Final performances of "Cendrillon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, May 27-29, at 8; Saturday, May 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 31, at 3 and 7.)

DanceBrazil—Programs of Bahían and modern dance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, May 28, at 7, a benefit performance. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 8, with guest performers Loremil Machado and Rosemary.)

Ritha Devi—A program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturdays, May 30 and June 6, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Louis Johnson Dance Theatre Ensemble—New and repertory works. (Henry Street Settlement Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 8.)

Kenneth Rinker Dance Company—Presenting the New York premières of "Out of the Rolling Ocean" and "Unzip Me" (the latter with guest artist Lillo Way), "Tongues of Men and Angels," and "Night Trippers." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, June 3, at 7:30; Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6, at 8; and Sunday, June 7, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Dance Interviews—Christopher d'Amboise being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, June 1, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **JULIE WILSON,** who is singing here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Matsu & the Hip Band are aboard Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, and on Friday, June 5, alto saxophonist **MICHAEL HASHIM** and pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** join forces. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret in the fur and fashion-student district. The six-thirty shift on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, belongs to **AL CARMINES,** a preacher who moonlights as a singer and pianist. Mr. Carmines' show is a fearless, semi-mystical mix of Cole Porter, Jim Reeves, hymns, blues, Paul Simon, Rodgers and Hart, Irving Berlin, his own impassioned songs, and a couple of homemade poems. He delivers most of the songs in medleys—"Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" falls between "The Old Rugged Cross" and "My Funny Valentine"—and in some cases the songs cast strange light on each other. **EARTHA KITT** performs at nine Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, and at nine and eleven Friday and Saturday, May 29-30.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGIE AULD'S** quartet trades sets with a trio composed of guitarist **HERB ELLIS,** pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER,** and bassist **RAY BROWN** through Sunday, May 31, and starting Tuesday, June 2, pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI'S** trio plays opposite trumpeter **DONALD BYRD'S** quintet. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including fans of the folksinger **CHRISTINE LAVIN,** who is admired for having written inspired songs about dentistry ("Cavity Blues"), unicellular life ("Amoeba Hop"), men who have or don't have an air-conditioner when it's hot and you really need one ("Air Conditioner"), and men who like to sleep in the woods ("Camping"). She appears at seven-thirty and ten-thirty on Sunday, May 31, along with Pianosaurus (a rock band that uses toy instruments) and the Richard Barone trio. Wizard folk guitarist **DOC WATSON** performs on Thursday, June 4. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate duos and trios compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. The musical teams: pianist Ray Gallon and bassist **Ron Carter** through Saturday, May 30; pianist **Kenny Werner** and a bassist on Sunday, May 31; and guitarists **Jimmy Raney** and **Attila Zoller** and bassist **Gary Mazzaroppi** starting Monday, June 1. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** leads a trio through Sunday, May 31, and on Tuesday, June 2, a late-modernist quintet known as **The Group** (trumpeter **Ahmed Abdullah**, saxophonist **Marion Brown**, violinist **Billy Bang**, bassist **Sirone**, and drummer **Andrew Cyrille**) begins a six-night visit. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **Bucky** and **John Pizzarelli**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. **Bobby Short**, the room's favorite son, sings some of his favorite Porter, Coward, and Rodgers and Hart songs, with expert support from bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Robbie Scott**, at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar, you will find singer and pianist **Barbara Carroll** performing from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **John Scofield**, a guitarist who served in Miles Davis's electric funk band for three years, is here with his own funk band through Sunday, May 31, and on Tuesday, June 2, **Astrud Gilberto** starts singing Brazilian-jazz numbers in her soft, light, ripple-free voice. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, Bryan Wells; Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, **Armen Donelian**; and starting Tuesday, June 2, **Vladimir Shafranov**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. The jukebox features Joe Williams, Cootie Williams, and Charlie Parker, whose many admirers include an Arkansas-born hipster named **Bob Dorough**. A bop-rooted pianist and a sly, twangy-voiced singer, Mr. Dorough usually doesn't let a night slip by without singing his ode to Parker, "Up Jumped a Bird," which he says he wrote when he was in Rome, dodging traffic. He's here on Sundays and Mondays, along with his longtime sidekick, bassist **Bill Takas**. Tuesdays belong to early bop guitarist **Chuck Wayne's** trio, and Wednesday through Saturday, May 27-30, to singer Carla White's trio. Music from ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **Roger Kellaway**, a dashing, versatile, sometimes larky pianist, works out on it, with bassist **Michael Moore** at his side, through Saturday, May 30. **Junior Mance** and **Marty Rivera** settle in on Tuesday, June 2. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup, in part: Wednesday, May 27, rock guitarist **Vernon Reid's Living Colour**; Thursday, May 28, bluegrass guitarist and singer **Keith Whitley** and Kentucky Roots; Friday, May 29, Louisiana swamp rocker **Dr. John** and G. C. Dangerous; Saturday, May 30, **Rockin' Dopsie's** zydeco band and G. C. Dangerous; and Sunday, May 31, the rock-vaudeville duo **They Might Be Giants**. Music after nine. Dining.

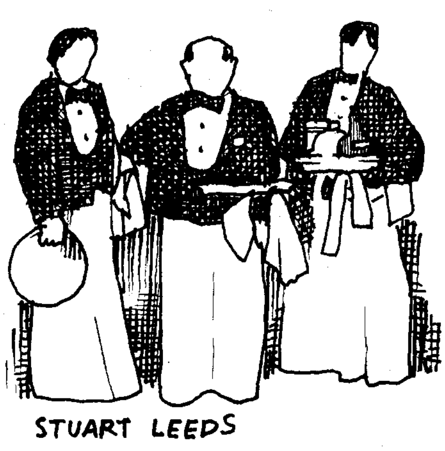
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished-up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors that double as advertisements for vintage whiskeys. **Jo Sullivan** and **Len Cariou** perform songs from vintage Broadway musicals Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Trio-size helpings of jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues in a spiffy upper West Side café. Saxophonist **Denny Morouse's** band is here Friday and Saturday, May 29-30. Music from about ten until two.

Positano, 250 Park Ave. S., at 20th St. (777-6211)—A high-ceilinged, creamy-colored restaurant that was once a carpet warehouse and, before that, a bank. The "executive chef," Luigi Celentano, is from Positano, and the graphics designer, Milton Glaser, is from Gotham. A section of the upper-deck dining area has been reserved for jazz trios. Pianist **Lloyd Mayers'** threesome plays through Saturday, May 30, and pianist **Billy Taylor's** crew starts to work on Monday, June 1. Music from nine Mondays and Tuesdays, and from ten Wednesdays through Fridays and Saturday, May 30. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Wednesday, May 27, the **Wailers**; Friday, May 29, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and Mick Taylor; Saturday, May 30, We've Got a Fuzz Box and We're Gonna Use It; Thursday, June 4, Patty Smyth; and Friday, June 5, Thrashing Doves. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, the **Mighty Diamonds**; Friday, May 29, **Tito Puente** & his orchestra; Saturday, May 30, **Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees**; Tuesday, June 2, **Manny Oquendo's Libre**; Wednesday, June 3, Byron Lee & the Dragonaires; and Friday, June 5, **Tabou Combo**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **Paul Bley**, the Canadian-born pianist whose music tends to be austere and crowded with silences, works with his quartet through Sunday, May 31; trumpeter **Terumasa Hino** is here with his quintet on Monday, June 1; and on Tuesday, June 2, pianist **Cedar Walton**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Billy Higgins** take charge. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek soul-and-jazz room. Two good jazz singers are on the bill: **Chris Connor**, who will be here Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, and **Dakota Staton**, who comes in on Tuesday, June 2. Music after nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Wednesday, May 27, O.K. Savant and Gentlemen Farmers; Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, **Eddie (the Chief) Clearwater**; Sunday, May 31, the **Surreal Mc Coys**, a real New York honky-tonk band; Tuesday, June 2, the **Cucumbers**; Wednesday, June 3, Barry Moore; and Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, Big Time Sarah & the Straightshooters. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Adept salsa bands perform in the refectory-like downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty; on June 1, **Dizzy Gillespie** will take a solo or two with orchestras led by his old Cab Calloway bandmate, trumpeter **Mario Bauza**, and **Tito Puente**. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, fleet-fingered pianist **Kirk Lightsey** and bassist **Santi Debriano** are on duty every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, they alternate with jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman's** Bach-to-blues trio. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. The **Mingus Dynasty Band**, which is superintended by the bassist's widow and dedicated to preserving his music, performs here through Sunday, May 31. The current edition of the group, a septet, includes trombonist **Jimmy Knepper**, alto and tenor saxophonist **John Handy**, and flutist **James Newton**. On Tuesday, June 2, guitarist **Larry Coryell** moves in with his quartet. On Mondays, the foreman of the **Mel Lewis Orchestra** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his crew rip. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Drummer **Vernel Fournier** directs his band through Sunday, May 31, and on Wednesday, June 3, **Benny Waters**—an eighty-five-year-old reed man who played with Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Hot Lips Page a few decades ago—brings in his combo. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** collaborate through Saturday, May 30, and on Monday, June 1, pianist Jean Matisse and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** go to work. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Brooks Kerr—In a tribute to Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, May 28, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Liza Minnelli—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Thursday, June 18. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, and Tuesday through Saturday, June 2-6, at 8.)

Pimpinela—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, May 29, at 8.

John Kay & Steppenwolf and Alvin Lee—With Roger McGuinn. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Tuesday, June 2, at 7:30.)

Jazz Concert—With Robert Routch, C. J. Everett, Keith Underwood, Jill McManus, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, June 2, at 8.)

Terry Waldo's Gotham City Band—Symphony Space. Friday, June 5, at 8.

Luther Vandross—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday through Monday, June 5-8, at 8.

Casselberry & Duprée—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, June 6, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

Billy Bang Quintet and Henry Threadgill's Wind String Ensemble—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, June 6, at 9:30. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

Henry Street Settlement Jazz Festival—Friday, May 29: Betty Carter. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 31: Cassandra Wilson quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5: Cecil Taylor trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 6: Paquito d'Rivera. (466 Grand St. All performances at 7. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carlo Carrà (1881-1966)—Fifty paintings and drawings from the early nineteen-hundreds. Through June 30. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

John Chamberlain—Recent sculptures. Through June 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Leonardo Cremonini—Large paintings of beach scenes with solitary figures. Through July 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Those dating from 1943 to 1974 are at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Through Friday, May 29. . . . ¶ Those made after 1974 are at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, May 30.

Karen Erla—A two-gallery show of oil paintings on paper. Through Saturday, May 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Glenn Goldberg—Recent abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Bryan Hunt—A two-gallery show. Drawings at Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Saturday, June 6), and sculptures at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through June 13).

Jane Kaplowitz—Oil-stick drawings of imaginary interiors and exteriors decorated, tongue-in-cheek, with twentieth-century art works—a Matisse figure and a Hoffmann-style chair, for instance. Through Saturday, June 6. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Aquatints at Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings at Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Bronzes completed in the artist's last two years, at Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 20.

John Parks / Kazuko Inoue—Distorted views of London landmarks; the Tower Bridge leaning in several directions, for instance. / Large canvases completely covered with short, wide brushstrokes of vivid colors. Through Tuesday, June 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Charles Seliger—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper. Through June 13. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—New paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings and drawings. Through June 27. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

John H. Twachtman (1853-1902)—Nineteen paintings by an American Impressionist. Through June 13. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Two shows of oil paintings and works on paper—"Cubist Legacy: The American Abstract Artists," including Eleanor De Laittre, Carl Holty, John Sennhauser, and others; and "Modernism," including Helen Torr, James Guy, Edwin Dickinson, and others. Through June 12. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists Kirchner, Pechstein, Macke, Feininger, Nolde, and others. Through July 11. . . . **MAZOH**, 13 E. 76th St.: Twenty works, including thirteen oil panels representing a color spectrum, by Ellsworth Kelly, and a figure in graphite by Georges Seurat. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—A retrospective of woodcuts, drypoints, and lithographs. Through June 12. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Birmelin / Jerome Witkin—Paintings and works on paper of cityscapes, many observed by the artist from his studio window on Fourteenth Street. / Preparatory drawings for paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Carroll Cloar—Paintings of small-town life long ago, based on episodes the artist remembers from his youth in the rural South. Through June 20. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Thomas Aquinas Daly—Paintings of wildlife and landscapes. Through June 30. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kim Do—Realist plein-air landscapes that emphasize green forests and lawns. Through Saturday, June 6. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-88)—A loan show of twenty-eight drawings. Through June 12. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Christopher Gerlach / Barbara Dixon Drewa—Paintings of West Coast landscapes. / Trompe-l'oeil paintings of bulletin boards. Through June 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Roy Gussow / Royce Howes—Painted and polished stainless-steel abstract sculptures. / Compartmentalized oil-on-board paintings that give an over-all impression of landscapes. Through Tuesday, June 2. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anselm Kiefer—Mixed-medium paintings and books. Through Thursday, June 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arthur Levine—Paintings of vintage airplanes. Through Saturday, May 30. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein / Ellsworth Kelly—Pop paintings from the early sixties. / Pencil drawings outlining leaves. Through Saturday, June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Mr. Lichten-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stein's show of drawings continues through Tuesday at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Ethel Magafan—Colorado landscapes painted in egg tempera and watercolors, plus ink drawings. Through June 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953) / **Joseph Hirsch**—Watercolors from the thirties, a period when he interpreted landscape subjects in several styles. Through Saturday, June 6. / Paintings by a contemporary social realist. Through Saturday, May 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Self-portraits and dog portraits. Through Saturday, May 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Collages, together with paintings and drawings from the thirties and forties by New York artists (Gorky, Krasner, Pollock) who were friends of Ryan's and, like her, were unrecognized at the time. Through Saturday, May 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Color woodcuts. Through June 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David Smalley—Kinetic sculptures in brass and steel. Through June 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli / Ethan Greenberg—Abstract paintings. / Charcoal drawings of cityscapes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Wednesday, June 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Surls / Alain Clement—Figures and abstractions rendered in carved, burned oak. / Photograms. Through Saturday, May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Painted metal cutouts, a few projecting from the wall. Through Saturday, May 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DE NAGY**, 41 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Fish, Groover, Guston, Thiebaud, Paul Hunter, and others. Through June 27. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through June 13. . . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Sketches for W.P.A. mural projects and other works from the thirties. Through June 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mac Adams—Six abstract steel sculptures that are illuminated in such a way that they cast shadows of figures. Also, large photographs of reflecting materials—mirrors, chrome. Through June 20. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

John M. Armleder—An installation of paintings and musical instruments—a trio of gleaming French horns, for instance. Through June 27. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. Through June 28. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Elise Asher—Fantasy landscape paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Janice Biala and Daniel Brustlein—Paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Tom Bills—Freestanding steel-and-lead sculptures, placed low to the ground. Through Saturday, June 6. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Enrico Castellani—Monochromatic canvases stretched over various patterns of nails to form a slight relief effect. Through June 20. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Melvin Charney—An installation and drawings by a member of the architecture faculty of the University of Montreal. Through Saturday, May 30. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

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Sandro Chia—New paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford—Paintings and bronzes focussed on a narrow figure in profile. Through Sunday, May 31. (M-13, now located at 72 Greene St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Lauren Ewing—Bold-colored sculptures, including two trompe-l'oeil theatre curtains in bronze, one painted solid red, the other green. Through Saturday, June 6. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Carole Jeane Feuerman—Classical-style cast-stone sculptures of intentionally unfinished figures. Through Thursday, June 4. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Viola Frey—Glazed ceramic works, among them larger-than-life-size figures. Through Wednesday, June 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gilbert and George—New works. Through June 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Goldsmith—Abstract acrylic paintings on paper. Through June 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Jan Håfström—Reliefs: wood boxes or frames into which fabric or clothing is set and painted. Through Saturday, May 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Ethelyn Honig / Gloria Greenberg—A painted paper mural measuring thirty feet across, plus related paintings. / Monochromatic landscapes consisting of only land and sky. Through Saturday, June 6. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Barbara Kassel—Small horizontal canvases depicting the landscape of New Mexico and incorporating glimpses of interiors characteristic of the Southwest. Through Saturday, May 30. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Barbara Kruger—Photomontages from the past five years. Through Saturday, May 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Vincent Longo—Color paintings based on grids. Through Saturday, May 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Phyllis Mark—Sculptures meant to move in the wind, which are here activated by fans. Through June 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Andrew Menard—Six painted plaster reliefs inspired by Rabelais and Duchamp. Through June 13. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Claire Moore—Expressionist canvases with stencilled texts by an artist who early in her career in New York bartered stories of her life on an Indian reservation for art lessons with Fernand Léger. Through Saturday, June 6. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Eduardo Oliveira Cézar—Monochromatic Precisionist paintings of architectural elements. Through Saturday, May 30. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Michele Owings—Goya was the inspiration for these recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Ann Preston—Sculptures, mostly; first solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, June 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Gerwald Rockenschaub—Nonobjective paintings, all on 10 × 11¾ canvases. Through Saturday, May 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Olga Sheirr—Studies of Stonehenge in oil, watercolor, and ink. Through Sunday, May 31. (NoHo, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Joyce Sills—Small Prismacolor drawings. Through Thursday, June 4. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At **A.I.R.**, 63 Crosby St.: A solo show of paintings by Lenore Goldberg is in the main gallery, and works by Marcia Godosky, Susan Miller, and Maggie Poor are in the back room. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 142 Greene St.: New paintings and sculptures by Kosuth, Morris, Oldenburg, Serra, Stella, and Therrien. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: New installations by Stella, Nauman, and Artschwager. Through Saturday, June 6. . . . **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART**, 584 Broadway: Paintings and drawings by forty-five artists, including Diego Rivera and Wifredo Lam. Through June 21. (Open Sundays.) . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 114 Prince St.: Wall pieces by David Provan, Lowell Reiland, John R. Thompson, and Lindsay Walt. Through Saturday, June 6. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Charles Clough—Abstract paintings. Through June 14. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Calvert Coggeshall and Frederick Hammersley—Abstract paintings by two artists with contrasting styles. Through June 27. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

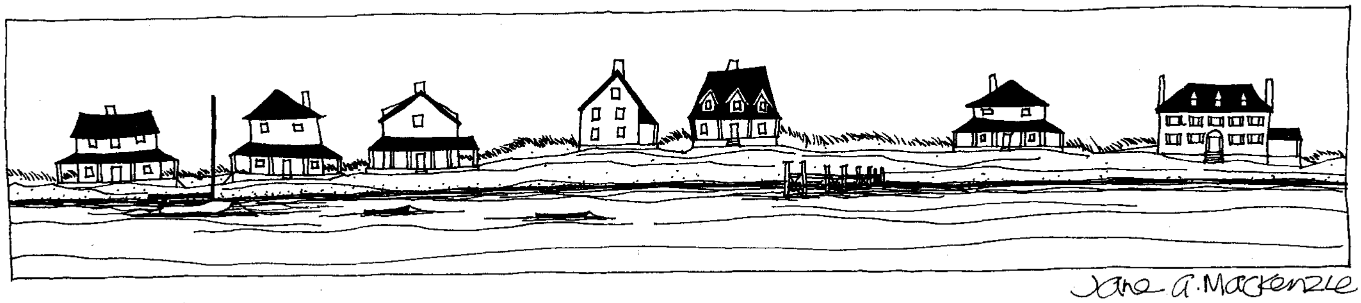
Mark Dean and Jane Irish—Collaborative paintings of the American landscape, with contemporary shopping malls (by Irish) set into pre-Colonial forests (Dean). Through Sunday, May 31. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Claudia DeMonte—Painted clay sculptures with the artist herself cast as an odalisque—à la Matisse, Rousseau, and others. Through June 14. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Franklin—A mixture of traditional and nontraditional materials. For instance, in "The Drum Painting" a cowhide frame surrounds a rabbitskin-glue-coated canvas with a dowel attached to it. Through Sunday, May 31. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Stephen Hannock—Landscape paintings in phosphorescent acrylics, shown under black light in an otherwise dark room. Through Sunday, May 31. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

Richard Kalina / Osvaldo Romberg—Black-and-



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CONTEMPT FOR COMPROMISE HAS JUST FOUND TWO PERFECT VEHICLES OF EXPRESSION. Learning to compromise, some say, is the essence of growing older.

If so, the Bavarian Motor Works has created a machine that reverses the aging process. Two of them, in fact--the L6 and the M6. Reincarnations of the European Grand Touring tradition that so exceed the common notions of luxury and performance as to be glittering anachronisms in a world of diminished expectations.

With the BMW L6, the compromises and constraints of mass production give way to the rigors of minuscule production. Thus, the L6 can encase the driver in a cockpit of hand-stitched leather.

While its legendary 6-cylinder, 182-horsepower BMW engine ensures that luxury never descends into lethargy.

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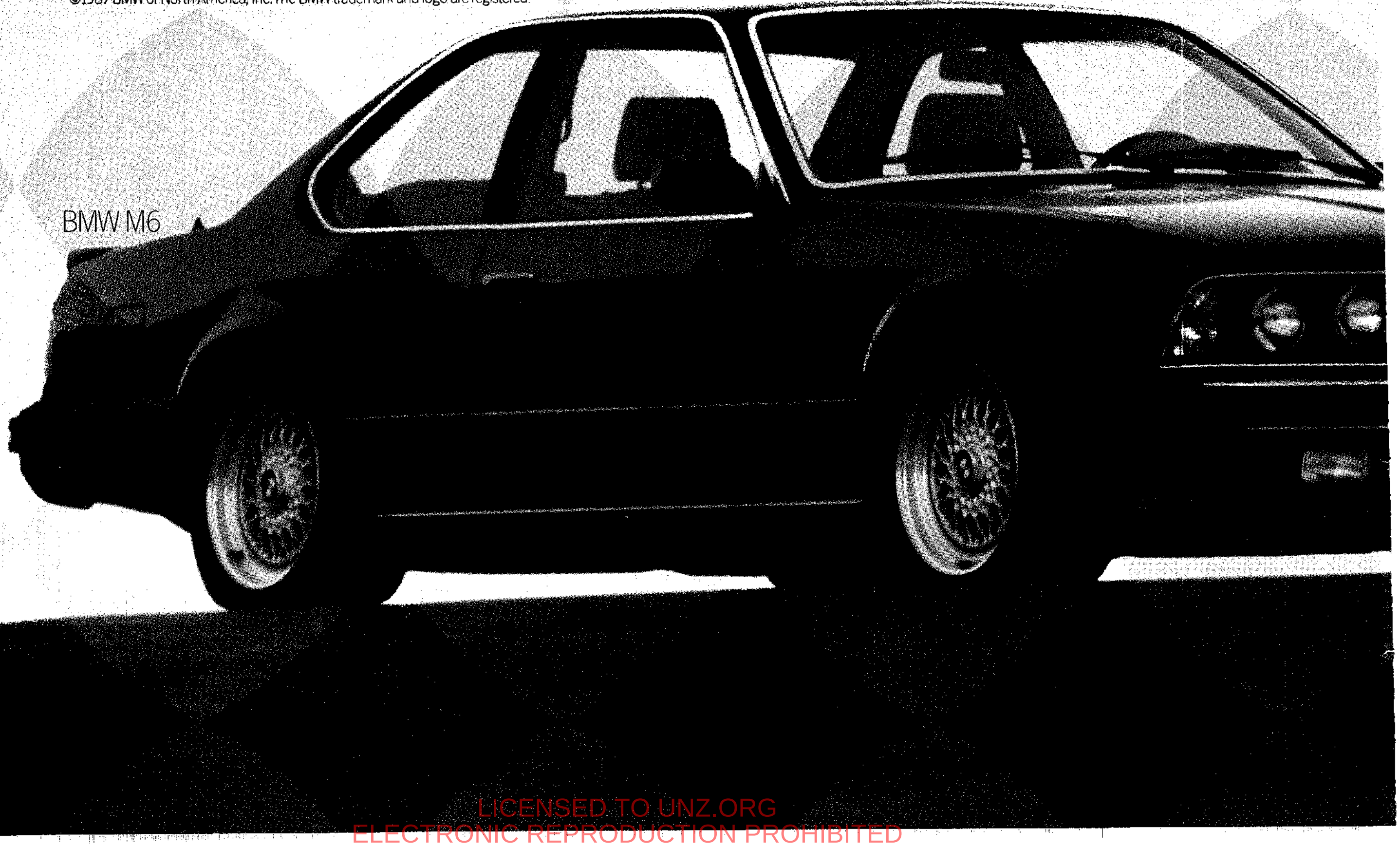

BMW M6

The BMW M6, on the other hand, is a luxury car that was test-driven where few luxury cars have ventured: before the cheering throngs of the world's great racecourses.

To accomplish this, BMW's elite Motorsport Division imbued this BMW coupe with an astonishing 24-valve, 3.5-liter, 6-cylinder engine capable of developing 256 horsepower.

So while being supported by specially-designed sports seats, you can enjoy a power plant so propulsive, it can rocket you from 0 to 60 in a scant 6.8 seconds. Guided all the while by BMW's Digital Motor Electronics, which optimizes engine performance on a millisecond-by-millisecond basis, making the M6 not only a supremely elegant vehicle, but a supremely intelligent one.

Together, the limited editions M6 and L6 are adamant rejections of the belief that cars are compromises on wheels.

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But nobody ever informed BMW's engineers.

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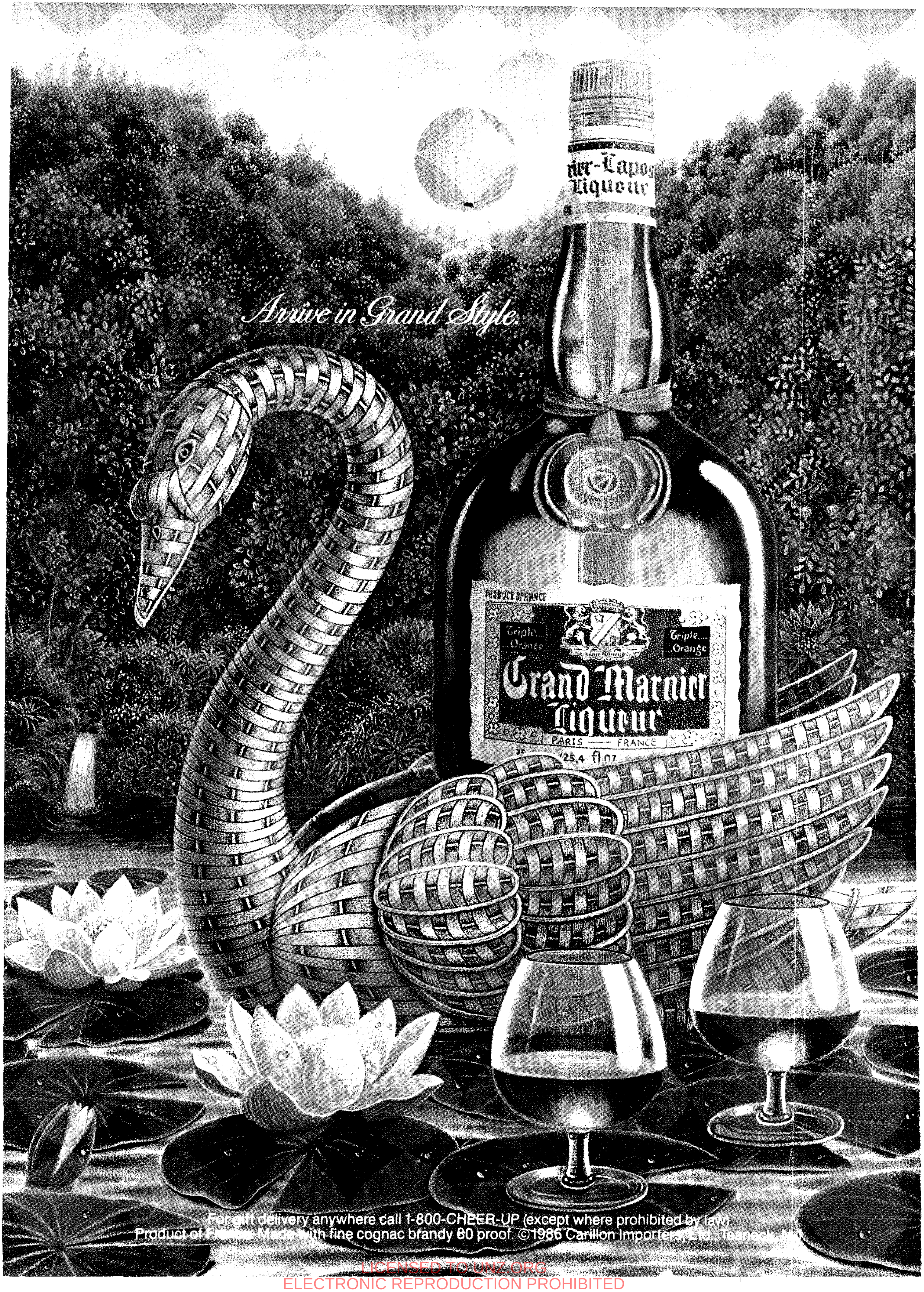
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white paintings. / Bright-colored paint applied to partly carved-out blocks of laminated wood. Through Sunday, May 31. (Piezo Electric, 200 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David McDermott and Peter McGough—New collaborative paintings complementing their works in the Whitney Biennial. Through Sunday, May 31. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

George Negroponte—New abstract paintings. Through June 13. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Rick Prol—Drawings and constructions from the past four years. Through Saturday, May 30. (St. Marks, 411 E. 9th St., near First Ave. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Tim Rietenbach—Eccentrically shaped painted reliefs, some of which thrust out toward the viewer. Through Sunday, May 31. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Alan Saret—Five new twisted-wire sculptures by an artist who has works in the same material in the Whitney Biennial. Through Saturday, May 30. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Jeff Way—A hinged, painted wood screen, partially cut out, and several masks. Through Saturday, May 30. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Sculpture—Pieces by eight contemporary English and German artists, including Anish Kapoor, Tony Cragg, Isa Genzken, and Thomas Schütte. Through June 21. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Casebere—Photographs. Through June 21. (303 Gallery, now located at 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ A sculpture installation. Through June 27. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Musuem of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Proctor Jones—Recent idyllic prints of Russia, including cityscapes and landscapes (one is titled "Tolstoy's Birches in Winter"), by a photographer who worked there at the government's invitation. Through Saturday, June 6. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

David Joyce / H. Terry Braunstein—Installations in which life-size photographic cutouts of figures and objects are integrated with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). / Photomontages made with a combination of published and private photographs. Through June 26. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Mark Klett—Landscape photographs of the American Southwest. Through June 13. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Danny Lyon—Photographs from the past twenty-five years. Through Saturday, June 6. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Ray K. Metzker / Dennis Farber—Tuscan landscapes. / The street life of Venice, California, in prints that have gold-leaf modifications. Through Saturday, June 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Wilbur H. Porterfield (1873-1958)—Vintage prints by a Buffalo pictorialist. Through Saturday, May 30. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Cindy Sherman—The artist isn't exactly out of the picture in these grisly new works, but she isn't the whole pizza, either—in one scene, for instance, her reflection is in a pair of sunglasses. Through Saturday, May 30. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Deborah Turbeville—Photographs, most of them done on assignment for *Vogue* and other publications. Through July 11. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Mothers & Daughters—The theme of a show of eighty prints by seventy-five photographers. Through Saturday, May 30. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

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International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of prints of Mexico by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. . . . ¶ Stop-action photographs by Harold Edgerton. . . . ¶ Photographs documenting the westward progress of the Union Pacific Railroad, reprinted from the negatives of A. J. Russell, who worked for the railroad in the eighteen-sixties. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) All three shows through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

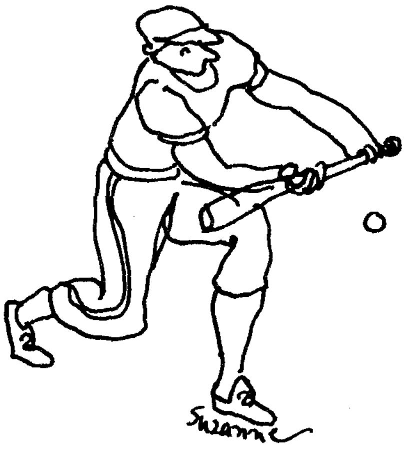
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through Tuesday, June 2. (A complementary show of paintings is at Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. . . . **Photography:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through Tuesday, June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Complementary shows are at Nathan Silberberg Fine Arts, 16 E. 79th St.; Arnold Herstand & Company, 24 W. 57th St.; and Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.) (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1987 Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through June 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)



American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show of manuscripts, paintings, and sculptures by new members of the Academy-Institute and by recipients of its awards, among them Renata Adler, James Rosenquist, Frank Gehry, Milton Babbitt, Isabel Bishop, Kenneth Snelson, Robert Bly, Amy Clampitt, Emily Hahn, Ralph Manheim, Steven Millhauser, Padgett Powell, and Norman Rush. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A loan show of Buddhist illuminated manuscripts whose decorative motifs and materials are indigenous to the ten Asian countries where the works originated. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing the structures. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Louis Sullivan, the influential Chicago-school architect who was Wright's mentor. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of book illustrations by Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, an eighteenth-century French artist and student of Boucher. The ink-and-wash drawings were done for Jean Chappe d'Auteroche's "Voyage en Sibérie" (also on view). Through June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—The first of a series of exhibits of works by contemporary Japanese. This show features three artists living in New York: painters Akira Arita and Naoto Nakagawa and photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Homer, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of varying works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed polyester fabric that is stretched like a canvas and framed. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Lisa Kraus and Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, May 28-31, at 9.

Artists' Films—Two programs of films by or about artists. Thursday, May 28, at 8: "Birth of the Flag," by Claes Oldenburg, and four other films. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 4, at 8: Six films, including "Script," by John Baldessari. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. 924-4212.)

Note—"The Gun Is Loaded," a performance work by Lydia Lunch, Thursdays through Sundays, May 28-31 and June 4-7, at 8:30. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.) . . . ¶ Charles Moulton's "Tapnology," Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 11. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 West 19th St. 924-0077.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting Mahler's Third Symphony Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. The final concerts of the regular season. . . . ¶ James DePreist conducting a tribute to George Gershwin and Duke Ellington Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6, with Leon Bates, piano, and Dexter Gordon, saxophone. The program includes a new work by David Baker, derived from Ellington themes. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Evenings at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting a fourth-anniversary benefit concert, with, among others, Liza Minnelli and Tommy Tune. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

American Festival of Microtonal Music Orchestra—Johnny Reinhard conducting, with Deborah Mirabai Rothrock, soprano; the Microtones; and the Soldier Quartet. The program includes premières of works by Edgard Varèse and Harry Partch. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 9.)

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—Marin Alsop conducting works by Gregory Smith, Leonard Bernstein (with Glenn Dicterow, violin), and Arthur Kreutz. The program finale is a performance of George Gershwin's chamber opera, "Blue Monday," with vocal soloists and the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble; staged by George Faison. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, June 5, at 8.)

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Ensemble—Patricia Handy directing. With Jeffrey Biegel, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing Handel's oratorio "Saul," with Andrea Matthews and Elizabeth Pruett, sopranos; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Frederick Urrey and Charles Walker, tenors; Jake Gardner, bass-baritone; James Moellenhoff, bass; and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

Masterworks Choral Series—Peter Tiboris directing a chorus of some seven hundred people in Tchaikovsky's "Ode to Joy" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with soloists and the Manhattan Philharmonic. The final concert in a series in which more than eighty university and adult groups have participated. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, May 31, at 8.)

I Cantori—Bart Folse directing. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, June 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Karen Hutchinson—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

Bowdoin Trio—With Paul Doktor, viola, and Maria Bachmann, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 29, at 8.)

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—Violin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd Street. 427-4410. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; William Mathews, guitar; and Daniel Waitzman, flute, will present the final concert in a series. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, May 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Music from the Cape & Islands Festival—Performed by Samuel Sanders, violin; Andrés Díaz, cello; and the Colorado Quartet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, May 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Marc Regnier—Guitar. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, May 31, at 2.)

Ena Bronstein—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 31, at 3.)

Tilman Wick—Cello. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, May 31, at 5:30.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Monday, June 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Elizabeth Rich and Rolf Schulte—Piano and violin, in the first of two all-Beethoven programs. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, June 1, at 8.)

Samuel Bartos—Piano, with Constance Cooper, soprano, and James Graseck, violin. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Tuesday, June 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Mescal Wilson—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, June 4, at 8.)

Music by Stephen Mayer—Solo and ensemble works for singers and instrumentalists, composed over the past fifteen years. Mr. Mayer, piano, will be among the performers, and Louise Basbas will direct two choral pieces. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, June 5, at 8.)

Diane Chaplin—Cello. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, June 6, at 8:30.)

Note—Charles Stier, clarinet; Gary Louie, saxophone; and William Bloomquist, piano, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 10, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued in the order that written applications are received on Monday, June 1 (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

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SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 31, at 1:30. . . . ¶ California, Monday through Wednesday, June 1-3, at 7:30. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 5, at 7:35, and Saturday, June 6, at 1:35.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 3. The Hempstead Handicap, Friday, June 5; and the Belmont and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 6. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 29, through Saturday, Sept. 5.

Running—The ten-kilometre L'eggs Mini Marathon, with close to eight thousand women participating, will start at ten on Saturday, May 30, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish at almost the same place.

Trotting—At the **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, June 14. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Melissa Green reading from her own poetry and Jamaica Kincaid reading from her own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, June 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . ¶ Laurie Metcalf, Amanda Plummer, David Cale, Taylor Mead, and others are participating in a dramatic reading of poems, mainly about New York. A benefit for St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie's Poetry Project. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Monday, June 1, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.) . . . ¶ Lois Smith, John Shea, and Anne Meara reading from the short stories of Susie Mee, Raymond Carver, and John Cheever. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, June 3, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ William Matthews and Judith Baumel reading from their own poetry. (Sorkin Gallery, 150 Franklin St. 925-4942. Wednesday, June 3, at 7.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show is on view Saturdays and Sundays, May 30-31 and June 6-7, from noon until sundown.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—The Meadowlands Indy, June 28.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. June 11-14.)

Racing—At the Atlantic City Race Course, McKee City, N.J., June 19-Sept. 5.

Music—Saratoga Performing Arts Center, June 9-Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Opera concert performances, in Central Park, June 16 ("Tosca") and June 23 ("La Bohème"). . . . ¶ JVC Jazz Festival (787-2020), June 19-28. . . . ¶ Caramoor Music Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 27-Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass., July 2-Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), July 7-Aug. 22. . . . ¶ New York City Opera, New York State Theatre (870-5570), July 7-Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Summerfare, Purchase, N.Y., July 10-Aug. 2.

Dance—All at the Metropolitan Opera House (362-6000): The Paris Opéra Ballet, June 16-20. . . . ¶ The Netherlands Dance Theatre, June 22-27. . . . ¶ The Bolshoi Ballet, June 30-July 18.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Saturday.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 28: (Separate admissions) "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre; and "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French).
From May 29: At 6:30, "Moonfleet" (1955; Fritz Lang), with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, and Viveca Lindfors; and "Unfinished Business" (Viveca Lindfors), with Lindfors and Peter Donat. At 9:30, "My Life for Zarah Leander" (Christian Blackwood; in German); and "La Habañera" (1937; Douglas Sirk; in German), with Zarah Leander.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Platoon" (†). From May 29: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gardens of Stone" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 28: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
From May 29: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ishtar" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ishtar" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 28: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
From May 29: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 28: "Memed, My Hawk" (Peter Ustinov), with Ustinov and Herbert Lom.
From May 29: "Devil in the Flesh" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Maruschka Detmers.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From May 29: "Summer Heat" (Michie Gleason), with Lori Singer and Anthony Edwards.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Tin Men" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Second Victory" (Gerald Thomas), with Anthony Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Personal Services" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Stepfather" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raising Arizona" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Amazing Grace and Chuck" (Mike Newell).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: (Matinées only) "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film; and (evenings only) "Lethal Weapon" (†). From June 3: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs). From June 3: "The Untouchables."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Good Weather, but Stormy Late This Afternoon" (1986; directed by Gérard Frot-Coutaz; in French), with Micheline Presle. From June 3: "Quiet Happiness" (1985; Dusan Hanak; in Czech); and six other Czech films, shown on a daily changing basis.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through May 30: "Radio Days" (†). From May 31: "Salvation!" (Beth B).
Theatre 2: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 28: "Raising Arizona" (†). From May 29: "Athens, Ga.–Inside/Out" (Tony Gayton).
Theatre 2: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 28: "Extreme Prejudice" (†).
From May 29: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ishtar" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ishtar" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: "Padre Nuestro" (†).
Theatre 4: "Law of Desire" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film; and (evenings only) "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tin Men" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ishtar" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Blind Date" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Radio Days" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Project X" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop II."
Theatre 5: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 6: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: "Padre Nuestro" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Extreme Prejudice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (directed by Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
Theatre 6: "Raising Arizona" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 1: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).
June 2: Theatre closed.
From June 3: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney. From June 3: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: Through June 2: "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film. From June 3: "Ernest Goes to Camp."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 4: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
From June 5: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.

U.A. Twin I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Theatre 1: Through May 28: "Enemy Territory." From May 29: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Happy Hour." From May 29: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 28: "The Fly" (1986; directed by David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum; and "The Fly" (1958; Kurt Neumann), with David Hedison.

May 29-30: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

May 31: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

June 1-2: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

June 3-4: "Choose Me" (1984; Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren; and "Remember My Name" (1979; Alan Rudolph), with Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn.

June 5-6: "Ménage" (1986; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou; and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, Patrick Dewaere, and Jeanne Moreau.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 30: "The Pornographers" (1966; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

May 31-June 1: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick).

June 2: "Skyline" (1984; Fernando Colomo; in Spanish and English); and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (†).

June 3-6: "Pandora's Box" (†); and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 27: "The Stratton Story" (1949; Sam Wood), with James Stewart and June Allyson; and "Call Northside 777" (1948; Henry Hathaway), with James Stewart and Richard Conte.

May 28-30: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "No Time for Comedy" (1940; William Keighley), with James Stewart and Rosalind Russell.

May 31-June 1: "The Murder Man" (1935; Tim Whelan), with Spencer Tracy, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Atwill, and James Stewart; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell.

June 2-3: "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941; Robert Z. Leonard), with Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart; and "The Shopworn Angel" (1938; H. C. Potter), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, and Sam Levene.

June 4-6: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

May 27: "Lovers and Thieves" (1957; Sacha Guitry; in French), with Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault, and Magali Noel; and "Topaze" (1952; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.

May 28: "As You Like It" (1936; Paul Czinner), with Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier; and "The Tempest" (1960; William Schaeffer).

May 29-30: "Diabolique" (1955: Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

May 31: "The Spiders" (1919-20; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "Destiny" (1921 †).

June 1: "Knock on Any Door" (†); and "Let No Man Write My Epitaph" (1960; Philip Leacock), with Burl Ives, Shelley Winters, and James Darren.

June 2: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings.

June 3: "The Sea of Grass" (†); and "The Visitors" (1972; Elia Kazan).

June 4: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

June 5-6: "Thalia in Ruins" (1982; Irmgard von Zur Muehlen; in German); and "Memories of Berlin" (1980).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 27: "Moby Dick" (1956; John Huston), with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Orson Welles, and Leo Genn; and "The Sailor from Gibraltar" (1967; Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen, and Vanessa Redgrave.

May 28: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

May 29-30: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

May 31: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Grand Hotel" (†).

June 1: "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World;" 1927; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).

June 2: "Somewhere in the Night" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with John Hodiak; and "House of Strangers" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson and Susan Hayward.

June 3: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.

June 4: "Red River" (†); and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

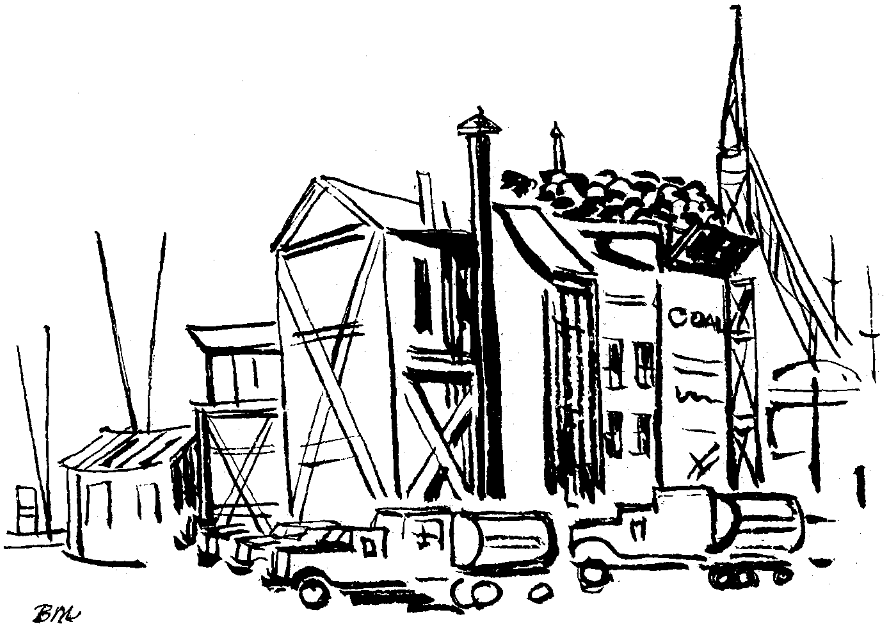
June 5-6: "Ministry of Fear" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: May 28 at 2:30: "Rashomon" (1950; directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 28 at 6: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30 and 6: "The First Legion" (1951; Douglas Sirk), with Charles Boyer and William Demarest. . . . ¶ May 30 at 2: "Lawrence of Arabia." . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "Horse of Pride" (1980; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 2 at 2:30 and 6: "Nostalghia" (1983; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Oleg Jankovski, Domiziana Giordano, and Erland Josephson. . . . ¶ June 4 at 2:30 and 6: A program of films (1939-67) by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "From Russia with Love" (1963; Terence Young), with Sean Connery, Daniela Bianchi, Pedro Armendariz, and Lotte Lenya. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: "Dr. No" (1962; Terence Young), with Sean Connery, Ursula Andress, Joseph Wiseman, and Jack Lord.

THEATRE 2: May 28 at 3 and 6:30: "Notebook from China" (1986; Jorgen Leth), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 29 at 3: "Luminous Zone" (1973; Barry Gerson), "Railroad Turnbridge" (1976; Richard Serra), "Ornamentals" (1979; Abigail Child), and "Pools" (1981; Barbara Hammer and Barbara Klutinis). . . . ¶ May 29 at 6:30: "Lives of Performers" (1972; Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ May 30 at 5:30: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles), with Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30: "Luminous Zone," "Railroad Turnbridge," "Or-



namentals," and "Pools." . . . ¶ May 31 at 5:30: "Underground U.S.A." (1980; Eric Mitchell), with Patti Astor, René Ricard, John Lurie, and Mitchell. . . . ¶ June 1 at 6:30: "Natural Selection" (1983), "Sorry / Hear Us" (1986), and "Mnemosyne Mother of Muses" (1986), all directed by Larry Gottheim, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 2 at 3: "Labyrinth" (1962; Jan Lenica) and "Identification Marks: None" (1964; Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 2 at 6:30: "The Outlaw Josey Wales" (1976; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Sondra Locke. . . . ¶ June 4 at 3 and 6:30: "In a Jazz Way: A Portrait of Mura Dehn" (1985; Louise Ghertler and Pamela Katz) and "Memoirs of an Everyday War" (1986; Gaston Ancelovici, Jaime Barrios, and Rene Davila), both documentaries. . . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "Confessions of a Stardreamer" (1978; John Canemaker); "Rhythm in Light" (1934), "Abstronic" (1952), and "Mood Contrasts" (1953), all directed by Mary Ellen Bute; and "Rushlight" (1984; Holly Fisher). . . . ¶ June 6 at 5:30: A program of Edison Kinetoscopes; and "Ingeborg Holm" (1913; Victor Sjöström; a Swedish silent film, with Swedish intertitles), with Hilda Borgström, Eric Lindholm, and William Larsson.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—May 29 at 7:30: "Fires on the Plain" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Eiji Funakoshi.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Angel Heart—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Blind Date—In Blake Edwards' latest, Bruce Willis, of TV's "Moonlighting," plays a bachelor businessman eager to impress his boss, and Kim Basinger is the sexy blind date who turns his big business dinner into a shambles. Edwards' set pieces, from the frenetic dinner scene to that screwball-comedy staple the lavish wedding that doesn't come off, aren't snappy enough to make up for the lack of any romantic feeling in the two leads. Willis seems game but self-absorbed and Basinger is blurry: the way Edwards directs her, we never even get a good look at her face. The movie plods along with a jokey but dispirited air, like a sketch on a Bob Hope special. When things get slow, somebody falls into the pool. With John Larroquette, William Daniels, and George Coe.—T.R. (New Carnegie.)

Destiny (1921; called "Between Two Worlds" when it opened in the U.S. in 1924 in a chopped-up version)—This magical fantasy-spectacle by Fritz Lang has a love story (Lil Dagover is the girl) and episodes set in ninth-century Baghdad, seventeenth-century Venice, and a whimsical China—where a magician creates a miniature army and a flying horse to entertain the emperor. The film has a German folkloric quality; the figure of Death suggests the world of Grünewald. (Thalia SoHo; May 31.)

Extreme Prejudice—This Tex-Mex border thriller, directed by Walter Hill, wants to be a lean, hard contemporary action picture, but the story (by John Milius and Fred Rexer) has too much fat on it. It's a jumble of genre conventions and macho codes, deployed with a recklessness that suggests desperation. There are scorpions, long swigs of tequila, and heavy eyeballing in smoky cantinas; a lawman (Nick Nolte) and a crook (Powers Boothe) competing for the loyalty of a good woman (Maria Conchita Alonso); and a handful of man's-man proverbs. The echoes of Peckinpah and of Hill's fine earlier work ("The Warriors," "The Long Riders," and "Southern Comfort") are saddening. Also with Rip Torn, Michael Ironside, Clancy Brown, and William Forsythe. Screenplay by Deric Washburn and Harry Kleiner.—T.R. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through May 28.)

Gardens of Stone—The period of this Francis Coppola film is 1968 and 1969, and the title refers to Arlington National Cemetery; most of the characters serve in the Old Guard, the Army's official ceremonial unit, and take part in the burials of up to fifteen young men a day. The film is far from being a seamless work of art, but it probably comes closer to the confused attitudes that Americans had toward the Vietnam War than any other film has come, and so its own messiness seems honorable. James Caan gives a sturdy, hyper-masculine performance as the sergeant who loves the Army but doesn't believe the war can be won. The movie is too wet when it deals with his fatherly efforts to wise up an eager, gullible young trainee (D. B. Sweeney), but when Caan and James Earl Jones, as the sergeant major who's his best friend, express their profane disgust with the war and the Army bureaucracy they're great together, overacting joyously. (Jones' strange gray eyes have a dancing wit.) Coppola stages some terrific scenes. When the sergeant is giving a dinner party to impress the woman he has just met, a Washington *Post* reporter (played by Anjelica Huston), and the sergeant major is there with his steady woman friend, an aide to Senator Ervin (played by Lonette McKee), the conversational crosscurrents are explosively funny. At other times, the film is pulpy, and its energies are dispersed. With the magical, humorous Dean Stockwell, and Mary Stuart Masterson, Dick Anthony Williams, Casey Siemaszko, and, in a scene that's an embarrassment, Bill Graham. The screenplay, by Ronald Bass, was adapted from Nicholas Proffitt's novel; cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (5/18/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—From her first line, "I have never been so tired in my life," Greta Garbo sets the movie in vibration with her extraordinary sensual presence. She plays a première danseuse whose career is fading—a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman (John Barrymore). There is every reason to reject "Grand Hotel" as an elaborate chunk of artifice; most of the actors give impossibly bad performances—they chew up the camera. But if you want to see what screen glamour used to be, and what, originally, "stars" were, this is perhaps the best example of all time. With Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. Striding through it all is a living legend of the screen: Garbo, in her chinchilla polo coat, with her drawn face and wrinkled forehead and her anguished "I want to be alone." Directed by Edmund Goulding. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

Ishtar—With Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman; directed by Elaine May. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Sutton, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Ziegfeld.)

Knock on Any Door (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As the lawyer talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback; his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own rod again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Thalia SoHo; June 1.)

Law of Desire—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin; through June 2, evenings only.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Outrageous Fortune—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to

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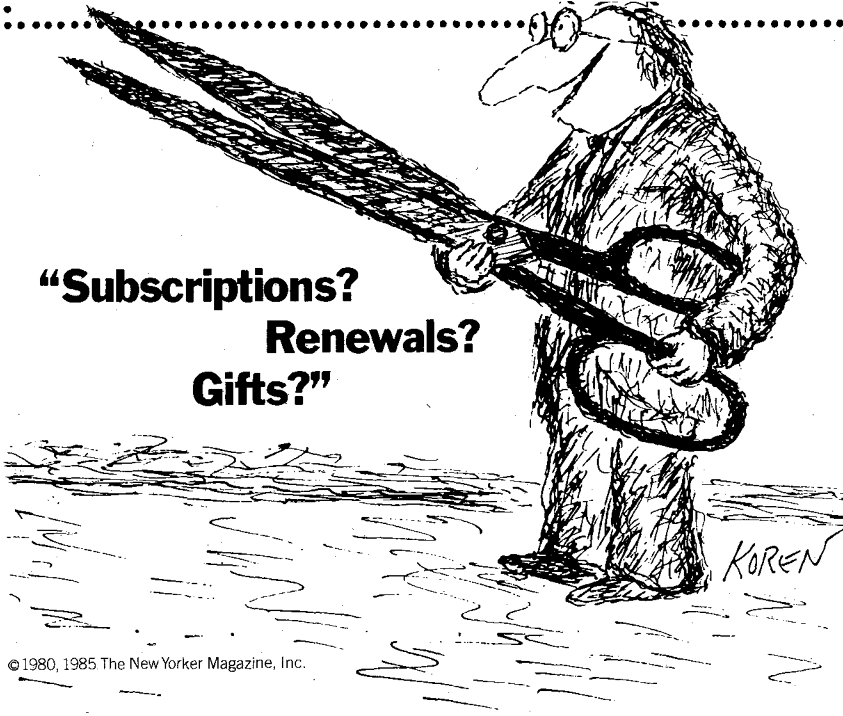
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the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. But with Arthur Hiller directing, much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Coronet; through May 28.)

Padre Nuestro—Director Francisco Regueiro has cast Buñuel veterans Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal in this movie about a dying Spanish cardinal (Rey) who returns home to put his house in order. His goals are to reconcile with his illegitimate daughter, a prostitute who dispenses her favors under the name of La Cardenala, and to arrange the disposition of his vineyards, which produce "the Blood of Christ"—Communion wine. The movie is full of dry little jokes about red hats and red lights, and at one point the Cardinal gives his brother (Rabal), a doctor who's supposed to be a worldly atheist, some pointers, in Latin, on sexual technique. Regueiro's work is intelligent, but the film is finally disappointing; the strong wine of Buñuel's wit seems to have been adulterated with a smooth, tame kind of "wisdom." Though he doesn't do anything he hasn't done before, Rey gives a lovely, funny performance. With Victoria Abril as La Cardenala and Emma Penella as the Cardinal's mother, who's outraged that her son didn't make Pope. Screenplay by Angel Fernández Santos and the director. In Spanish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema.)

Pandora's Box (1928)—Louise Brooks left Hollywood in 1928, at the height of her career, and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of almost violent visual tension, particularly in the first half. For sheer erotic dynamism, the backstage scenes on the opening night of a show Lulu is in have never been equalled; the later scenes, in Marseilles, are comparatively drab. Moving through the chiaroscuro, Louise Brooks, with her straight back and strong shoulders, seems to have her own form of sexuality—pre-conscious yet intuitively all-knowing. She's like a cool, beautiful, innocently deadly cat that people can't keep their hands off. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schön, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diessl as Jack the Ripper. Adaptation by Ladislaus Vajda. Silent. (Film Forum 2; June 3-6.)

Personal Services—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). With Julie Walters at the center of things, the soft spots don't matter much. She seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (Cinema II.)

Platoon—With Tom Berenger, Willem Dafoe, and Charlie Sheen; directed by Oliver Stone. (1/12/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through May 28.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Project X—For its first half, this juvenile adventure, about chimps subjected to Air Force experiments on the effects of radiation, is amiable, unpretentious fun. Director Jonathan Kaplan, a veteran of low-budget movies ("Over the Edge," "Heart Like a Wheel"), keeps the action focussed on the animals' behavior, and his brisk, uncoercive style leaves us free to enjoy it. When—inevitably—the plot machinery kicks in, the film becomes more predictable and manipulative. Screenplay by Stanley Weiser, from a story by Weiser and Lawrence Lasker. With Matthew Broderick, Helen Hunt, and a charmer named Willie as the lead chimp. —T.R. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through May 30.)

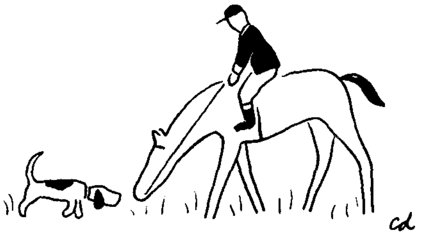
Raising Arizona—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman). With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Beekman, Embassy 72nd St., and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Waverly; through May 28. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; starting May 29.)

Red River (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the adopted son. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and Joanne Dru. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Sea of Grass (1947)—A big clinker that Elia Kazan would probably just as soon forget. Spencer Tracy plays a grim Southwestern cow-country baron who tries unsuccessfully to keep homesteaders off the land he considers his own. His wife (Katharine Hepburn) finds his antipathy for the homesteaders almost as trying as his mooning over his "sea of grass;" she has a brief fling with the homesteaders' dour lawyer (Melvyn Douglas) and presents her husband with a chubby boy. Tracy throws her out but keeps the child, who grows up to be Robert Walker. It takes a wild burst of melodramatics to bring Tracy and Hepburn together again, and they wind up preparing to spend the twilight of their lives peering at the grass. With Edgar Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, and Harry Carey. (Thalia SoHo; June 3.)

The Secret of My Success—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, and Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Movieland; through June 4.)



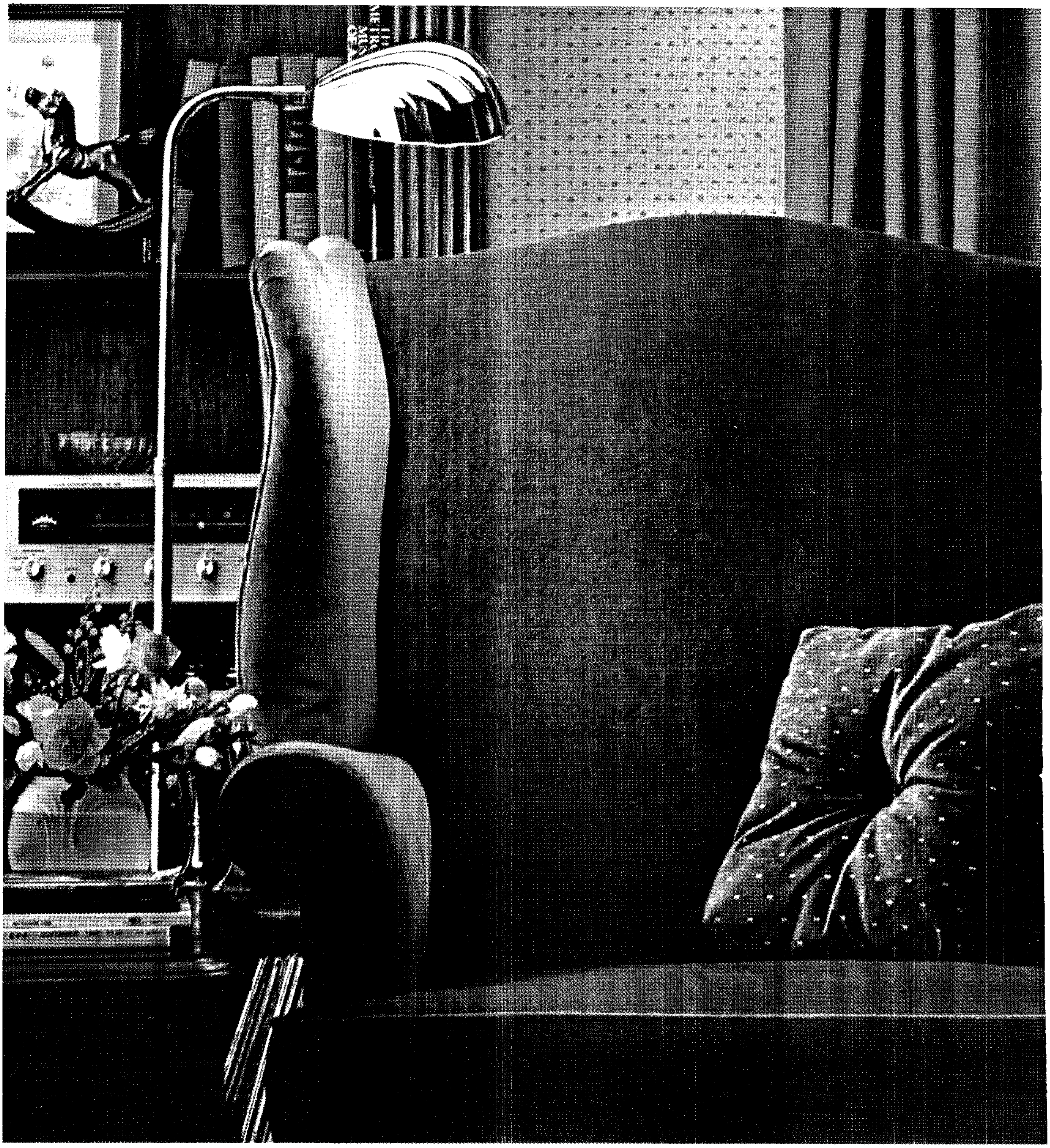
The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tampopo—Directed by Juzo Itami; in Japanese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Tin Men—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (D. W. Griffith, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

What Have I Done to Deserve This! (1984)—This Spanish film by the writer-director Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. The picture is like a slaphappy comic-strip version of "The Threepenny Opera." It's flip enough to be fairly amusing to watch, but it leaves you with not much to talk about. In Spanish. (Film Forum 2; June 2.)



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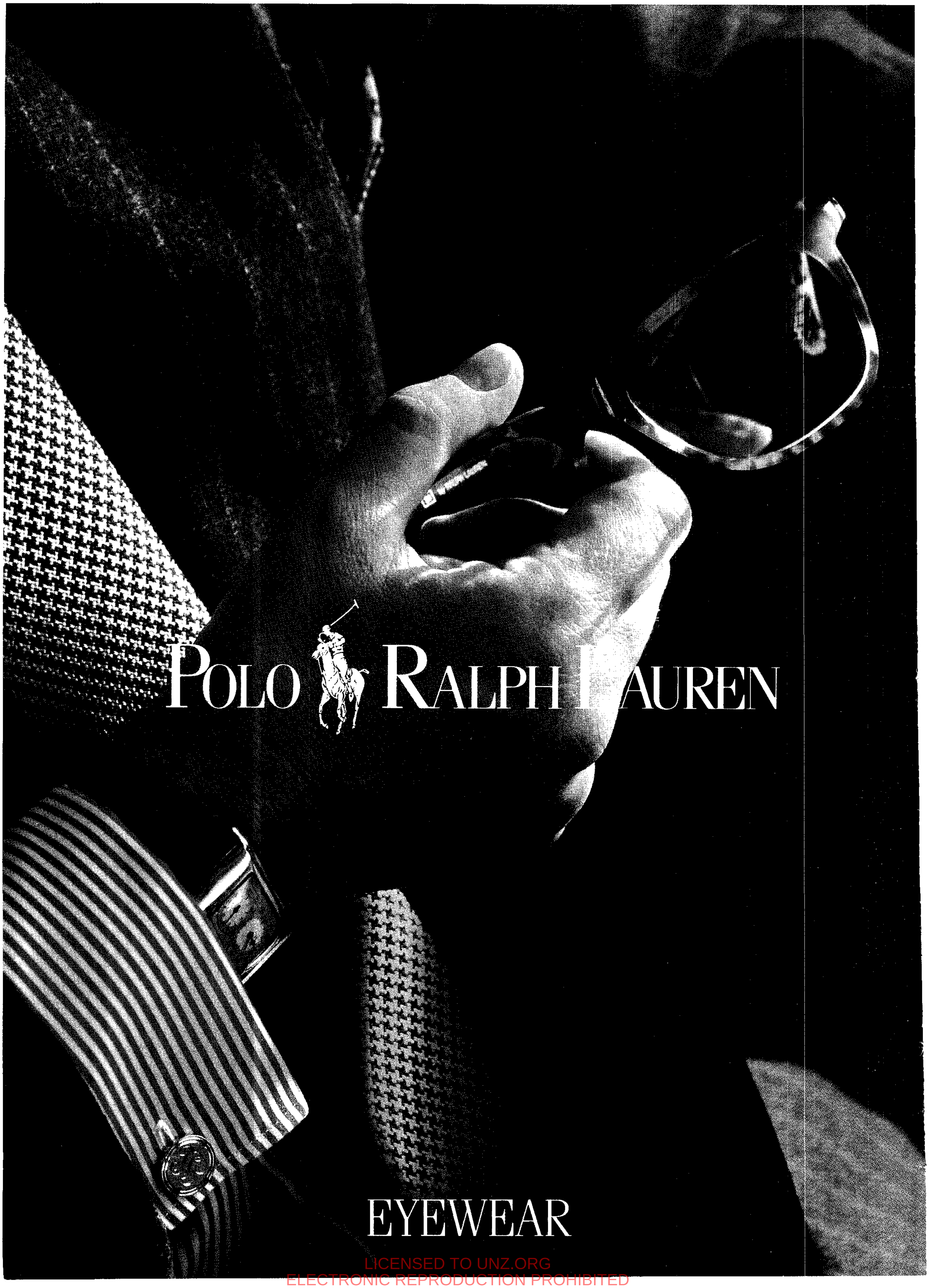
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the congressional hearings on the Iran-Contra scandal grind on into the bicentennial summer of our country's Constitution, the Reagan Administration's various alibis for its activities in Nicaragua have been falling away one by one, and the disguise of an innocuous foreign-policy venture has been lifted to show that (as the World Court ruled last year, and the Administration heatedly denied at the time) the United States has to all intents and purposes been engaged in making war on Nicaragua. Faced with this evaporation of their prior positions, defenders of the Administration's covert policies and actions are having recourse to a new argument: the President and his men were entitled to act as they did—in direct violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of several congressional prohibitions against aid to the Nicaraguan Contras—because Congress was vacillating and deadlocked, and didn't seem able to make up its mind. Besides ignoring the fact that Congress *had* made up its mind, this argument seems to suggest that Congress is just too unwieldy an institution to arrive at decisions of such importance, which should therefore be left to the President, acting on his own.

As it happens, issues of precisely this kind were being debated in the summer of 1787, at the Constitutional Convention, in Philadelphia. At the time of those debates (a succinct summary of which may be found in the Congressional Quarterly's resource book "Powers of Congress"), the warmaking power of every country in the world was vested in the executive, and there were some in Philadelphia who believed that the same arrangement should obtain in the new American nation. On August 17, 1787, Pierce Butler, a delegate from South Carolina, endorsed granting warmaking powers to the President, "who will have all the requisite qualities and will not make war but when the nation will support it." Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, however, objected that he "never expected to hear in a republic a motion to empower the executive alone to declare war." George Mason, of Virginia, likewise opposed "giving the power of war to the executive, because he is not safely to be trusted with it." Mason was for "clogging rather than facilitating war."

Once it became evident that the Convention was going to require joint executive-legislative authority over the making of war, some delegates favored limiting the legislative voice to the Senate, because deliberations in the much larger House of Representatives might prove too slow and cumbersome. But the Convention ended up brushing those concerns aside, and conferred warmaking powers, along with the power of the purse, on Congress as a whole, while establishing the President as Commander-in-Chief of the nation's armed forces. In a later revision, the Convention changed the phrase describing Congress's role from "making" war to "declaring" war, so as to leave the President the power to repel sudden attacks but not to initiate hostilities.

In the ensuing years, as the merits of the new Constitution were being considered, its framers and their contemporaries had occasion to write at considerable length about this particular aspect of the document. In a letter to James Madison, Thomas Jefferson wrote, "We have already given, in example, one effectual check to the dog of war, by transferring the power of letting him loose from the executive to the legislative body, from those who are to spend to those who are to pay." Madison, for his part, wrote, "Those who are to conduct a war cannot in the nature of things be proper or safe judges whether a war ought to be commenced, continued or concluded. They are barred from the latter functions by a great principle in free government, analogous to that which separates the sword from the purse, or the power of executing from the power of enacting laws." Elsewhere, Madison reëmphasized these points: "The Constitution supposes what the history of all governments demonstrates, that the executive is the branch of power most interested in war and most prone to it. It has, accordingly, with studied care, vested the question of war in the legislature."

The argument that because Congress can't make up its mind about making war the President has the right to act on his own authority flies in the face of the original intent of our Constitution. Even more to the point in the current instance, the question of whether a President may preside on his own over an undeclared war, or a covert proxy war, was rendered moot by the framers through their insistence that, no matter what, Congress would still be required to exercise active control of the purse. (That, of course, is precisely what the successive Boland amendments, forbidding the spending of government funds to arm the Contras, were supposed to do.) The framers didn't intend it to be merely difficult for this nation to get into war; they intended it to be *very* difficult. War was perceived as such a momentous and grievous undertaking, even by these men who had so recently fought one to a triumphant conclusion, that they decreed that on any future such occasions the executive and legislative branches would have to act in concert. If one side or the other was wavering, indecisive, uncertain of the merits of the proposed undertaking, it was not to be undertaken. Period.

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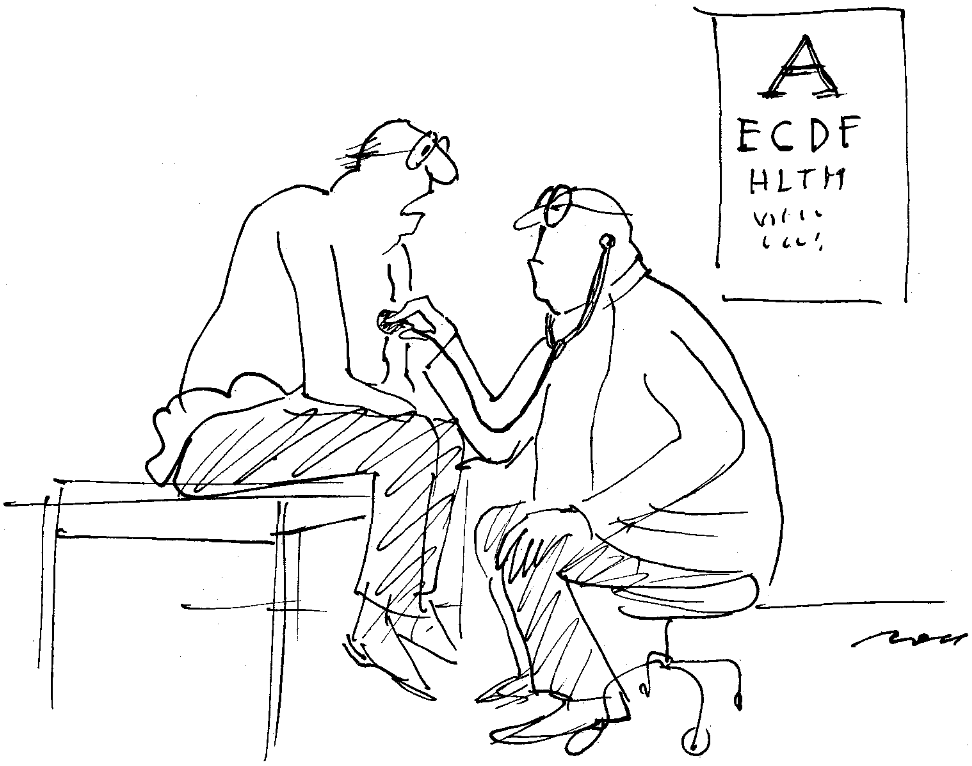
Gondola

WE went for a gondola ride in Central Park the other afternoon. We invited along a young woman with Titian hair, but our motives were pure, even lofty. Although the gondola's P.R. person, Miki Gutman, told us almost as soon as we got her on the phone that the gondola had already been "the site of numerous engagements and countless trysts," we were interested in it more as a symbolic vessel than as an amorous one. We saw the gondola as a kind of ghost from the collective imagination of New York, and the gondola ride we envisioned was haunted and a little mysterious.

One of the oldest and strangest ideas in the history of New York is that under our gray commercial city there lurks another possible city, damper but more serene: the Venice of the New World. The land beneath lower Manhattan has always been wet—pond and marsh—and in the early days it seemed to some people in the city that New York ought to have a system of canals. As so often happens, however, visionary logic was overwhelmed by sheer mechanical thoroughness. The ponds and marshes were filled in, and the one canal that actually got built became just one more street—Canal Street. (The canal is still down there, and is said to make ghostly reappearances whenever Con Ed digs up the street.)

From time to time, the Venetian fantasy seems to rise up again into New York's consciousness, like steam rising from a manhole cover. Someone gave a gondola to Central Park in 1862, but forgot to throw in a gondolier, so for a long time it just sat there forlornly. In the eighteen-nineties, though, the city had nocturnal, musical gondolas. "A gondola, gay with red and green lights, moves by to the tinkling of a mandolin and the song of a gondolier," runs one description of the Lake at that time. And as late as 1934 somebody had the notion that just the thing to perk up a depressed New York was a Venetian Water Festival. But now the tradition has been inherited by a single gondola and one gondolier, who spends the summer near the Boathouse in Central Park.

When we arrived at the Boathouse, we asked Mrs. Gutman to tell us just how it was that this particular bit of Venice had come to the Park.



"Forget about me, Doc. What's wrong with the Mets?"

"The gondola was the gift of a very old woman, a philanthropist named Lucy Moses," Mrs. Gutman explained. "She's not related to Robert, so far as I know. Everybody asks me that, since it's so Parky. I think she may have had a love affair in Venice, or maybe she just had a love affair *with* Venice. She thought that New York had everything but a gondola and it ought to have a gondola, too. She paid seven thousand dollars for the gondola in Venice, and eight thousand more to have it refurbished and brought here. Mrs. Moses thought that we ought to get the very best gondoliers to train our gondoliers, so she imported two men who had won a lot of regattas in Venice: Sergio and Palmiero. They spent three weeks here training our volunteers, most of whom were Italian-Americans, since those were the only ones who could understand Sergio and Palmiero. We had eight volunteers originally, but now we're down to one."

Mrs. Gutman went on to say, "We never expected the gondola to dominate the concession the way it has." By "the concession" she meant the restaurant that sits by the Boathouse. "At first, we served regional American food—and we still serve little croissanty things in the finger-food section—but now we have a completely Venetian menu. The gondola is called La Fia di Venezia, which means the Daughter of Venice. Erica Jong was on it. They had a party for her new book—it's a book about love in Venice."

"Now, my outfit is an adaptation of a real gondolier's costume," the gondolier, Des Calderon, announced as, along with Mrs. Gutman and the young woman with Titian hair, we boarded La Fia di Venezia. "My shirt comes from Macy's—it cost seven dollars and ninety-nine cents. It has thicker stripes than a Venetian gondolier's shirt. I wear basketball sneakers. These are Navy-surplus pants, but my sash and scarf I made myself, and they are correct." He began to pole the gondola out onto the Lake. "The gondolier's basic movement is one of *feathering*," he explained. He demonstrated by pushing back with the broad side of the oar turned at a very slight angle and then pulling forward with the sharp edge cutting through the water. "But the power has to be communicated from your whole body—from your legs most of all. You have to communicate your intentions through the whole gondola. You have to wear your gondola like a pair of shoes.”

A guy in one of the graffiti-ridden rowboats that share the lake with the gondola came near, showing off. He accidentally bumped the gondola and then began to push his boat away with an oar. “Don’t help! Don’t help!” Des Calderon said to him sharply. And he added, to us, “I hate it when they screw up and then try to help.”

Our friend asked Des Calderon what the hardest part of gondoliering was.

“The ability to endure excruciating pain in your left forearm,” he said immediately, and fell silent as he feathered us out beyond the Bow Bridge and into the middle of the Lake. When he spoke again, he picked up his train of thought where he had left it. “You can never overcome the pain—the whole weight of four people and a gondola being borne by your left forearm. You just have to go beyond it. I’m trained in the dance. Pain for me is a stimulus rather than an obstacle. I may want to let go, but I have discipline. I won’t let go.”

After a while, he turned the boat around and began telling us about various new gondola moves he had invented: the figure eight, the double figure eight, the inverted twist. “These are things that have never been done by a gondola before,” he said. “I have given up the dance for choreography. I can choreograph anything from a combat fight to gondola parking.”

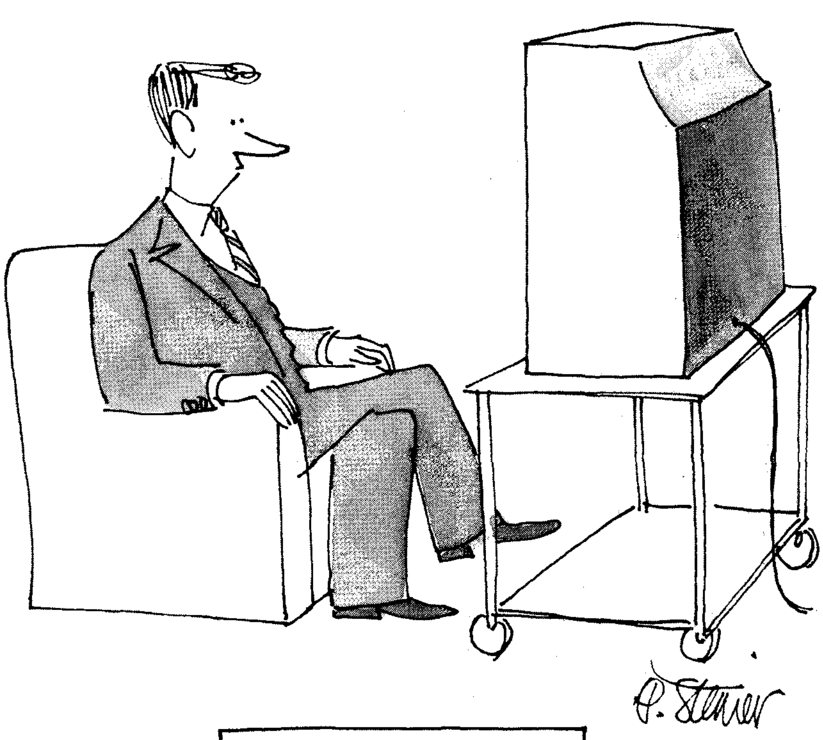
A gondola, we realized, is a haunting but not a graceful boat: all of Des’s choreographic innovations—when he took us back to the dock, he did a figure eight coming in, then reversed and did a double twist—have, as a consequence of the shape of his vessel, a kind of peculiar, jackknifing rhythm: a New York rhythm.

As we got out of the gondola, we remembered the one question we had most wanted to ask the gondolier but had somehow forgotten. “Have you ever been to Venice?” we said.

“Not yet. But I’m going to be married there.”

“That’s wonderful. When?”

“When I find her.” We saw by his half smile that it was a practiced reply in a familiar exchange—a perfect New York gondolier’s answer, giving nothing away, giving everything away.



SAFE SEX

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Garbage

“I THINK the whole issue of the floating garbage barge has been trivialized,” Dr. Allen Hershkowitz, who is the director of the solid-waste-research program of INFORM, a non-profit environmental group, told us recently, just before delivering a lecture entitled “Garbage Management: Japan Leads the Way.” “The barge is a frightening example of poor planning. Here is a guy who sincerely wants to do the right thing, to recycle his garbage. He wanted to make methane gas, which is a waste-to-energy strategy. Now New York State is saying, ‘Dump it in a landfill,’ instead of saying, ‘Let’s develop opportunities to handle this sort of occurrence in a new, productive way.’ We’re sending the wrong message. We’re saying, ‘Look, we tried and we couldn’t do it.’ ”

Dr. Hershkowitz, a handsome, slightly dishevelled man in a tan suit, stepped up to the lectern and tapped on the microphone. “Can you hear me in the back?” he asked. The audience consisted of several dozen people from various city agencies and conservation groups. “As many of you know, we are facing a solid-waste-management crisis in this country,” he said. “We are producing four hundred and ten thousand tons of garbage every day in the United States, and we’re running out of places to put it. Basically, there are four components of sound solid-waste-management practices. Reduction, of course, is the first, recycling is the second, and then come incineration and landfilling. We are dealing with an extraordinary range of pollutants, including organics such as dioxins. We’re dealing with acid gases and heavy metals. The health effects of these materials are currently subject to substantial dispute, but the first thing we have to get a handle on is how much garbage we have, what kinds of garbage we have, and how we can best sort and process it. In Japan, where they’ve been successfully dealing with limited resources for a long time, you find an extraordinary emphasis on gathering data. Each municipality is required to keep detailed records of the amount and nature of the garbage it’s dealing with. The Japanese know that ninety-five per cent of all beer bottles and two-litre *sake* bottles are recovered and reused about twenty times; their national bottlers’ association has the records. It’s as if they were leasing the bottles to the public. When trucks pull in to a garbage-burning plant, the driver has to push a button that feeds information about origin and quantity into a computer. To burn well, garbage must be scrupulously sorted by trained workers. In our Westchester plant a couple of weeks ago, workers threw aluminum, which shouldn’t be burned at all, into a furnace with plastics, and the heat was so intense that the aluminum welded to the furnace and shut it down. Incinerator ash is not being treated here as the hazardous material it is. We have open furnaces, where workers come into direct contact with incinerator ash. In Japan, the workers don't get near it."

Near us, a man in a green-and-white striped shirt and plaid jacket scribbled the word "motivation" on his notepad and drew a big question mark beside it.

"Recycling is viewed in Japan as a method of resource conservation," Dr. Hershowitz went on, "and, in fact, the Japanese see it in terms of national security. More important is the Japanese attitude that each piece of waste has its proper place, and that things should be recycled—there's no reason to incinerate a resource."

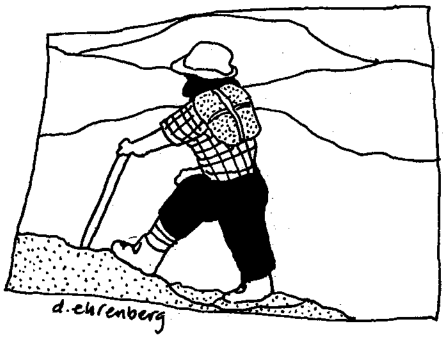
After the lecture, we spoke with Joanna Underwood, the executive director of INFORM, as she stood near a table displaying newsletters with headlines like "HUDSON RIVER DATA REVEALS TONS OF TOXICS DISCHARGED" (from 1985) and "MAJOR FAILINGS FOUND IN GARBAGE BURNING PLANT IN ALBANY" (from 1986). "In the face of imperfect knowledge, Japan has opted to be preventive," Ms. Underwood told us. "We have opted, through our legal system, to do nothing until we can prove damage. That is now the way the standards are set, so without new standards there's little chance we'll regulate. In Oregon, they have an Opportunity to Recycle Act. The name of the act is based on the assumption that everyone who's got the opportunity to recycle will recycle. It's almost a Japanese way of putting it—'opportunity to recycle'—don't you think?"

"It's surreal travelling all over the world and looking at its garbage," Dr. Hershkowitz said to someone nearby. "But, really, it tells you so much about the people of a given country. Do you know what the Japanese call their garbage-burning plants? Recycling Cultural Centers. The plants have swimming pools, arboretums, ponds with fish. They make these facilities—well, let's just say they make these facilities beautiful. They hire garbage-truck washers. The first day I was there, the trucks were so spotless I thought they were waxed. 'Do you wash them every trip?' I asked. 'Oh, no,' they said. 'Just once a day.' "There are six classifications for waste in most municipalities here. In Zentsuji, in southwest Japan, there are twenty-one. The Japanese have been collecting this way for over a hundred years. Their word for wastepaper reutilization comes from the Edo period, which ended in 1868. I asked one person in Japan, 'Isn't it difficult to deal with so much sorting when you come home tired at the end of the day?' And she answered, 'Yes, I hate to deal with it, but I must deal with it.' So I said, 'Well, what if you don't?' And she said, 'What do you mean, what if I don't? We've got to do it.' People there learn recycling at an early age. We teach people here obscure things like international affairs, but we don't teach them what to do with their garbage. The Japanese bring third and fourth graders to the Recycling Cultural Centers—to special classrooms, where they explain solid-waste management. So their children learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and recycling."

Under the Boardwalk

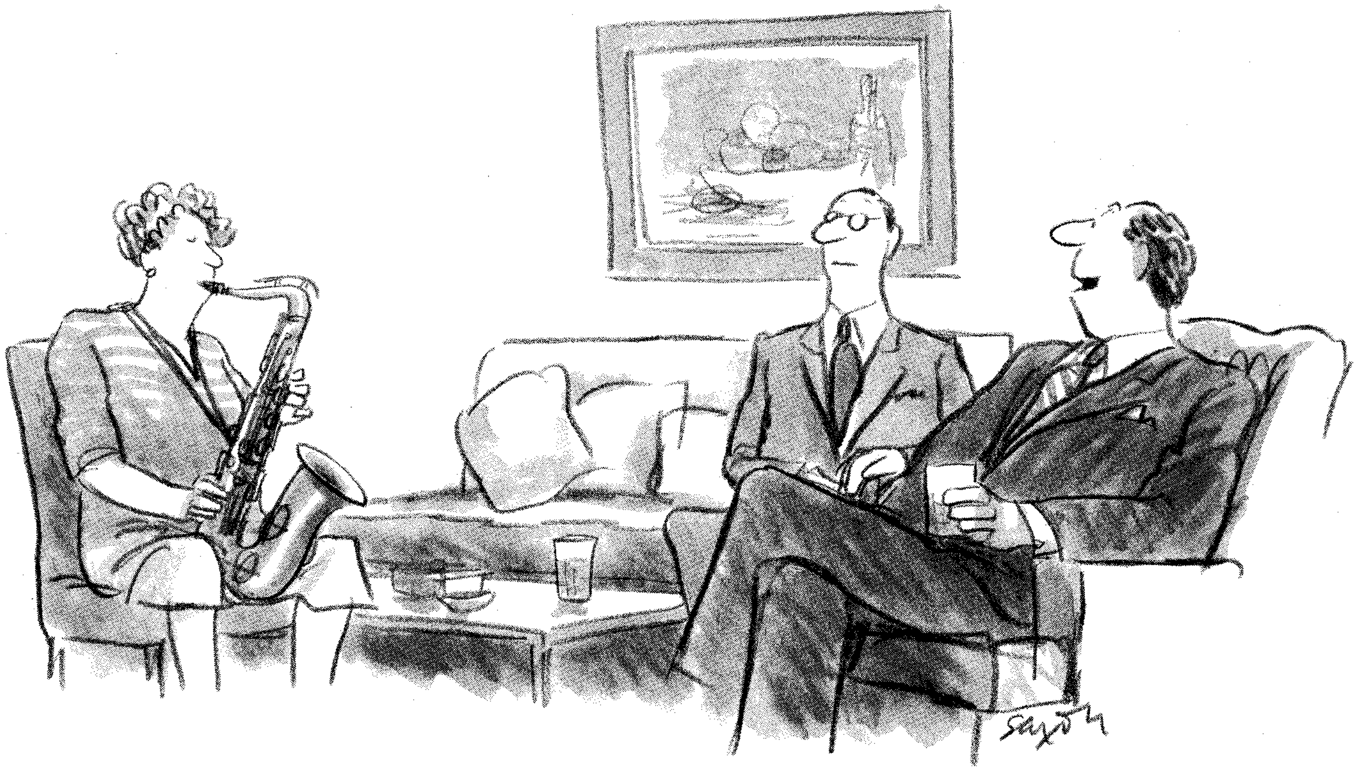
NOTE from a friend:

I suppose I was ripe for the picking when, on a warm weekend night, I came upon the Sing a Song Studio, on St. Mark's Place, one of those storefront recording places that have been popping up around town. Normally, I would have walked right on by, but this time I found myself drawn to a list of song titles posted in the window. While I stood reading it, a line of prospective recording artists that had spilled out of the studio and along the sidewalk kept lengthening. There were two young men from N.Y.U., who told me they had only minutes ago recorded "Just a Gigolo" to send to the just-ex-girlfriend of one of them but then had had second thoughts and wanted to add "For the Good Times" to the tape; a couple of stern-looking young women wearing identical silver ear bands, who were planning to do Springsteen's "Dancing in the Dark" together; a young woman who wanted to record "Happy Birthday" for her office manager; and a middle-aged couple who couldn't decide between "Dancing in the Streets" and "Love Me Tender." While we were all milling around, we were treated to a taped rendition of "New York, New York" by a tone-deaf young man, who was so convulsed with laughter at hearing himself played back that he had to be assisted from the shop by two equally hysterical friends.



A young Chinese man, an employee of the studio, handed me a longer list, of about three hundred song titles, and explained that they were already recorded on tape with an instrumental track and with a "guiding voice" to support the customer's lead vocal. The flyer was headed "Feel the Fun and Excitement of Being a Recording Star!" As it happens, I sang in a rock band as a teen-ager but was remanded to the saxophone, since I didn't really carry a tune—I sort of schlepped it—and these days I reserve my singing for the shower, for certain subway tunnels, and for the perverse pleasure of seeing my cat grow alert with fear of the unknown. As an exercise, I began weeding out songs on the list that were either too familiar (anything by Lionel Richie or Billy Joel) or too far out ("Super Freak") or not my taste ("Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go") or not something I'd want to do by myself (Ashford and Simpson's "Solid") or not my neck of the woods ("Elvira") or too rich for my blood ("My Way"). I was all set to move along, but then I arrived at Selection No. 61, the Drifters' 1964 classic, "Under the Boardwalk." I got in line.

When my turn came to record, I was squeezed into one of six isolation booths and was connected to an engineer through a pair of headphones. There was a microphone stand and a music stand in the booth, and on the music stand was a loose-leaf binder filled with numbered lyric sheets. I turned to No. 61, even though I know the song by heart. The engineer was standing by a rather sophisticated-looking piece of machinery, which, he explained through the headphones, would balance and compress the sound of my voice and mix it in smoothly with the existing tape track. All this sounded like welcome assistance. I was allowed to rehearse the song once, and the runthrough sounded to me closer to Rex Harrison than to the Drifters, but the engineer assured me that my effort was pretty good ("You should hear what I hear in this place," he said), and then he signalled that the



"That's my Caroline. She's one of a kind."

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tape was cued up for a take. The song's signature bass-line introduction kicked in, and I took a step back from the microphone so that I could *emote* a little, especially when I got to the words "under the boardwalk, down by the sea," which demand a reach up to falsetto and a four-syllable stretch of the word "sea" as well as the definitive "yeah" that punctuates the phrase.

I left the recording booth sweating, more from lack of oxygen than from effort, and waited to hear the playback. As it turns out, I still can't carry a tune, only now I sound sort of resonant and mellow as opposed to just plain *off*. And the song is just as great as ever.

Cherry Stems

OUR friend the One-Man Learning Annex recently demonstrated how to tie a cherry stem into a knot inside your mouth. He used fresh-cherry stems. "But it's easier with maraschino-cherry stems, which are softer," he said. "Of course, the shorter the stem, the more difficult it is to tie. I could do it with anything flexible and about that length."

"String?"

"It would be hard. If it was a thick piece of string— I could do it with twine. I couldn't do it with thread. I can barely do that with my fingers. What else has a stem? Apples—too short."

"How did you learn this?"

"I was in Los Angeles, and I went out to dinner with James Komack, who was the producer of 'Chico and the Man' and had a short-lived series called 'Me and Maxx,' starring a little girl, Maxx with two 'x's, and who also made 'Welcome Back, Kotter.' Anyway, he mentioned he had heard about people who could tie cherry stems in their mouths. He challenged people at the table to do it."

"So this is self-taught."

"Right. O.K., you pluck the stem from the cherry, put it in your mouth, rest it on your tongue."

"You're putting it crosswise on the front of your tongue."

"Right. First thing you do is bend it with your tongue, in the middle—maneuver it with your tongue and your teeth so that it's like this . . ."

"Sort of with your tongue pushing it between your teeth, so that it's curved—bent over on itself? In a loop?"

"In a loop."

"With the loop toward the front?"

"Right. And the ends of the loop toward the back. Then you manipulate . . . the ends . . . so one is through the loop. But I can't do it while I'm talking."

"O.K., why don't you do it and then describe it afterward?"

Pause.

"Now that I've got it through . . ."

"You've got one end through the loop?"

"Right. I'm holding that end between my teeth . . ."

"The end that's through the loop?"

"Right. With the other end, I'm pressing my tongue and the end on the bottom of my mouth, and working my tongue backward to tighten—"

"Working your tongue down and back?"

"To tighten the knot."

Pause.

"Oh, that's great!"

"Let it drop out—don't spit it. Let it drop out of your mouth into the palm of your hand."

It still wasn't too clear how to do the part where the stem is in a loop and you work one end through the loop, so he tried again.

"You cause the two ends to cross, and then you have to work one end through the loop, with your tongue and your teeth. You turn it over. Once it's crossed, you have to use your teeth to turn the end over and in. You have to kind of turn the whole thing over. Roll it. These aren't long enough."

"These are the longest ones they had."

"The cherries are good."

THREE GREAT MEALS

IN this article I am going to tell you how to make three great meals using standard ingredients. By "standard ingredients" I mean things that can be found in any supermarket from one end of the country to the other. I am going to name names and tell you what brands I use, not because I am in the pay of these particular brands or have any fiduciary relation to them but because they are the ones I use daily and ones that I have found work well, day in and day out. In each case you will notice that the meal is geared to the person who does not have too much time to screw around but at the same time wants extra-good results, something a little better than what you would get if you just used these fine products straight, without informed guidance or nuance.

It is true that all of these great meals fall roughly under the rubric "Southern Cooking," but I stress that the ingredients have nationwide distribution, for the most part, and that because something has its origins in the South doesn't automatically mean that it can be dismissed as "low-rent" or beneath contempt. An open mind toward the cuisines of various regions is the first hallmark of the educable palate.

A Great Breakfast

FOR the Great Breakfast we assume that, the night before, you have gone out and bought 8-10 pieces of Popeyes Fried Chicken at the drive-in window of your local Popeyes, together with 6-8 Popeyes Biscuits. Now I am not sure that Popeyes is entirely national, but it is widely found throughout the South which makes it national enough for our purposes. Colonel Sanders may be substituted if you wish. The average family will have eaten about seven of the chicken pieces and maybe four of the biscuits during the original meal leaving you with a wealth of residue for the Great Breakfast.

Upon awakening, take one package McCormick Chicken Gravy Mix and place it in a saucepan, adding one-half can of Swanson's Clear Chicken Broth. This is the first subtlety. The directions for the Gravy Mix suggest cold water; by adding Swanson's Chicken Broth you get a gravy that is far richer. (You also double your expense, but as the Gravy Mix is typically about 63 cents a package and the Broth about 49 cents a can, it's not that much.)

Next, chop a fresh onion very fine —very *very* fine, about two tablespoons' worth. Throw this in the gravy. You may then add a splash of Soave Bolla white wine and raise heat to boil off the alcohol. If your religious convictions do not permit the use of alcohol in your breakfast it may be omitted, but what do you do when you get to Turtle Soup, leave out the sherry? While the gravy is simmering, take the leftover Popeyes Biscuits and split them, placing them in a small container in a 425-degree oven for approximately eight minutes.

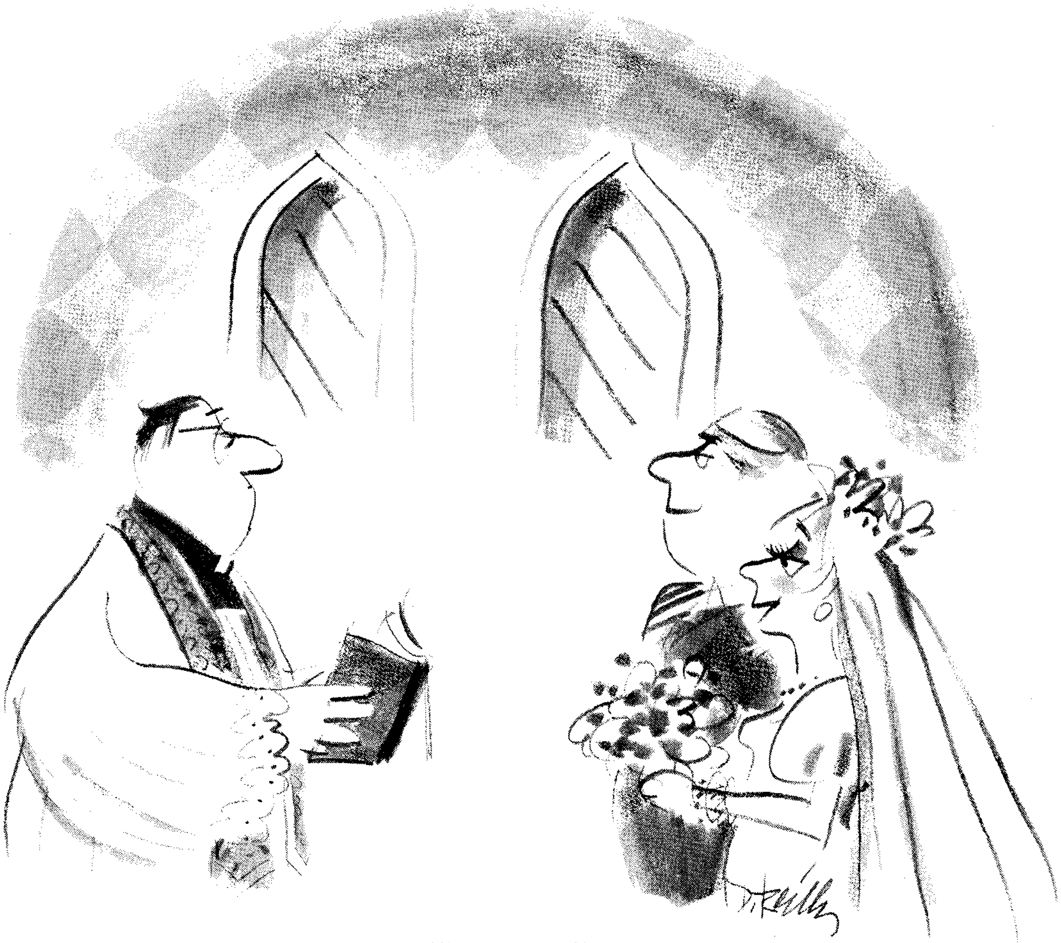
Now, strip chicken from leftover Popeyes pieces and add to gravy, being careful to not include the heavy crispy skin that was your motivation for getting the Popeyes chicken in the first place. Then remove biscuits from oven, ladle gravy over them, and sprinkle with Spice Islands thyme, taking care to crush thyme between thumb and forefinger to release flavor. The result is a chicken-with-dumplings that cannot be equalled this side of that tin-roofed place on a dirt road outside of Talladega, Alabama, that we've all heard about but no one has ever found. The masterstroke here is of course the onion.

An Unusual Lunch

THIS kind of lunch is possible when the green-skinned tomatillo is in season. Luckily the green-skinned tomatillo is always in season in the canned version put out by Herdez, which also includes chilis. Take a can of Gebhardt Tamales and place in a small ovengoing vessel. Layer with chopped onion. Add one can Herdez Salsa Verde Tomatillos. Cover with Kraft Shredded Sharp Cheddar, which is available in a resealable plastic bag for about $2.09 for 10 oz. Use about one-third of the bag to top the dish, spreading the cheese

"Quick, hon. I think he's got it."

smoothly around with your hand. Bake in 425-degree oven for fifteen minutes. In the more developed parts of the country there will be locally produced tamales (usually differentiated as to "Hot" or "Mild") made by gifted indigenous personnel and these can be substituted for the Gebhardt variety. Renown and Ro*Tel brands of tomatoes and chilis can also be used; both are excellent, although not green. This lunch has a strong Mexican flavor due to the use of ingredients associated with Mexico; although it is not in any sense authentic, it is unusual.



"No prob."

Superb Dinner for Sixty

YOU probably did not know that a superb dinner for sixty could be made out of canned goods, but that is true. Begin with five Smok-A-Roma Fully Cooked Boneless Hams. Remove hams from wrappers and cut in chunks, each chunk roughly the size of a Bic cigarette lighter. Set aside. Next take thirty 15-oz. cans of Trappey's Black Eye Peas Flavored with Slab Bacon, open, and set aside. Next brown thirty pounds of Oscar Mayer Little Smokies, which are very good bite-sized smoked sausages. Tearing open the packages is tiresome but you can usually get children to do this for you. In the same fat, make a roux by stirring in ten pounds of Gold Medal All-Purpose Flour. This gives you approximately twelve pounds of roux (flour plus oil). Set aside.

Next, into some gallons of water in huge immense pots on four six-burner stoves pour any number of cans of Progresso Peeled Tomatoes Italian Style with Basil (Pomidoro Pelati Tipo Italiano con Basilico). If you use the larger cans you have fewer cans to open. Add forty-eight cloves of chopped Elephant Garlic, which is sold in little net bags from Frieda of California and has a subtle explosiveness that is piquant.

By now you will be slightly confused as you look around you at the mighty forces you have mustered but everything is easier than it looks. You must understand that we don't like to get this involved either but maybe it's your daughter's wedding or something and you have the choice of giving the whole problem over to some unreliable caterer who'll just supply some pink froufrou on lettuce leaves at a horrible price per head or doing it yourself with your accustomed élan and good will. Place a half pound of the roux into each pot and paddle it around in there until the liquid has achieved a rich dark-brown color, then add the ham, sausages, and Black Eye Peas. Simmer for some time; you are doing just fine.

Pork is the motif which has up to now dominated the mix, and the pork has to have a contrasting flavor. The only thing to do is to slug in five Maple Leaf Farms Frozen Ducklings. Defrost and cut up ducks, brown quickly in Lou Ana 100% Pure and Natural Peanut Oil, home office, Opelousas, La., place in pots and let simmer for one hour. Salt (Morton), pepper (Lawry's), and parsley your twenty-four pots all to hell, and you are ready to serve. About twenty pounds of sliced onions would be a good addition, although they probably should have gone in earlier. If you want to know something to call this superb meal you could probably call it a burgoo. (I would like to acknowledge input for this recipe from the Arkansas Department of Corrections, Food Services Division.)

For other excellent recipes involving American canned goods, my 64-page leaflet is available upon request. But I am not trying to sell the leaflet, only to stress an appropriate respect and love for the American canned good, which is not, and never will be, Japanese. —WILLIAM WHITE

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From Continental, an in-flight magazine*]

Most Trukese still live off the land and the sea. They fish in handmade outrigger canoes, farm small plots and weave sturdy baskets from native fauna.

ERRAND

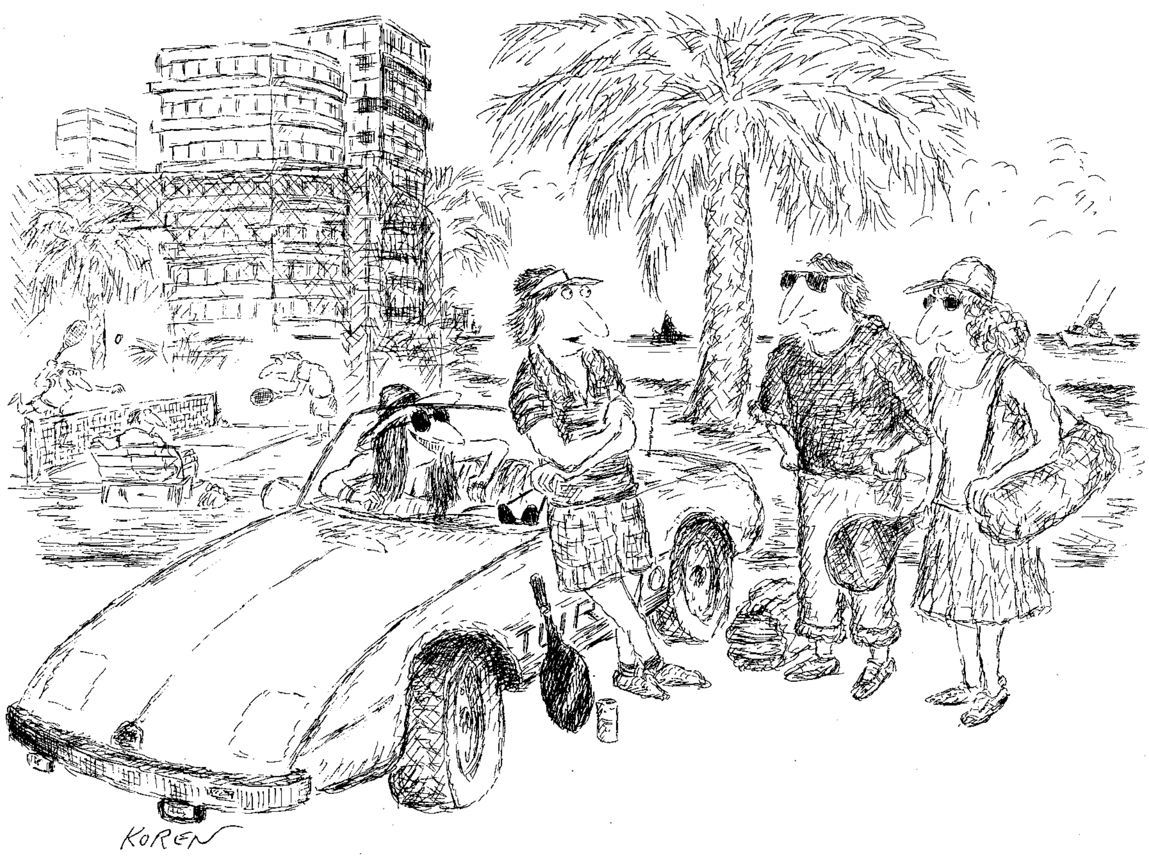
CHEKHOV. On the evening of March 22, 1897, he went to dinner in Moscow with his friend and confidant Alexei Suvorin. This Suvorin was a very rich newspaper and book publisher, a reactionary, a self-made man whose father was a private at the battle of Borodino. Like Chekhov, he was the grandson of a serf. They had that in common: each had peasant's blood in his veins. Otherwise, politically and temperamentally, they were miles apart. Nevertheless, Suvorin was one of Chekhov's few intimates, and Chekhov enjoyed his company.

Naturally, they went to the best restaurant in the city, a former town house called the Hermitage—a place where it could take hours, half the night even, to get through a ten-course meal that would, of course, include several wines, liqueurs, and coffee. Chekhov was impeccably dressed, as always—a dark suit and waistcoat, his usual pince-nez. He looked that night very much as he looks in the photographs taken of him during this period. He was relaxed, jovial. He shook hands with the maître d', and with a glance took in the large dining room. It was brilliantly illuminated by ornate chandeliers, the tables occupied by elegantly dressed men and women. Waiters came and went ceaselessly. He had just been seated across the table from Suvorin when suddenly, without warning, blood began gushing from his mouth. Suvorin and two waiters helped him to the gentlemen's room and tried to stanch the flow of blood with ice packs. Suvorin saw him back to his own hotel and had a bed prepared for Chekhov in one of the rooms of the suite. Later, after another hemorrhage, Chekhov allowed himself to be moved to a clinic that specialized in the treatment of tuberculosis and related respiratory infections. When Suvorin visited him there, Chekhov apologized for the "scandal" at the restaurant three nights earlier but continued to insist there was nothing seriously wrong. "He laughed and jested as usual," Suvorin noted in his diary, "while spitting blood into a large vessel."

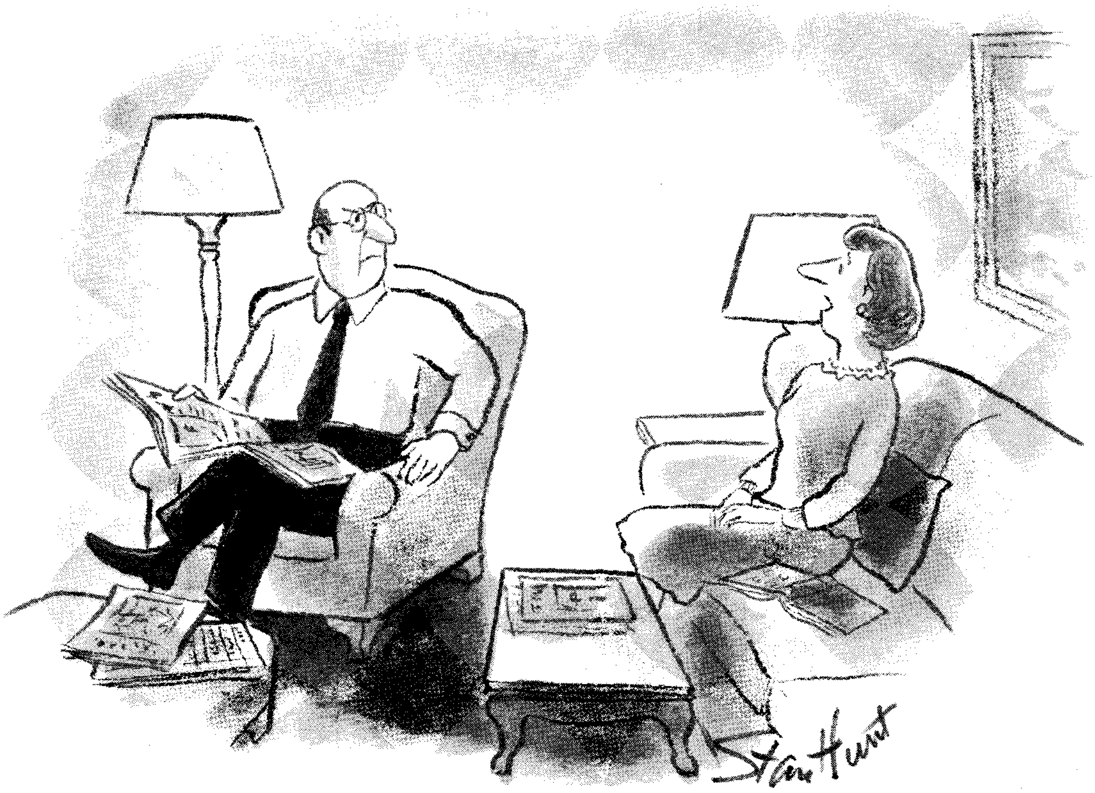
Maria Chekhov, his younger sister, visited Chekhov in the clinic during the last days of March. The weather was miserable; a sleet storm was in progress, and frozen heaps of snow lay everywhere. It was hard for her to wave down a carriage to take her to the hospital. By the time she arrived she was filled with dread and anxiety.

"Anton Pavlovich lay on his back," Maria wrote in her "Memoirs." "He was not allowed to speak. After greeting him, I went over to the table to hide my emotions." There, among bottles of champagne, jars of caviar, bouquets of flowers from well-wishers, she saw something that terrified her: a freehand drawing, obviously done by a specialist in these matters, of Chekhov's lungs. It was the kind of sketch a doctor often makes in order to show his patient what he thinks is taking place. The lungs were outlined in blue, but the upper parts were filled in with red. "I realized they were diseased," Maria wrote.

Leo Tolstoy was another visitor. The hospital staff were awed to find themselves in the presence of the country's greatest writer. The most famous man in Russia? Of course they had to let him in to see Chekhov, even though "nonessential" visitors were forbidden. With much obsequiousness on the part of the nurses and resident doctors, the bearded, fierce-looking old man was shown into Chekhov's room. Despite his low opinion of Chekhov's abilities as a playwright (Tolstoy felt the plays were static and lacking in any moral vision. "Where do your characters take you?" he once demanded of Chekhov. "From the sofa to the junk room and back"), Tolstoy liked Chekhov's short stories. Furthermore, and quite simply, he loved the man. He told Gorky, "What a beautiful, magnificent man: modest and quiet, like a girl. He even walks like a girl. He's simply wonderful." And Tolstoy wrote in his journal (everyone kept a journal or a diary in those days), "I am glad I love . . . Chekhov."



"I despise my life, but I'm in love with my life style."



"Must we always cut right to the heart of the matter, Gridley? Can't we ever talk a little bit about it?"

Tolstoy removed his woollen scarf and bearskin coat, then lowered himself into a chair next to Chekhov's bed. Never mind that Chekhov was taking medication and not permitted to talk, much less carry on a conversation. He had to listen, amazedly, as the Count began to discourse on his theories of the immortality of the soul. Concerning that visit, Chekhov later wrote, "Tolstoy assumes that all of us (humans and animals alike) will live on in a principle (such as reason or love) the essence and goals of which are a mystery to us. . . . I have no use for that kind of immortality. I don't understand it, and Lev Nikolayevich was astonished I didn't."

Nevertheless, Chekhov was impressed with the solicitude shown by Tolstoy's visit. But, unlike Tolstoy, Chekhov didn't believe in an afterlife and never had. He didn't believe in anything that couldn't be apprehended by one or more of his five senses. And as far as his outlook on life and writing went, he once told someone that he lacked "a political, religious, and philosophical world view. I change it every month, so I'll have to limit myself to the description of how my heroes love, marry, give birth, die, and how they speak."

Earlier, before his t.b. was diagnosed, Chekhov had remarked, "When a peasant has consumption, he says, 'There's nothing I can do. I'll go off in the spring with the melting of the snows.' " (Chekhov himself died in the summer, during a heat wave.) But once Chekhov's own tuberculosis was discovered he continually tried to minimize the seriousness of his condition. To all appearances, it was as if he felt, right up to the end, that he might be able to throw off the disease as he would a lingering catarrh. Well into his final days, he spoke with seeming conviction of the possibility of an improvement. In fact, in a letter written shortly before his end, he went so far as to tell his sister that he was "putting on a bit of flesh" and felt much better now that he was in Badenweiler.

Badenweiler is a spa and resort city in the western area of the Black Forest, not far from Basel. The Vosges are visible from nearly anywhere in the city, and in those days the air was pure and invigorating. Russians had been going there for years to soak in the hot mineral baths and promenade on the boulevards. In June, 1904, Chekhov went there to die.

Earlier that month, he'd made a difficult journey by train from Moscow to Berlin. He travelled with his wife, the actress Olga Knipper, a woman he'd met in 1898 during rehearsals for "The Seagull." Her contemporaries describe her as an excellent actress. She was talented, pretty, and almost ten years younger than the playwright. Chekhov had been immediately attracted to her, but was slow to act on his feelings. As always, he preferred a flirtation to marriage. Finally, after a three-year courtship involving many separations, letters, and the inevitable misunderstandings, they were at last married, in a private ceremony in Moscow, on May 25, 1901. Chekhov was enormously happy. He called Olga his "pony," and sometimes "dog" or "puppy." He was also fond of addressing her as "little turkey" or simply as "my joy."

In Berlin, Chekhov consulted with a renowned specialist in pulmonary disorders, a Dr. Karl Ewald. But, according to an eyewitness, after the doctor examined Chekhov he threw up his hands and left the room without a word. Chekhov was too far gone for help: this Dr. Ewald was furious with himself for not being able to work miracles, and with Chekhov for being so ill.

A Russian journalist happened to visit the Chekhovs at their hotel and sent back this dispatch to his editor: "Chekhov's days are numbered. He seems mortally ill, is terribly thin, coughs all the time, gasps for breath at the slightest movement, and is running a high temperature." This same journalist saw the Chekhovs off at Potsdam Station when they boarded their train for Badenweiler. According to his account, "Chekhov had trouble making his way up the small staircase at the station. He had to sit down for several minutes to catch his breath." In fact, it was painful for Chekhov to move: his legs ached continually and his insides hurt. The disease had attacked his intestines and spinal cord. At this point he had less than a month to live. When Chekhov spoke of his condition now, it was, according to Olga, "with an almost reckless indifference."

Dr. Schwöhrer was one of the many Badenweiler physicians who earned a good living by treating the well-to-do who came to the spa seeking relief from various maladies. Some of his patients were ill and infirm, others simply old and hypochondriacal. But Chekhov's was a special case: he was clearly beyond help and in his last days. He was also very famous. Even Dr. Schwöhrer knew his name: he'd read some of Chekhov's stories in a German magazine. When he examined the writer early in June, he voiced his appreciation of Chekhov's art but kept his medical opinions to himself. Instead, he prescribed a diet of cocoa, oatmeal drenched in butter, and strawberry tea. This last was supposed to help Chekhov sleep at night.

On June 13th, less than three weeks before he died, Chekhov wrote a letter to his mother in which he told her his health was on the mend. In it he said, "It's likely that I'll be completely cured in a week." Who knows why he said this? What could he have been thinking? He was a doctor himself, and he knew better. He was dying, it was as simple and as unavoidable as that. Nevertheless, he sat out on the balcony of his hotel room and read railway timetables. He asked for information on sailings of boats bound for Odessa from Marseilles. But he *knew*. At this stage he had to have known. Yet in one of the last letters he ever wrote he told his sister he was growing stronger by the day.

He no longer had any appetite for literary work, and hadn't for a long time. In fact, he had very nearly failed to complete "The Cherry Orchard" the year before. Writing that play was the hardest thing he'd ever done in his life. Toward the end, he was able to manage only six or seven lines a day. "I've started losing heart," he wrote Olga. "I feel I'm finished as a writer, and every sentence strikes me as worthless and of no use whatever." But he didn't stop. He finished his play in October, 1903. It was the last thing he ever wrote, except for letters and a few entries in his notebook.

THE ROSE BEETLE

It is said that you came from China
but you never saw China
you eat up the leaves here

your ancestors travelled blind in eggs
you arrive just after dark from underground
with a clicking whir in the first night
knowing by the smell what leaves to eat here
where you have wakened for the first time

the strawberry leaves foreign as you
the beans the orchid tree the eggplant
the old leaves of the heliconia the banana some palms
and the roses from everywhere but here
and the hibiscus from here the abutilons
the royal ilima

in the night you turn them into lace
into an arid net
into sky

like the sky long ago over China

—W. S. Merwin

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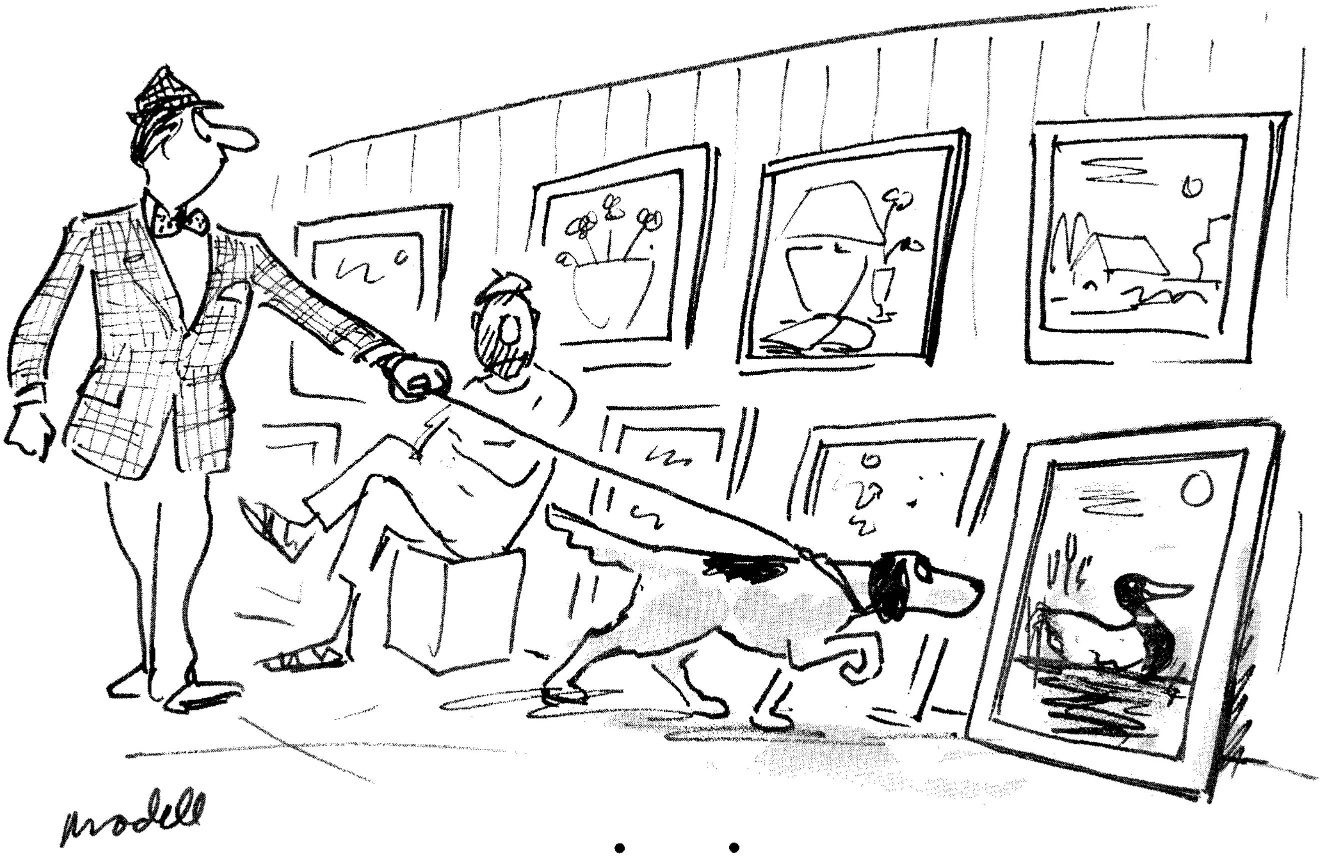
A little after midnight on July 2, 1904, Olga sent someone to fetch Dr. Schwöhrer. It was an emergency: Chekhov was delirious. Two young Russians on holiday happened to have the adjacent room, and Olga hurried next door to explain what was happening. One of the youths was in his bed asleep, but the other was still awake, smoking and reading. He left the hotel at a run to find Dr. Schwöhrer. "I can still hear the sound of the gravel under his shoes in the silence of that stifling July night," Olga wrote later on in her memoirs. Chekhov was hallucinating, talking about sailors, and there were snatches of something about the Japanese. "You don't put ice on an empty stomach," he said when she tried to place an ice pack on his chest.

Dr. Schwöhrer arrived and unpacked his bag, all the while keeping his gaze fastened on Chekhov, who lay gasping in the bed. The sick man's pupils were dilated and his temples glistened with sweat. Dr. Schwöhrer's face didn't register anything. He was not an emotional man, but he knew Chekhov's end was near. Still, he was a doctor, sworn to do his utmost, and Chekhov held on to life, however tenuously. Dr. Schwöhrer prepared a hypodermic and administered an injection of camphor, something that was supposed to speed up the heart. But the injection didn't help—nothing, of course, could have helped. Nevertheless, the doctor made known to Olga his intention of sending for oxygen. Suddenly, Chekhov roused himself, became lucid, and said quietly, "What's the use? Before it arrives I'll be a corpse."

Dr. Schwöhrer pulled on his big mustache and stared at Chekhov. The writer's cheeks were sunken and gray, his complexion waxen; his breath was raspy. Dr. Schwöhrer knew the time could be reckoned in minutes. Without a word, without conferring with Olga, he went over to an alcove where there was a telephone on the wall. He



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read the instructions for using the device. If he activated it by holding his finger on a button and turning a handle on the side of the phone, he could reach the lower regions of the hotel—the kitchen. He picked up the receiver, held it to his ear, and did as the instructions told him. When someone finally answered, Dr. Schwöhrer ordered a bottle of the hotel's best champagne. "How many glasses?" he was asked. "Three glasses!" the doctor shouted into the mouthpiece. "And hurry, do you hear?" It was one of those rare moments of inspiration that can easily enough be overlooked later on, because the action is so entirely appropriate it seems inevitable.

The champagne was brought to the door by a tired-looking young man whose blond hair was standing up. The trousers of his uniform were wrinkled, the creases gone, and in his haste he'd missed a loop while buttoning his jacket. His appearance was that of someone who'd been resting (slumped in a chair, say, dozing a little), when off in the distance the phone had clamored in the early-morning hours—great God in Heaven!—and the next thing he knew he was being shaken awake by a superior and told to deliver a bottle of Moët to Room 211. "And hurry, do you hear?"

THE young man entered the room carrying a silver ice bucket with the champagne in it and a silver tray with three cut-crystal glasses. He found a place on the table for the bucket and glasses, all the while craning his neck, trying to see into the other room, where someone panted ferociously for breath. It was a dreadful, harrowing sound, and the young man lowered his chin into his collar and turned away as the ratchety breathing worsened. Forgetting himself, he stared out the open window toward the darkened city. Then this big imposing man with a thick mustache pressed some coins into his hand—a large tip, by the feel of it—and suddenly the young man saw the door open. He took some steps and found himself on the landing, where he opened his hand and looked at the coins in amazement.

Methodically, the way he did everything, the doctor went about the business of working the cork out of the bottle. He did it in such a way as to minimize, as much as possible, the festive explosion. He poured three glasses and, out of habit, pushed the cork back into the neck of the bottle. He then took the glasses of champagne over to the bed. Olga momentarily released her grip on Chekhov's hand—a hand, she said later, that burned her fingers. She arranged another pillow behind his head. Then she put the cool glass of champagne against Chekhov's palm and made sure his fingers closed around the stem. They exchanged looks—Chekhov, Olga, Dr. Schwöhrer. They didn't touch glasses. There was no toast. What on earth was there to drink to? To death? Chekhov summoned his remaining strength and said, "It's been so long since I've had champagne." He brought the glass to his lips and drank. In a minute or two Olga took the empty glass from his hand and set it on the nightstand. Then Chekhov turned onto his side. He closed his eyes and sighed. A minute later, his breathing stopped.

Dr. Schwöhrer picked up Chekhov's hand from the bedsheet. He held his fingers to Chekhov's wrist and drew a gold watch from his vest pocket, opening the lid of the watch as he did so. The second hand on the watch moved slowly, very slowly. He let it move around the face of the watch three times while he waited for signs of a pulse. It was three o'clock in the morning and still sultry in the room. Badenweiler was in the grip of its worst heat wave in years. All the windows in both rooms stood open, but there was no sign of a breeze. A large, black-winged moth flew through a window and banged wildly against the electric lamp. Dr. Schwöhrer let go of Chekhov's wrist. "It's over," he said. He closed the lid of his watch and returned it to his vest pocket.

At once Olga dried her eyes and set about composing herself. She thanked the doctor for coming. He asked if she wanted some medication—laudanum, perhaps, or a few drops of valerian. She shook her head. She did have one request, though: before the authorities were notified and the newspapers found out, before the time came when Chekhov was no longer in her keeping, she wanted to be alone with him for a while. Could the doctor help with this? Could he withhold, for a while anyway, news of what had just occurred?

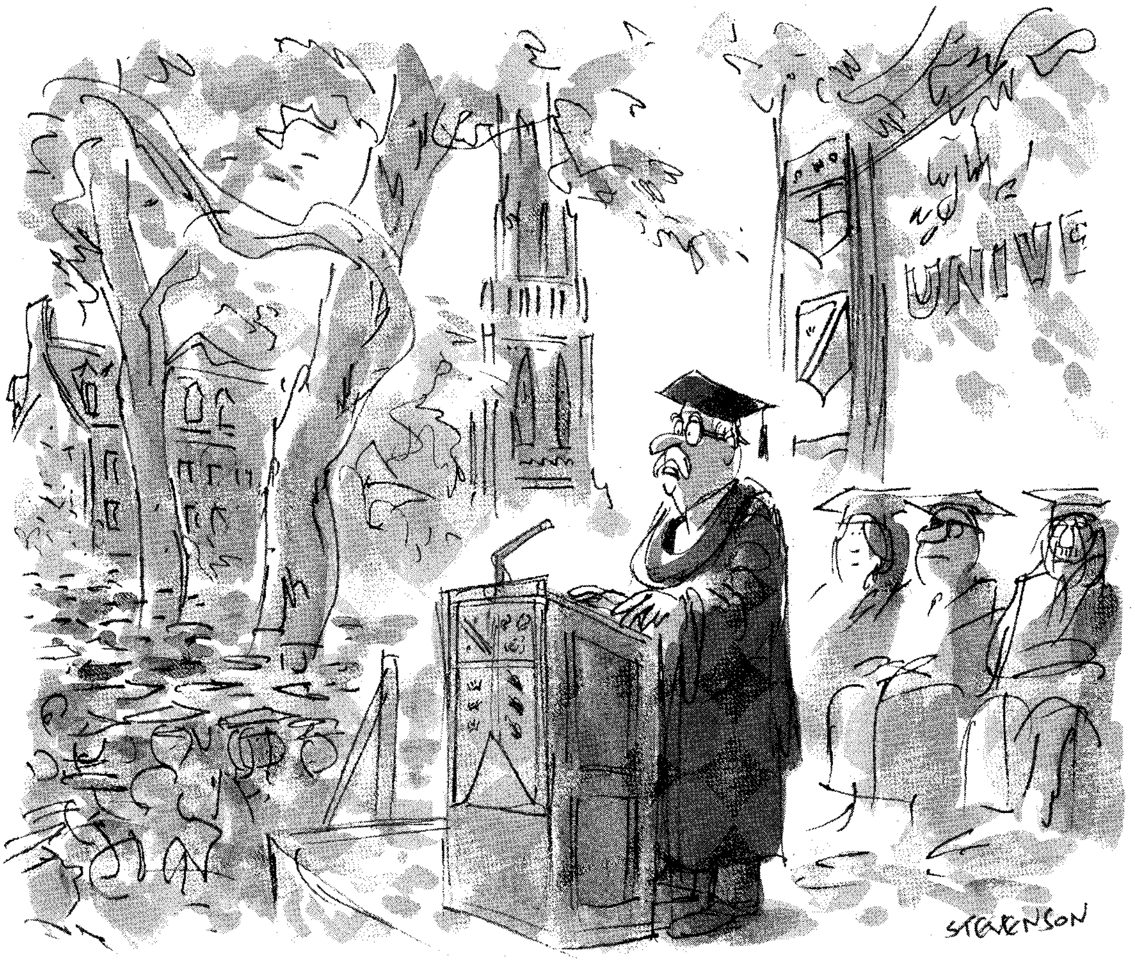
Dr. Schwöhrer stroked his mustache with the back of a finger. Why not? After all, what difference would it make to anyone whether this matter became known now or a few hours from now? The only detail that remained was to fill out a death certificate, and this could be done at his office later on in the morning, after he'd slept a few hours. Dr. Schwöhrer nodded his agreement and prepared to leave. He murmured a few words of condolence. Olga inclined her head. "An honor," Dr. Schwöhrer said. He picked up his bag and left the room and, for that matter, history.

It was at this moment that the cork popped out of the champagne bottle; foam spilled down onto the table. Olga went back to Chekhov's bedside. She sat on a footstool, holding his hand, from time to time stroking his face. "There were no human voices, no everyday sounds," she wrote. "There was only beauty, peace, and the grandeur of death."

SHE stayed with Chekhov until daybreak, when thrushes began to call from the garden below. Then came the sound of tables and chairs being moved about down there. Before long, voices carried up to her. It was then a knock sounded at the door. Of course she thought it must be an official of some sort—the medical examiner, say, or someone from the police who had questions to ask and forms for her to fill out, or maybe, just maybe, it could be Dr. Schwöhrer returning with a mortician to render assistance in embalming and transporting Chekhov's remains back to Russia.

But, instead, it was the same blond young man who'd brought the champagne a few hours earlier. This time, however, his uniform trousers were neatly pressed, with stiff creases in front, and every button on his snug green jacket was fastened. He seemed quite another person. Not only was he wide awake but his plump cheeks were smooth-shaven, his hair was in place, and he appeared anxious to please. He was holding a porcelain vase with three long-stemmed yellow roses. He presented these to Olga with a smart click of his heels. She stepped back and let him into the room. He was there, he said, to collect the glasses, ice bucket, and tray, yes. But he also wanted to say that, because of the extreme heat, breakfast would be served in the garden this morning. He hoped this weather wasn't too bothersome; he apologized for it.

The woman seemed distracted. While he talked, she turned her eyes away and looked down at something in the carpet. She crossed her arms and held her elbows. Meanwhile, still holding his vase, waiting for a sign, the young man took in the details of the room. Bright sunlight flooded through the open windows. The room was tidy and seemed undisturbed, almost untouched. No garments were flung over chairs, no shoes, stockings, braces, or stays were in evidence, no open suitcases. In short, there was no clutter, nothing but the usual heavy pieces of hotel-room furni-



"I know so much that I don't know where to begin."

"Miriam keeps me young."

ture. Then, because the woman was still looking down, he looked down, too, and at once spied a cork near the toe of his shoe. The woman did not see it—she was looking somewhere else. The young man wanted to bend over and pick up the cork, but he was still holding the roses and was afraid of seeming to intrude even more by drawing any further attention to himself. Reluctantly, he left the cork where it was and raised his eyes. Everything was in order except for the uncorked, half-empty bottle of champagne that stood alongside two crystal glasses over on the little table. He cast his gaze about once more. Through an open door he saw that the third glass was in the bedroom, on the nightstand. But someone still occupied the bed! He couldn't see a face, but the figure under the covers lay perfectly motionless and quiet. He noted the figure and looked elsewhere. Then, for a reason he couldn't understand, a feeling of uneasiness took hold of him. He cleared his throat and moved his weight to the other leg. The woman still didn't look up or break her silence. The young man felt his cheeks grow warm. It occurred to him, quite without his having thought it through, that he should perhaps suggest an alternative to breakfast in the garden. He coughed, hoping to focus the woman's attention, but she didn't look at him. The distinguished foreign guests could, he said, take breakfast in their rooms this morning if they wished. The young man (his name hasn't survived, and it's likely he perished in the Great War) said he would be happy to bring up a tray. Two trays, he added, glancing uncertainly once again in the direction of the bedroom.

He fell silent and ran a finger around the inside of his collar. He didn't understand. He wasn't even sure the woman had been listening. He didn't know what else to do now; he was still holding the vase. The sweet odor of the roses filled his nostrils and inexplicably caused a pang of regret. The entire time he'd been waiting, the woman had apparently been lost in thought. It was as if all the while he'd been standing there, talking, shifting his weight, holding his flowers, she had been someplace else, somewhere far from Badenweiler. But now she came back to herself, and her face assumed another expression. She raised her eyes, looked at him, and then shook her head. She seemed to be struggling to understand what on earth this young man could be doing there in the room holding a vase with three yellow roses. Flowers? She hadn't ordered flowers.

The moment passed. She went over to her handbag and scooped up some coins. She drew out a number of banknotes as well. The young man touched his lips with his tongue; another large tip was forthcoming, but for what? What did she want him to do? He'd never before waited on such guests. He cleared his throat once more.

No breakfast, the woman said. Not yet, at any rate. Breakfast wasn't the important thing this morning. She required something else. She needed him to go out and bring back a mortician. Did he understand her? Herr Chekhov was dead, you see. *Comprenez-vous*? Young man? Anton Chekhov was dead. Now listen carefully to me, she said. She wanted him to go downstairs and ask someone at the front desk where he could go to find the most respected mortician in the city. Someone reliable, who took great pains in his work and whose manner was appropriately reserved. A mortician, in short, worthy of a great artist. Here, she said, and pressed the money on him. Tell them downstairs that I have specifically requested you to perform this duty for me. Are you listening? Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

The young man grappled to take in

what she was saying. He chose not to look again in the direction of the other room. He had sensed that something was not right. He became aware of his heart beating rapidly under his jacket, and he felt perspiration break out on his forehead. He didn't know where he should turn his eyes. He wanted to put the vase down.

Please do this for me, the woman said. I'll remember you with gratitude. Tell them downstairs that I insist. Say that. But don't call any unnecessary attention to yourself or to the situation. Just say that this is necessary, that I *request it—and that's all.* Do you hear me? Nod if you understand. Above all, don't raise an alarm. Everything else, all the rest, the commotion—that'll come soon enough. The worst is over. Do we understand each other?

The young man's face had grown pale. He stood rigid, clasping the vase. He managed to nod his head.

After securing permission to leave the hotel he was to proceed quietly and resolutely, though without any unbecoming haste, to the mortician's. He was to behave exactly as if he were engaged on a very important errand, nothing more. He *was* engaged on an important errand, she said. And if it would help keep his movements purposeful he should imagine himself as someone moving down the busy sidewalk carrying in his arms a porcelain vase of roses that he had to deliver to an important man. (She spoke quietly, almost confidentially, as if to a relative or a friend.) He could even tell himself that the man he was going to see was expecting him, was perhaps impatient for him to arrive with his flowers. *Nevertheless, the young man was not* to become excited and run, or otherwise break his stride. Remember the vase he was carrying! He was to walk briskly, comporting himself at all times in as dignified a manner as possible. He should keep walking until he came to the mortician's house and stood before the door. He would then raise the brass knocker and let it fall, once, twice, three times. In a minute the mortician himself would answer.

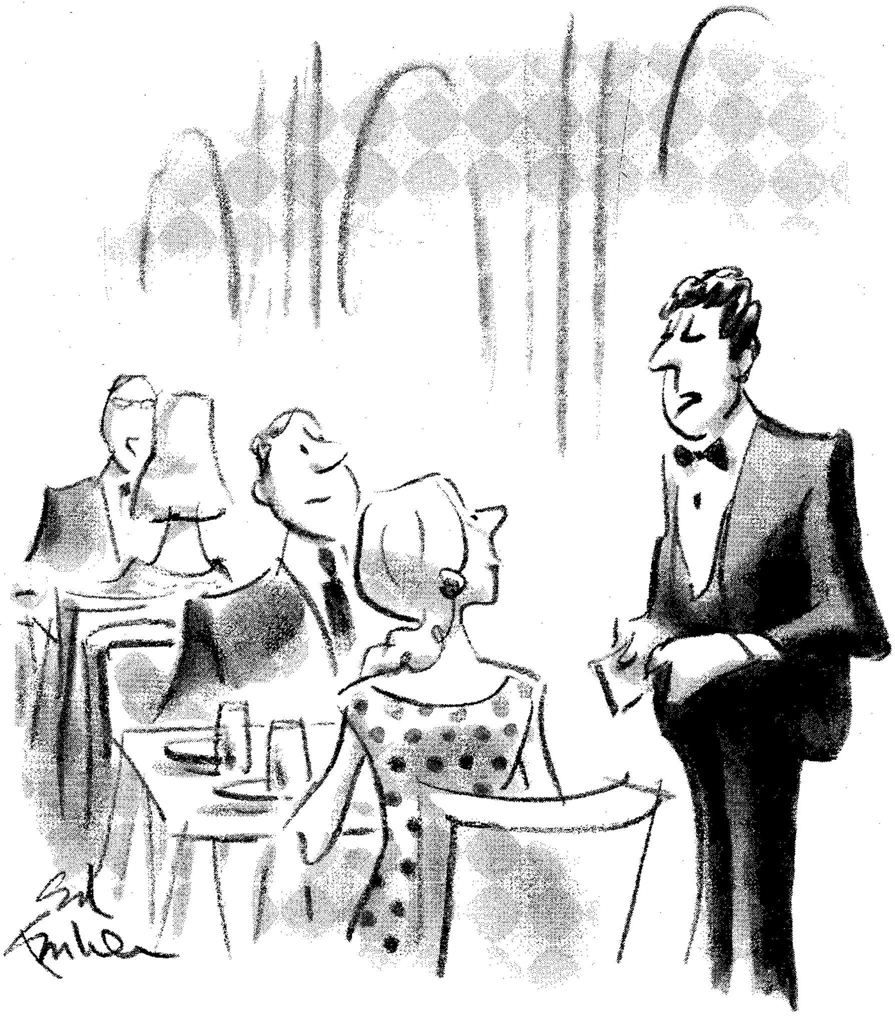
This mortician would be in his forties, no doubt, or maybe early fifties—bald, solidly built, wearing steel-frame spectacles set very low on his nose. He would be modest, unassuming, a man who would ask only the most direct and necessary questions. An apron. Probably he would be wearing an apron. He might even be wiping his hands on a dark towel while he listened to what was being said. There'd be a faint whiff of formaldehyde on his clothes. But it was all right, and the young man shouldn't worry. He was nearly a grownup now and shouldn't be frightened or repelled by any of *this. The mortician would hear him* out. He was a man of restraint and bearing, this mortician, someone who could help allay people's fears in this situation, not increase them. Long ago he'd acquainted himself with death in all its various guises and forms; death held no surprises for him any longer, no hidden secrets. It was this man whose services were required this morning.

The mortician takes the vase of roses. Only once while the young man is speaking does the mortician betray the least flicker of interest, or indicate that he's heard anything out of the ordinary. But the one time the young man mentions the name of the deceased, the mortician's eyebrows rise just a little. Chekhov, you say? Just a minute, and I'll be with you.

Do you understand what I'm saying, Olga said to the young man. Leave the glasses. Don't worry about them. Forget about crystal wineglasses and such. Leave the room as it is. *Everything is ready now. We're* ready. Will you go?

But at that moment the young man was thinking of the cork still resting near the toe of his shoe. To retrieve it he would have to bend over, still gripping the vase. He would do this. He leaned over. Without looking down, he reached out and closed it into his hand.

—RAYMOND CARVER



"And the adjective of the day is 'Lucullan.'"

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

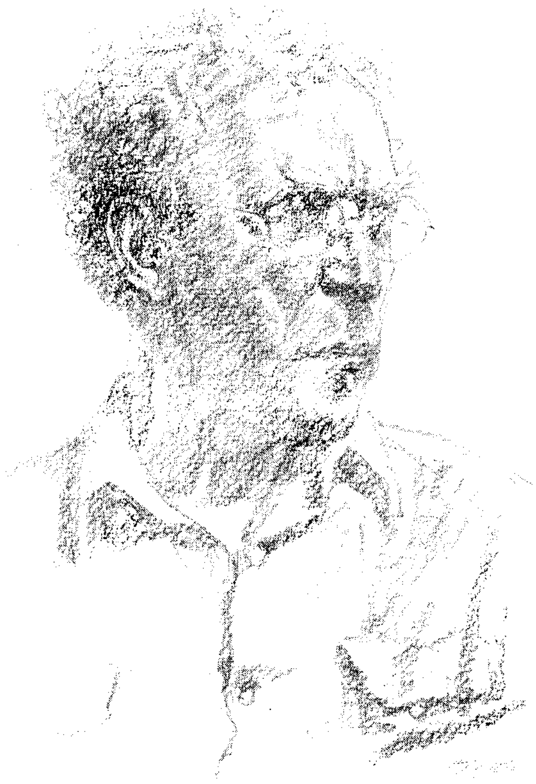
[*From a Sotheby's catalogue*]

The house was owned in the 1920s by Sir William Nicholson who painted the shutters in the hall with Chaucerian scenes. Various studies by Nicholson of the house exist of which one is in the Royal Scottish Academy, showing the lime trees he planted outside the drawing-room as saplings.

Lord Parmoor, who owned the house from 1969 to 1987, was delighted to discover that Sir William shared a common interest in throwing boomerangs.

PROFILES

A PAINTING DERVISH



"AND that," says Avigdor Arikha, concluding a short account of his early years, "is how I wound up gazing into my own freshly dug grave. I really can't say how much all this has affected my work. In the end, I suppose, very little—perhaps not at all. I do what I *must* do, what I would have done in any case. Though perhaps my experiences have helped me to see *this*"—he nods toward the basket of sliced bread on our table—"a little better." The basket, which he has been scrutinizing for some time, seems to recompose itself into a still-life much like the ones he paints. Arikha is sitting across from me at a table in the Closerie des Lilas, in Montparnasse. He has ordered oysters, which he is consuming with a bottle of English beer and the juice of a lemon. He is decidedly not, however, the sort of person who might be deduced from the sumptuous décor of this fabled old brasserie. With his pointy face and frizzy paprika-and-salt hair, he looks sometimes—just for a second—like a fox. The resemblance, such as it is, is deceptive: there is nothing of Reynard in Arikha; but now and again he does seem to be sizing me up like a creature peering warily out of the woods.

"I was left in the morgue of a Jerusalem hospital with a ticket hanging from my wrist," he says, and for the first time I notice the scar across his right eyelid. "I'd already been operated on twice, and in 1948 there were simply too many casualties to attend to, so the hopeless cases were left to die. Fortunately, a nurse saw that I was breathing, and called my sister, who was also a nurse. If my sister hadn't found a doctor who was willing to operate yet again, I'd have been gone within a few hours, and buried in the grave they'd dug for me." Arikha contemplates his glass for a moment and announces, on a brighter note, that he approves of the beer. "I love beer. I even like to drink it fresh, right at the brewery. But, listen—I don't think you should bother with my personal history. I can't see what my life in deportation, or later, in Israel, really has to do with my art." He pauses, takes another sip. "I think that a man's style is inscribed in his genetic code. It's like the timbre of his voice when he's speaking truthfully and with feeling: something that sounds right to his own inner ear and to everyone else's. Of course, what he goes through may temper his style. It may distort it, or even block it. But the general social experience really has no connection with artistic experience."

Be that as it may, Arikha himself is a remarkable repository of experience both social and artistic. One of the few contemporary painters who have won a large reputation for paintings executed from observation, he grew up far from the centers of European art, in Czernowitz, in the province of Bukovina, Rumania. In 1941, at the age of twelve, he was deported to a Nazi death camp in the Ukraine; rescued with scores of other children by the International Red Cross, he was permitted entry into Palestine in 1944, and he retains his Israeli passport even though he has lived in Paris for over thirty years. Now fifty-eight, a familiar figure in the art circles of Paris, London, and New York, he is represented by the Marlborough Gallery; he has also had about twenty museum shows, in Europe, Israel, and the United States. Fifteen years ago, he threw himself with zealous professionalism into an ancillary career as an art historian, and he has organized six exhibitions of classic and modern French art, for which he also wrote the catalogues.

The Jewish community of Czernowitz, to which Arikha's family belonged, was largely destroyed by the Nazis and their allies in the nineteen-forties. Yet the dispersed children of this one town have distinguished themselves in many fields the world over. It is said of them that they do not know the meaning of small talk, and though I suppose this must be taken with a grain of salt, it is certainly true of Arikha. Arikha, for that matter, has very little use even for medium talk: his usual practice is to launch into an erudite harangue on whatever is the topic of the moment. Luckily for his listeners, he is also a gifted entertainer, like many of those Central European intellectuals who seemed to fill New York in the forties and fifties. And there is a peculiar, rather winning feature to his speechifying. When he hits a crescendo his face usually wrings itself into a crumpled, quizzical squint, as if to say, "Does all this make any sense to you, or even to me?" This habit of constantly questioning both the world and himself is perhaps his most unsettling trait; it was at once remarked, both in his pictures and in his personality, by the first critics to champion his work in the United States—notably Barbara Rose and Robert Hughes.

One thing that Arikha doesn't question, though, is the suitability of oysters for a mid-October lunch. "I've been in Spain for a few days," he tells me, "and I'm only just back. I was in Madrid—*dreadful* food!—so it's quite a relief to eat decently again. In Madrid, I of course saw 'Las Meninas.' The lighting of the pictures in the Prado is— You have been there?—Yes, ghastly, of course. Artificial. But what a painting, eh? The way that distant patch of light brings everything up to the surface! You see, Velázquez already understood the problem of the surface—it is *not* exclusively modern. And this great question 'But is it art?'—people have always asked it. It is not new. I have now studied Velázquez's technique—I have asked to see the X-ray—and I learned that almost all of 'Las Meninas' was executed without repainting. The head of the painter himself was repainted, of course, and so was that of María Agustina Sarmiento, but little else. Those hands! And that dog—so *génial.* To Velázquez's contemporaries it must have seemed that he was painting with a housepainter's brush, the equivalent of a broom for us today. Was *this* art? How could King Philip have stood for this *broom* bravura? And from his court painter, too?" The question isn't rhetorical—Arikha's face wrings itself into one of his expressions of incredulity. "You know what I think? I think Velázquez was plain lucky. He was lucky because Philip himself had taken drawing and painting lessons and was a great collector—he was smitten with the art of painting—and he must have had a good eye. Philip lodged Velázquez right in his palace, and there, too, Velázquez was lucky, because he got to paint those wonderful dwarfs, and this revealed his humanity. It always amazes me how much depends on the tiny coincidences, the little strokes of fate."

Arikha is launched; he holds forth concerning the right hand of the Infanta and the left leg of the *guardadamas* and many other matters until only oyster shells and empty glasses are left on our table. "Spontaneity!" he exclaims. "Spontaneity is what's missing in so much of modern art. I feel at times so dejected—I feel we're at a low point in the history of painting. Modernism started as a series of jolts or bursts of inspiration, and it has declined into a succession of strategies, like checkers being moved about a board. Really, I am very dejected."

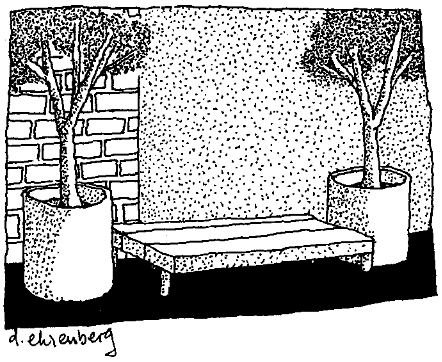
I suggest to him that his notion of inspiration's coming in fits and starts seems to describe his own personality especially well. Indeed, it seems to describe him better than it does anyone else.

"Ah, but always one sees in others whatever one is oneself," he replies. "*Que faire?*"

"YOU like it? . . . Yes? . . . *Why* do you like it? . . . You can't explain? . . . You think all this makes sense? I *don't.* It's finished. The large public has the movies now, it cares nothing for painting."

Arikha and I are standing in the cool north light of his studio, off the Boulevard de Port-Royal. We are looking at an oil sketch of Jerusalem—something rare in Arikha's work, for he seldom paints landscapes. I ask him if it is new.

"No, not new, old," he replies in his percussive accent. "I love Jerusalem, but it's a difficult place to paint, because of the intensity and rapidity of the light. This was done in one, one and a half hours. Walking around Jerusalem, you can find many fine views; it's like Toledo in that way. But one morning I am doing this, walking outside the walls of the Old City, when gradually I begin to feel that something is missing. What can it be? Then I realize: art! There is no art associated with Jerusalem—no Uffizi, no Louvre. The city is handsome because the local limestone is handsome, but nobody could say that these buildings have any architectural distinction. The Dome of the Rock imparts a certain focus to the place, but it has no real beauty. For one thing, it was better black, before the Jordanians gilded it. And then all that over-elaborate tilework—it's so fussy. You like that sort of thing? Of course not—it's impossible! Though one can of course admire or appreciate it.



"The Jerusalem landscape *speaks* to me," Arikha continued. "I haven't lived there in years, and perhaps I wouldn't want to now, there's so much

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THE BATHERS

1

In the great bronze tub of summer,
with the lions' heads cast on each side,
couples come and bathe together, each touches only
his or her lover, as he or she falls back
into the warm, eucalyptus-scented waters.
It is a hot summer evening and the last
sunlight clings to the lighter and darker blues
of grapes and to the white-and-rose plate
on the bare marble table. Now the lovers
plunge, surface, drift—an intruding elder
would not know if there were six or two,
or be aware of the entering and withdrawing.
There is a sudden stillness of water,
the bathers whisper in the classical manner—
intimate, distant things. They are forgetful
that the darkness called night is always present,
sunlight is the guest. It is the moment
of departure. They dress, by mistake exchange
some of their clothing, and linger
in the glaring night traffic of the old city.

2

I hosed down the tub after five hundred years
of lovemaking, and my few summers.
I did not know the touch of naked bodies
would give to bronze a fragile gold patina,
or that women in love jump in their lovers' tubs.
God of tubs, take pity on solitary bathers,
who scrub their flesh with rough stone
and have nothing to show for bathing
but cleanliness and disillusion.
Some believe the gods come as swans,
showers of gold, themselves, or not at all.
I think they come as bathers: lovers,
whales fountaining, hippopotami squatting in the mud.

—STANLEY MOSS

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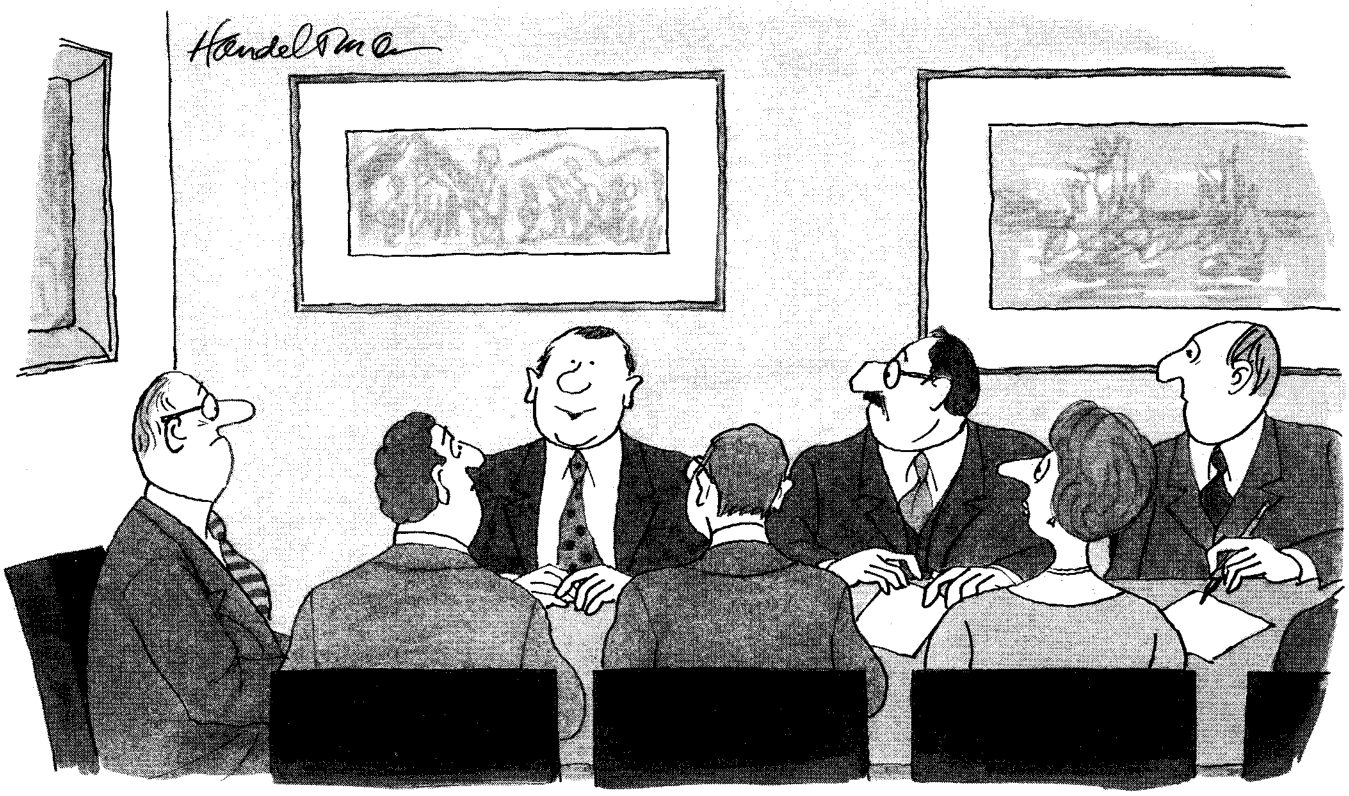


"You know what I think, folks? Improving technology isn't important. Increased profits aren't important. What's important is to be warm, decent human beings."

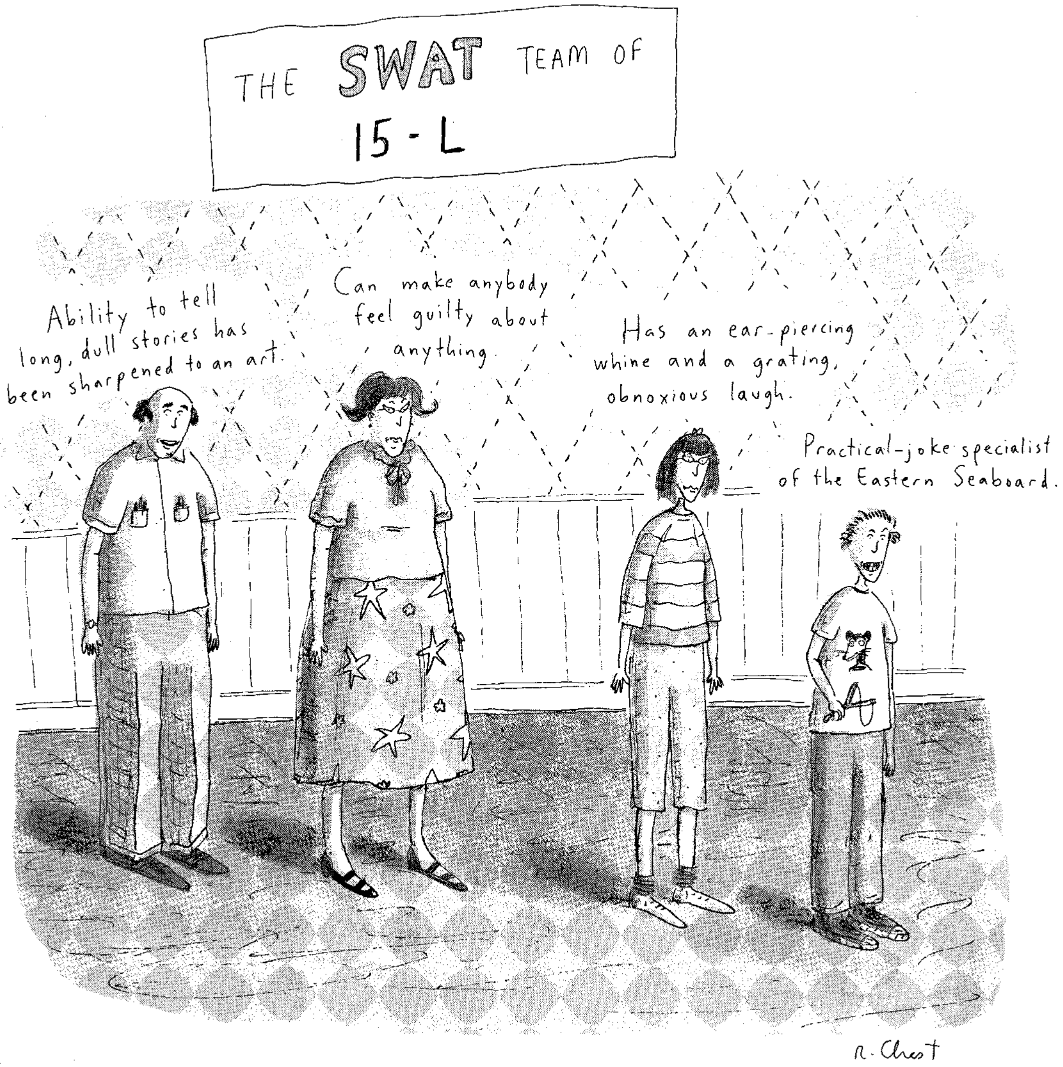
• •

in Israel that I find distressing. Of course, there's much in France, too, that I find distressing. Anyway, I go to Israel often, and in Israel, if you know the Hebrew Bible, you can look at the stones—this isn't schmalz!—and hear the prophets talking. I should paint in the wilderness. I should have a tent to paint in! Do you know Barbara Novak's thesis about American landscape painting? Well, she thinks that the American landscape became at one point an ideal thing to paint, because it was without history. No, it's more complicated than that—you must look it up. But my point is that Jerusalem does have history in its landscape. For that reason, it is still waiting to be painted. Edward Lear did it, and quite charmingly, too, but his watercolors are only illustrations, always stressing the literary associations, the picturesque. Cézanne in Jerusalem! *That* would have been something! But it wasn't necessary for him to go anywhere, so he never did."

Actually, most of Arikha's own work is made right here in this studio. It is a modest room, about twenty-five feet square, with one tall, tripartite round-arched window. The room is two stories high. On one side, a staircase climbs to a loggia that holds a rack for pictures. Beneath the staircase, double doors open onto a small room lined with books; on a table in this library sits a horned Persian helmet. That the studio should lead into a library seems a fitting expression of Arikha's mandarin cast of mind. Here and there hang framed drawings: a girl in sanguine chalk by Pietro da Cortona, an Ingres, a Delacroix, a Giacometti. A sketch by Arikha showing Samuel Beckett playing chess with one of Arikha's daughters. Out of this little place, with its gray walls and its easels and tables and chairs and its etching press and tools, Arikha has managed to squeeze most of the last twelve years' worth of subjects for painting. Of course, he has an obliging collection of friends to portray, and his wife, Anne, and their two daughters. (The family lives in the adjoining apartment.) Still, it is amazing for anyone who has seen his pictures to realize that he has made so many images out of so very few motifs.

Arikha paints with fierce speed and intensity, often for more than ten hours running. He favors spare compositions achieved with a limited but very fresh palette. Any single mark of a brush upon canvas—in its color, its crisp or drifting edges, its degree of "fatness"—is an intimate token of a painter's whole personality, and Arikha's touch, whether he is painting people or eggplants, has a highly personal feel to it. His brushstrokes, soft and atmospheric, float upon the canvas like pats of butter melting into a richly colored soup. The design of these paintings may owe something to the sparer sort of American Abstract Expressionism: Arikha often extends one hue over a large part of his picture.

No matter how big his canvases (some are more than five feet high), Arikha won't paint on them for more than one sitting—one day. Nor will he ever go back and "correct" anything. "I wouldn't necessarily recommend this practice to anyone else," he says, "but for me it is the only authentic way to paint. I simply can't return to a painting that I've left overnight. It would feel like wearing a foreign skin: how could I ever find the same touch again, or the same light?" Since each picture corresponds to one day, there is a diary-like quality to Arikha's work (just as there is, for example, a novella-like quality to the paintings of


THE SWAT TEAM OF 15-L
Ability to tell long, dull stories has been sharpened to an art.
Can make anybody feel guilty about anything
Has an ear-piercing whine and a grating, obnoxious laugh.
Practical-joke specialist of the Eastern Seaboard.
R. Chast

Balthus). Arikha paints studio and apartment interiors (some remarkably bare), family and friends, still-lifes (mostly of painting tools, or food with kitchen things), nudes (sometimes mildly allegorical), and the odd landscape. If portraits are important to him, that is at least partly because the verisimilitude of a painted head—its representational accuracy—depends upon the easy recognizability of the subject rather than upon masses of detail. Arikha often depicts objects at life size, but, unlike many realist painters at work today, he doesn't attempt to achieve the photographic effect of continuous tone. In the portrayal of a thing, as in that of a face, he seeks economical ways for the brush to mimic the substance in question and so provoke our recognition of its nature. Like all the chief historical exponents of painterly painting, he tries not for exact resemblance but for intimate analogy, not for the truth of detail but for the truth of vision and breadth.

One senses that the French "tradition of sincerity," which has no real counterpart in our culture, has been important to Arikha. This tradition is represented in literature by figures as diverse as Mme. de La Fayette, Rousseau, and Benjamin Constant. The idea, as Baudelaire expressed it, is to "lay the heart bare"—to catch feelings or impressions on the wing while forgoing any attempt to remodel them into something more edifying or coherent. Form, it is hoped, will come of itself, much as the shape of a beehive or a wasps' nest gradually emerges into being. What especially marks Arikha's work is the faith accorded to *alla prima*, or one-shot, execution. In the context of contemporary painting, this is somewhat unusual: we are more accustomed, in our visual culture, to sincerity as the sum of many corrections—to the much repainted picture of the sort that Giacometti offered. By contrast, Arikha's work can sometimes seem a trifle slight, intentionally underdeveloped; but his implicit plea is for continuity of response—for the will to act at once upon one's enthusiasms, and not for high finish or completion. Clearly, the long project, the masterpiece of a thousand sittings, is not for him; it would merely get in the way. "I painted the Queen Mother in less than two hours," he says, "but overnight, while the portrait was drying in Clarence House, I felt horribly embarrassed. I pictured it in my head as a failure, and I was walking around in a cold sweat trying to figure out how to get it back! When I actually saw it again, though, I was satisfied. I'm not a professional portraitist, and it's no grand or elaborate thing. But it is an honest record of my sensation when I did it; I suspect that a half hour more would have ruined it. It's in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland now, and they tell me the likeness is good. I really did *get* her—that sweet lady!"

What people tend to like about Arikha's painting is its casual elegance, its unforced way of seeming all of a piece. Yet his way of scumbling or stretching "short" paint over broad areas can get on some viewers' nerves. I suspect that these broad areas remind them of something they never liked about color-field painting—the overdesigned or too graphic look. To a degree, this is a matter of taste. What is true is that Arikha cannot, in his bursts of energy, encompass any terribly intricate compositions. In the end, his way of working, like any other, has the drawbacks of its advantages. All style is born of forfeiture.

Nobody has had a greater influence on Arikha's conception of the act of painting than Samuel Beckett, a close friend of long standing. Yet Arikha shies away from talking about Beckett, much as if there were something indecent in the disclosure of blue-chip sympathy. This seems needlessly prudent. Beckett himself is hardly beyond controversy, and though it is clear that he has in some sense given Arikha his blessing, only a simpleton would con-

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How to find the best watering hole in the Sahara.

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The insider's guide to the outside world.

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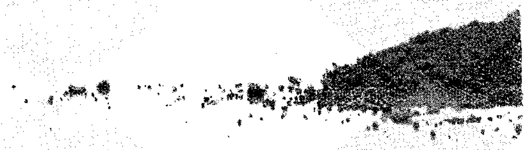

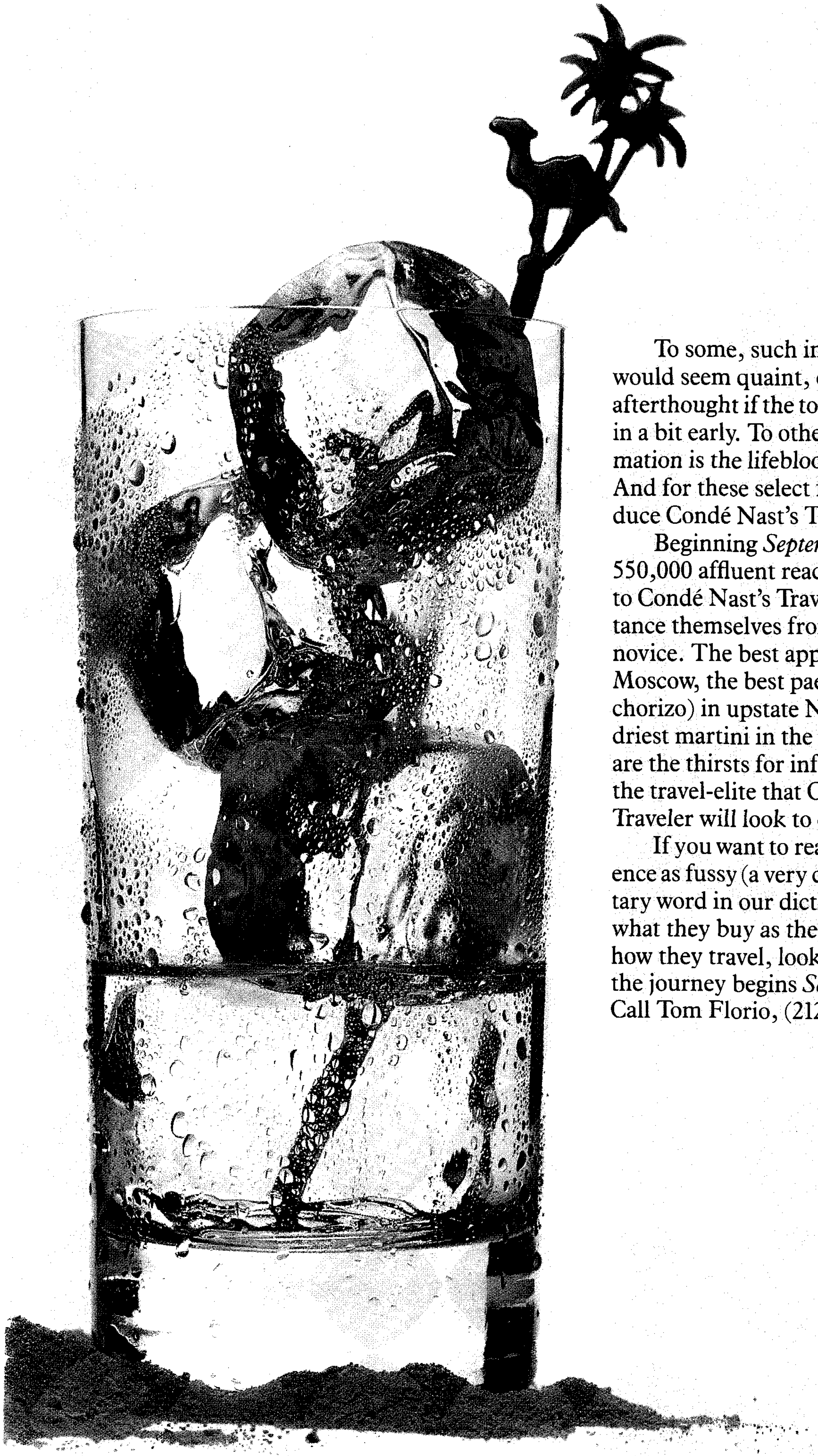

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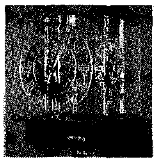

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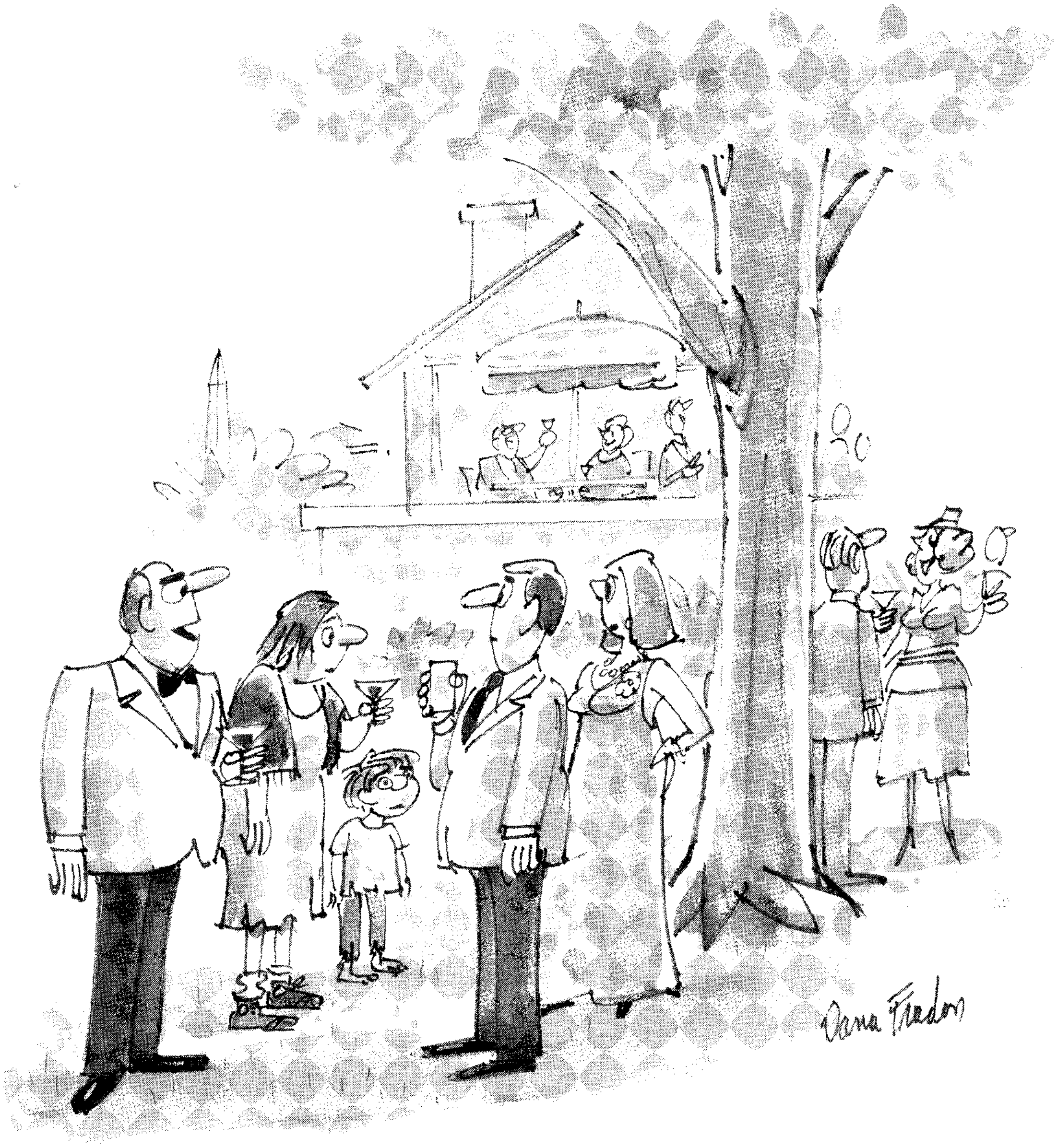
clude that he has therefore endorsed all that the younger man has done.

"What I owe to Beckett," Arikha says, after some prodding, "is a strict sense of the ethics of art—that every brushstroke in a painting must be justified. This notion of justification comes from Joyce. Beckett was never Joyce's secretary—that's just a myth—but he worked for Joyce, translating the 'Anna Livia Plurabelle' chapter from 'Work in Progress' into French. Joyce, of course, was phenomenally well organized; *everybody* worked for him. Well, one day, according to Beckett—this was in the thirties—René Crevel came to see Joyce. You must have heard about this René Crevel—he was very *beau garçon* and the virtual bodyguard of André Breton. Crevel presented Joyce with a copy of Breton's Second Surrealist Manifesto. Breton was something of a terrorist, of course, but a very grand and beautiful one, with a lion's face and lion's hair, and he expected everyone to sign. Well! Joyce squinted at Crevel, and he put on his first pair of spectacles, and he put on his second pair of spectacles, and he lifted up his magnifying glass, and he began to read the Second Surrealist Manifesto. After a while, he looked up at Crevel and said, 'Monsieur! Can you justify every word in this text? Because I can justify every word and every *syllable* in everything that I write!' You see—the love of form! Joyce wasn't about to fall for this Surrealist . . . *magma!* After this, Breton's Surrealists made war on Joyce. Breton was like that: he couldn't bear to be disagreed with. The first evening he and I spent together, we quarrelled the whole time. Anyway, Beckett took this notion of justification so seriously that sometimes he worked out the scansion of his syllables in formulas on the verso side of his notebook. In 1954, I read 'Waiting for Godot,' and it kindled a fever in me—especially that speech of Vladimir's 'Was I sleeping, while the others suffered? Am I sleeping now? Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today? That with Estragon my friend, at this place, until the fall of night, I waited for Godot?' My whole troubled frame of mind after the war—this expressed it perfectly! But I hadn't met Beckett yet, and I couldn't believe that he really existed, and people told me that no, he didn't exist, that Beckett was just a pseudonym for someone else, or for several people or a whole bunch of people. All sorts of myths were in the air. But I knew Roger Blin, who'd directed 'Godot' at the Théâtre de Babylone and played the part of Pozzo, so I knew from Blin that there *must* be a Beckett. And eventually I did meet him, of course.

"But do you know," Arikha went on, "we called each other '*vous*' for six years. Beckett had—and has—a great love of painting and used to be a serious museumgoer. He owned catalogues of most of the great European museums, of most of the great collections of Old Masters, and they were all covered with his notes. I would show him my paintings—I was an abstract painter then—and he would look at them for a while and then say, '*C'est encore le tunnel.*' I stayed in this 'tunnel,' as he called it—this spiritual darkness—for some years. Then, one day, I showed him a painting—it was still an abstract one—and he looked at



"I've been in public service thirty years, at great personal sacrifice to my family."

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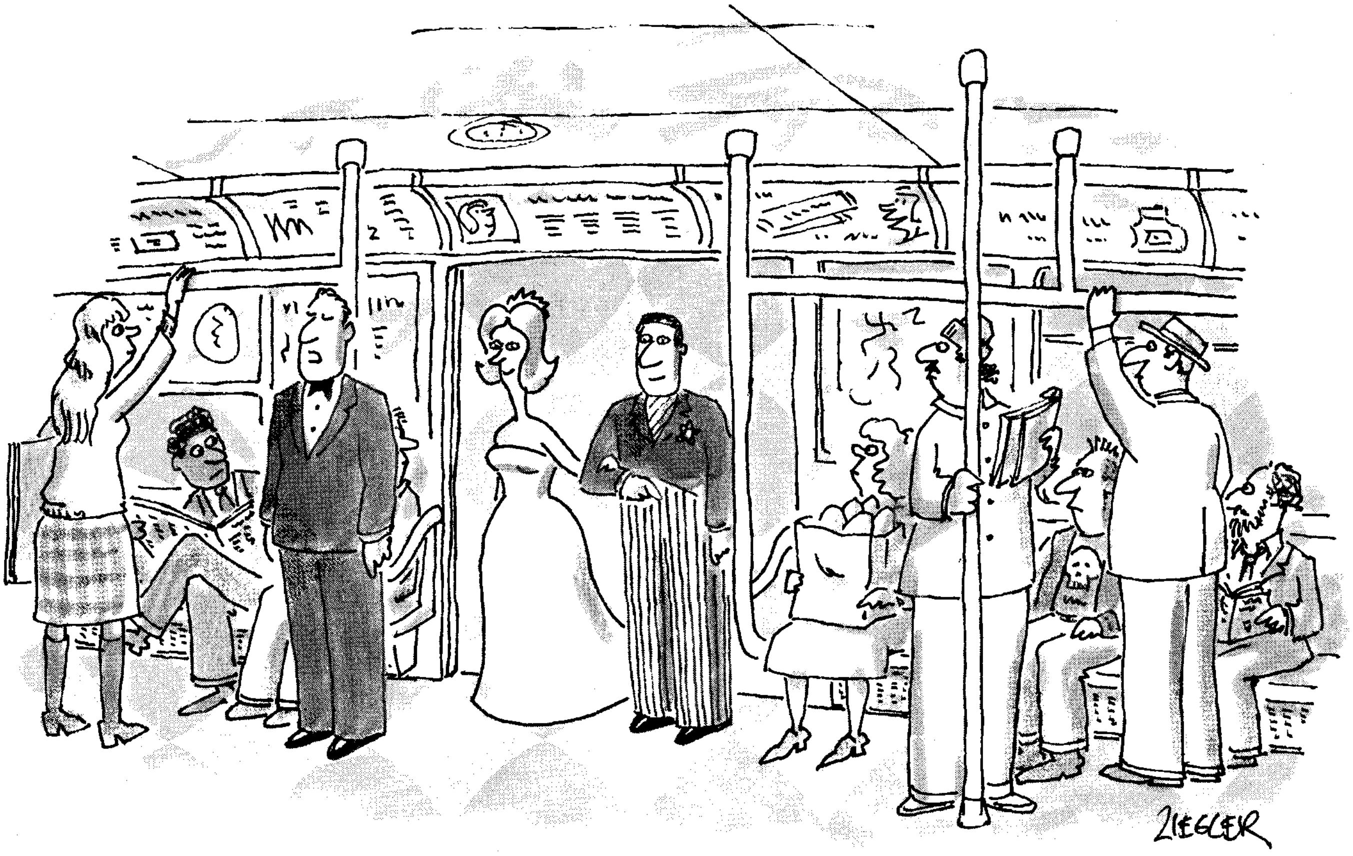


"Ladies and gentlemen, the Queen of the Hop and the Duke of Earl."

• •

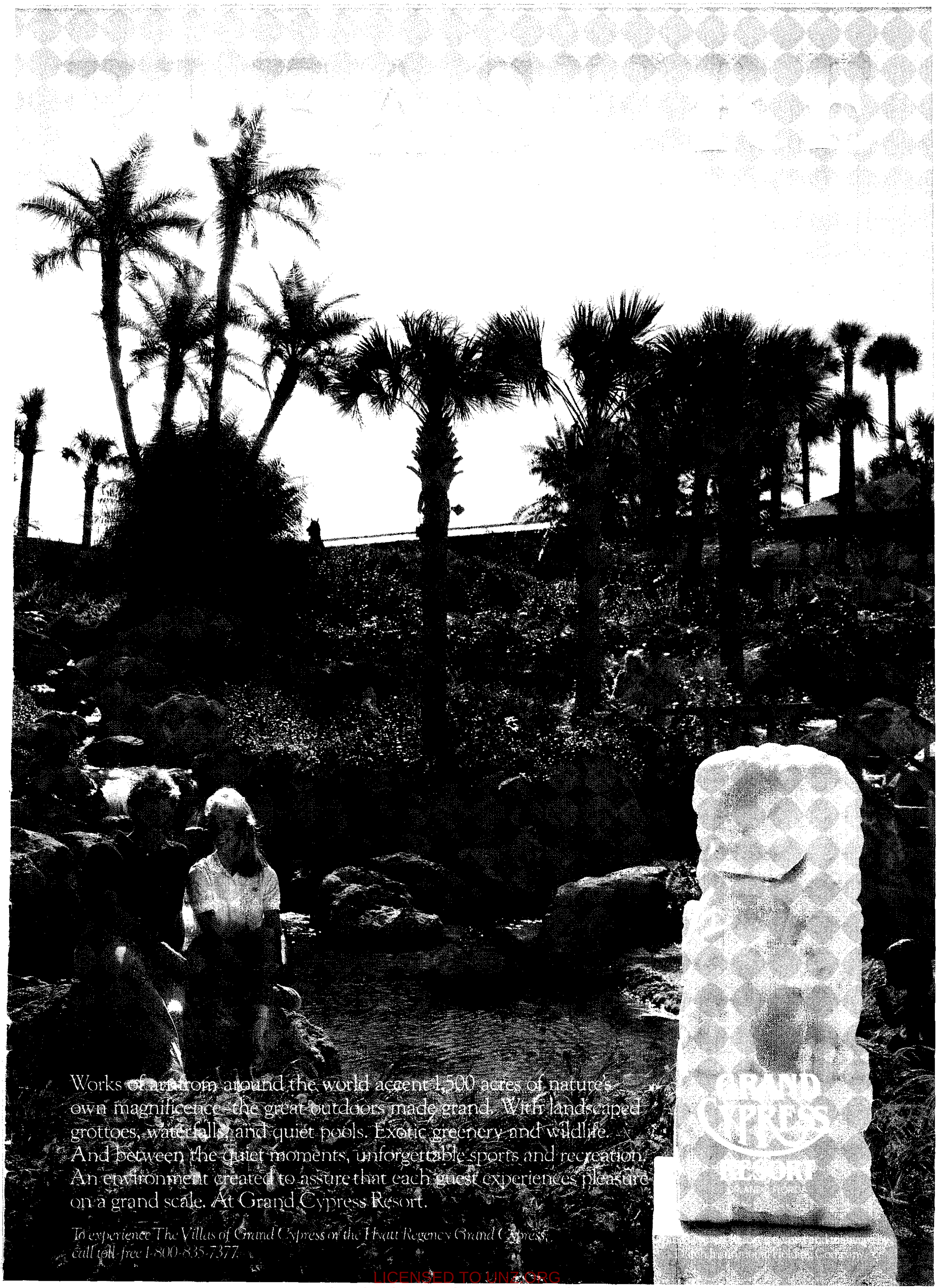
it for an extra-long while, and finally he said, '*C'est ça.*' And that meant only that I was out of the tunnel, nothing more!

"Beckett knew many painters, and in a way he was looking for something as denuded as an empty canvas—powerful but bare, like his own writing. So I was afraid he would discard me when, later on, I started to draw from nature. But actually his interest in my work increased. When I showed him my first drawings from life, he looked at them for over half an hour; in the end, he just nodded. For him, art has to be moving—that's the important thing. And I agree. Do you know what Delacroix said about the design of the Madeleine? 'Though it satisfies the mind, it chills the imagination.' *Chills the imagination!* For me, this is the problem with so much of modern art. It's beautifully done, it looks great, but that is all. And that is not enough.

"Not many people know that Beckett used to write about art. He stopped back in the forties. I asked him why, and he said, 'I don't want to pull all the covers over to my side of the bed.' " Arikha smiles. "I feel that by talking about Sam I'm doing the same thing now—pulling all the covers over to my side. But I'm so indebted to him! This thing of the ethics of art—I'm not at all sure I'd have hit on it by myself." Arikha's face screws itself into a knot. "Maybe, but I doubt it. Look, it's getting dark. We stop now. Let me just put these paintings away, and I'll make us some coffee. Turkish coffee, you like it? Good! I bring it to boil seven times, which is the correct number."

WE are drinking coffee at a café, and Arikha is peeking over at the porridge of Central European names on my notepad. "Forget about biography," he says. "I wasn't born *anywhere*. For a Jew to be born in Czernowitz in 1929 was like being born on a train. Yes, it was part of Rumania, but Rumanians were distinctly in the minority. The province of Bukovina still retained its old character, from the days when it was the easternmost province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The people were Germans—Saxons or Swabians—or German-speaking Jews. Some Ruthenes, I recall. My parents sent me to a secular Hebrew school, which I think belonged to the Sephardic community, and I already spoke beautiful Hebrew as a child. I never regarded myself as anything but a Jew, though in a historical sense only, not a religious sense. Whenever people make me into a Rumanian, I feel hurt. Years later, I spent a day walking about Paris and arguing with Paul Celan because he wanted me to reminisce with him about the beauty of Bukovina. Paul Celan, the Bukovina patriot! I told him I didn't give a *damn* about Bukovina! You see, Celan went to Paris in 1948. When I met him, he had no regret at not having gone to Israel to fight its war. He later, much later, changed his mind. But I understand him now fairly well as a poet inhabited by the German language. What a singular destiny! One of the greatest German poets a Jew from Bukovina—'a country that doesn't exist anymore,' as he used to say.

"My parents? Both were Austrian subjects up to 1918. What they became then I don't know. My mother's people had been wealthy Bukovinians. My father was an intellectual who finally did accounting. He was good at math. He used to make medicinal oils—all sorts of chemicals. I don't know. Most



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of the time he was a *fonctionnaire*. He spoke Latin almost as fluently as he did German. I have no one to tell me about him. But I do remember that long after his death my mother told me in a pained voice that he was very intelligent and very sensitive, and, well—a skirt-chaser. He loved music and maybe art, too—I don't know—but he encouraged me, pushed me in the right direction: when I was eight, he had me read Confucius. He died with us in deportation, when I was twelve. This was in the midwinter of 1942, in the vicinity of Luchinets, in the Ukraine—a lot of the Ukraine had just been seized by the Axis. Rumanian regular troops were marching us, hundreds of Jews, to one of these so-called transit camps. My father had sustained a brutal beating. It was bitterly cold, and the idea was simply to march us to death—we were all of us contracting typhus. Suddenly—this was on a road, or something like a road, snow and ice covered it all—I felt somebody deftly kicking me from the rear, and then I rolled down a steep embankment in the snow with my sister and my parents. It was my father who'd kicked us down. We were escaping, you understand—though in the end we had nowhere to go. First, a Ukrainian peasant tried to kill us with a knife. Then another one, a wonderful old man with a long beard, took us to his cottage and made us soup, and gave us glasses of vodka. There you could see human nature stripped to its essentials. This one tries to kill you, this one tries to save you—cruelty or compassion, tenderness or hate. In the old man's cottage, my father died."

ARRIVING in Palestine in 1944, Arikha joined Kibbutz Maaleh Hahamisha, near Jerusalem, where he was to work for five years. A few months later, he was sworn into the Jewish underground army, the Haganah; in 1946, he joined the Jewish constabulary, a lightly armed force permitted under the statutes of the British mandate. "Maaleh Hahamisha was five years old when I arrived there," he told me. "It was bleak, with only a few houses and laughably tiny baby trees. The site consisted of barren rock, with all the earth lying down in the valleys, eroded; we carried the earth back up to make terraces. So I had the good luck to learn to enjoy not only hard work—what one can build with it, and the pleasure of meeting challenging obstacles—but also everything about the land. At the same time, I finished high school and underwent military training. After two and a half years, I started going to the Bezalel School of Arts and Crafts, in Jerusalem, but I continued to work at the kibbutz. Every other fortnight was reserved for secret military training. The school was only ten miles from the kibbutz, so you might say I experienced Athens and Sparta in Jerusalem: my life was split between art and work—just as it is split today between art and art-historical writing."

It was as a soldier escorting a convoy that Arikha was caught in an Arab ambush in January, 1948, on the hilltop of Castel, outside Jerusalem; in the ensuing battle, a 9-millimetre bullet struck his spine, and one or two dumdum bullets passed through his body without exploding. "I was lying there on the rock," he said, "and I could feel that I was dying, and I thought, Now I'll never get to Paris." After his astonishing recovery, he returned to the Haganah and fought in the Arab-Israeli war of 1948.

Arikha studied art for several months more at the Bezalel school. In 1949, he went to Paris on a scholarship, and for the next two years attended the École des Beaux-Arts. He then returned to Jerusalem, where he met a man who was to be a major influence on his life. This was the elderly scholar and publisher Moshe Spitzer. "Everyone called him simply Dr. Spitzer," Arikha said, "because he had three German doctorates—in philosophy, Sanskrit, and Tibetan. He'd lived in Berlin almost until the start of the war. He was the director of the Schockenverlag, the great publishing firm, and he knew Brecht and Buber and Rabindranath Tagore. He'd known and published Kafka. He was wise and calm and elevated, and remained a baby his whole life—innocent, enthusiastic, always flat broke. Once, his basement apartment in Jerusalem was flooded—the water was up to his ankles—and I said, 'Please, Dr. Spitzer, sell your Klee. Buy a house.' 'And why would I need a house, without a Klee?' he said. He was also a great liberal. He had many solid contacts among the Arabs and the various Christian Churches and orders in Jerusalem. He was skeptical of novelty, and imparted that skepticism to me."

Arikha became enmeshed in the artistic life of Paris in 1954, during a long visit; half by accident, the visit turned into a permanent residence. His first mature work, executed in the late fifties and early sixties, was abstract. These paintings were full of slivers and splinters, black and red and white, with hard or feathery edges, and many subtle transitions. "They always had this apocalyptic feel," the artist says. "Things up in the sky, prophets talking. This was my inner vision. Black was dominant in those years; maybe that's why I'm now so keen on white."

He abandoned abstraction in March of 1965; coincidentally, he saw the great Caravaggio exhibition that opened at the Louvre that month. He was especially excited by "The Raising of Lazarus," with its fusion of realism and spirituality. "The abstract painters I knew were furious with me," he says, "and, myself, I thought I would never paint again." In fact, he found no way to use color for the next eight years. What did feel right, though, was to draw. Drawing is usually a spontaneous activity, and Arikha saw that he could pursue it without getting pinned down by aesthetic anxieties. Within a time span short enough to be perceived as a unit of experience—rarely more than an hour—he would give himself over to the thing to be drawn, and register as truthfully as he could its immediate effect upon him. The drawing was never to be thought of as preparatory to anything—to a painting, for example, or a print—and was never to reflect any borrowed notion of form: no echoes of photography, popular imagery, or the hallowed drawings in museums. Hoping to rid himself of acquired stylistic habits, he accepted all his strokes as final, and forbade himself ever to return to his drawings. Of course, his program was idealistic; its aims could never be thoroughly realized. What it might allow him, though, was to discover how his hand would respond to what his eyes were seeing rather than to what his mind had learned. He soon observed that the subject had first to strike or move him; he has described this summons as being "like a telephone call—when it rings, I run." Nonetheless, he had no concrete notion of how he wanted his drawings to turn out, except, of course, that they should please him. His approach to drawing was rooted not in a specific conception of form but, rather, in the striving for a state of mind, a receptive emptiness.

Arikha's new drawings nearly at once won many admirers; some influential critics wrote that he was the best draftsman alive. From 1965 to 1973, he drew mostly with brush and sumi ink on paper. This sort of drawing is a strong but demanding technique; good darks may be produced right away, but the brush is hard to manipulate, and nothing can be erased. The first thing one notices about Arikha's ink drawings is not their accuracy but their personality. One senses a kind of execution that flows directly out of the body, affirming his belief that style is a matter of biology. Style, as he puts it, "immunizes one against what isn't oneself, against what doesn't feel true." Arikha scornfully dismisses most of the art movements of the last quarter century as "flu epidemics"—"everyone coming down with photorealism or neo-expressionism, and then it passes."

Arikha's unusual "touch" is evident even in his handwriting. Right now I'm looking at a postcard he recently sent me. The writing is barbed and close-set, full of quaint hookings and angularities; it looks like free-flowing cuneiform, the kind of cursive one might imagine an ancient Babylonian artist or designer tossing off. Even more unusual than the handwriting

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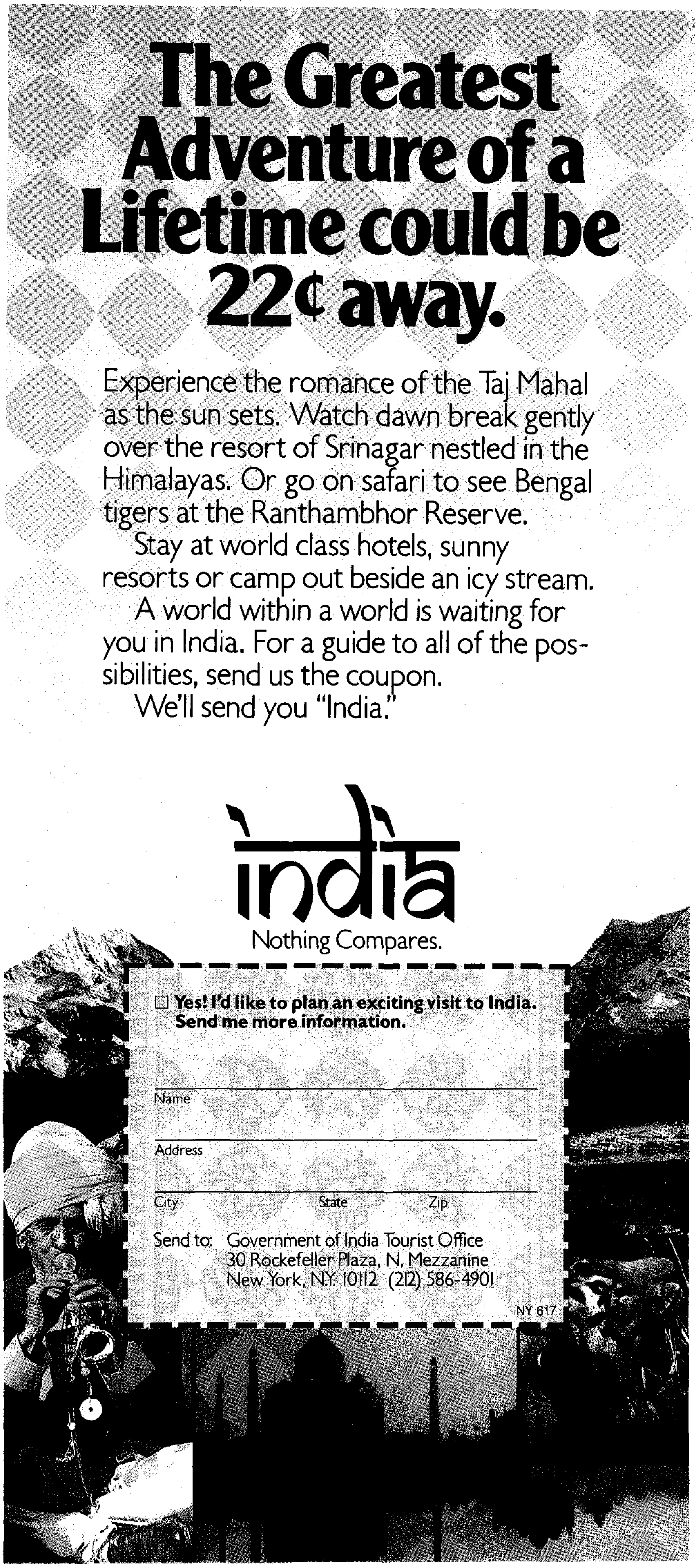

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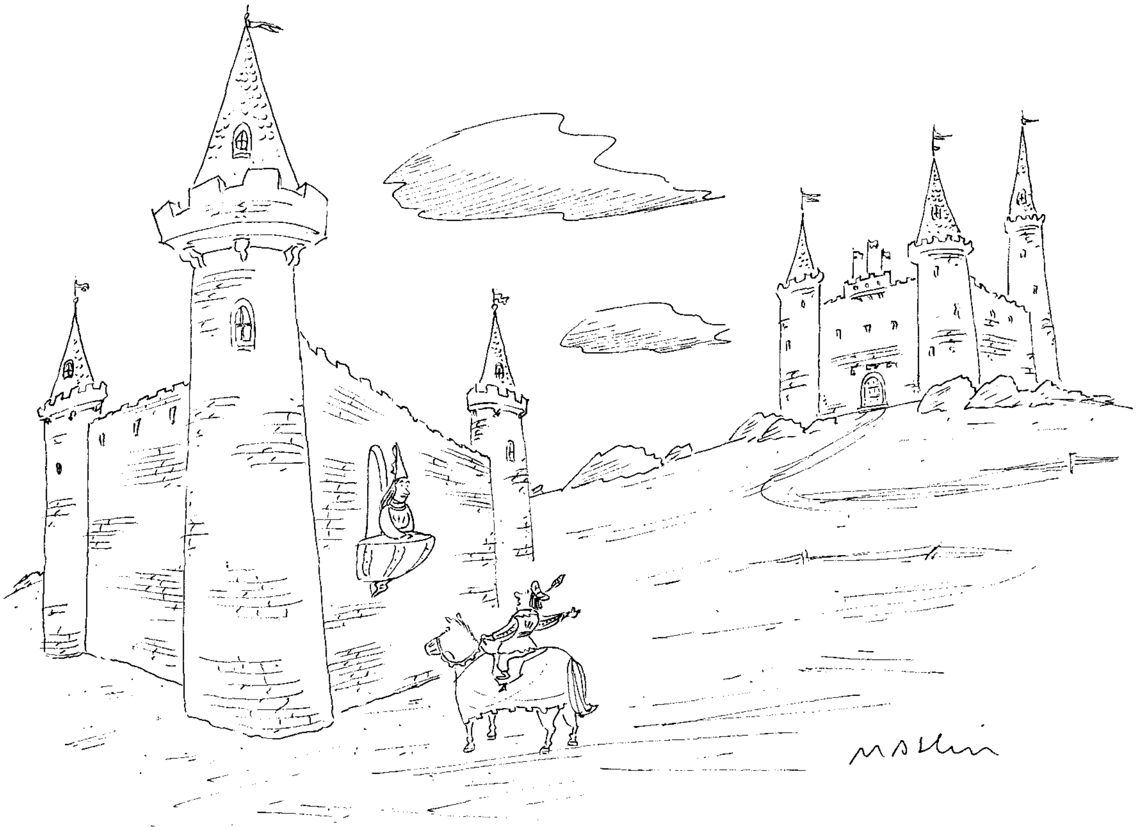
itself, though, is the body of the text. It has an irregular, shard- or tablet-like shape, and this shape has been fitted into the oblong of the postcard in an eccentric yet pleasing way. Everywhere in Arikha's work one finds this visual metaphor: some oddment being fitted into a cavity where it wouldn't seem to belong and yet does.

There is also in Arikha's ink drawings a vividness, an accuracy, that is somewhat reminiscent of certain seventeenth-century French draftsmen. Many classical French pen-and-wash drawings were based, it seems, on their author's experience of freely copying Roman bas-reliefs under a single source of illumination. The idea (somewhat simplified) was to divide the lights from the darks by playing crisp shadows or halftones against areas of white paper; if this was done cleverly enough, the viewer could read the image as a satisfactory rendition of form. Arikha, too, works around "reserved" areas of white paper to achieve an image expressive of economy. All the same, there is a certain nonclassical eccentricity to his handling. He's fond of plaitings and snags, and his hand tends to weave or circle. It crawls with labyrinthine patience through topiary-looking landscape structures, or zigzags through the halftones on a sitter's face; it homes in on the hollows of the human form and then scribbles its way toward the light. Not infrequently, it goes a little astray, which is part of the adventure. Arikha's drawings—both his early ones, in ink, and his more recent ones, in pencil or charcoal—seem remarkably candid to many observers. These drawings aren't noticeably "schooled," and they don't make elegant use of knowledge or stored experience; what they do, instead, is take the viewer amiably into the confidence of their strengths and frailties.

A SCENE in the Louvre: A smallish, reddish man, electric with enthusiasm, whirls from painting to painting, *fusilli* hair standing on end; behind him, exhausted, a larger fellow with a spiral notepad. The reddish man has come here to make a point about the Egyptian Book of the Dead. Only a quarter of an hour ago, he was chatting in Montparnasse with his companion when the spirit seized him. The spirit is the love of pictures mixed with an affection for art-historical puzzles and solutions. But now it is late, it is nearly closing time. The reddish man keeps valiantly trying to make headway, but the Book of the Dead is many halls away, and the paintings keep pulling him sideways with magnetic force. He stops short before Raphael's portrait of Baldassare Castiglione. "*Génial*," he says reverently, then cocks his head and holds his quizzical squint for a long moment. "No, but every time I see this painting . . . Really, it is absolutely *génial*." The squint vanishes, and he gazes at the painting for what seems an eternity, sometimes raising his palm, softly, to sketch the famous courtier's outline in the air. Then he is off again, tacking slowly up the Grande Galerie.



"*Let me take you away from all this and bring you over to all that.*"

• •

"And to think," he says, frowning, "that Raphael wrote to this [illegible]me Castiglione that [illegible]use there was a *carestia di belle* [illegible]—a shortage of beautiful [illegible]—he would paint his own idea [illegible]le beauty. When he had *that* power of sheer observation! But, really, he died too young, Raphael. He never had time to shake off this peculiar notion of improving on nature, which descends, of course, from Plato, who never really understood art anyway. It is partly because of Plato that Michelangelo painted his 'divine heads,' which unfortunately are atrocious. It is why Bellori condemned Caravaggio. And now I will direct your attention to a remarkable fact. Artists today are still trying to decide in advance exactly what to put on a particular canvas, even a whole series of canvases. Trying to deduce their feelings from their formal intentions. And this is to take the act of painting from the wrong end; it is to paint backward, like building a house from the top down. Well, I reject it! Our intentions are rooted in what we already know, in what's already closed or accomplished. If what I paint doesn't surprise me, it certainly won't come as a revelation to anyone else."

In the past few years, as Arikha has been building his secondary reputation as an art historian, he has come to be quite at home in the Louvre. One senses, as one follows him about, that like many natural polemicists he is reeling off a screed, a settled view of the pictures that interest him most. At the same time, however, he steadily revolves that view in his mind, adjusting it a bit as he points out some freshly meaningful detail, or draws a comparison that dawned on him only seconds ago. This running exposition is interlarded with social commentary—a sort of gossip column, really—offered almost in an undertone, and with an impish smile.

"Jacques-Louis David," he says, "painted Mme. Récamier because she was beautiful, but also, I think, because she was an example of virtue." We have halted before the celebrated portrait of the reclining Juliette Récamier. "This white frock . . . This simple blue ribbon . . . She is sad, perhaps; perhaps only perplexed. Here is how David really liked to paint, how he also painted for himself." Arikha points out the lovely free quality of the background and certain other passages. "This unfinished look upset Mme. Récamier," he says, "and she complained to David. He wrote back, 'Madame, ladies have their whims, so do painters. . . . I shall leave your portrait as it is.' And—can you believe it?—it was still in his studio when he died."

Arikha gazes for a moment at the unhappy-looking girl in her white shift, then falls into a discussion of David's looser manner, his hand leading slowly down to Mme. Récamier's feet. He seems to be feeling the feet from the inside out, feeling what it is like to become the soft, blooming-out-of-the-air carnality of a pair of naked feet. Indeed, they offer, in a few square inches, a prototype of just the kind of brushy execution at which he himself excels; and, at the same time, a vision of the other Juliette, the flirt who could pass to a man in a drawing room a note saying "Dare to love me." As it happens, I have always been interested in Juliette Récamier—especially in her friendship with Benjamin Constant—and I start to recall the bizarre controversy surrounding the "degree" of her virginity. I wonder aloud if the term "extra virgin" would apply in her case, as it does to certain olive oils; or would "*demi vierge*"—that curious expression—be more appropriate here?

"I think the *appropriate expression*," Arikha says with the barest hint of sarcasm, "would be 'vestal.' Her husband was an old man, yet she remained quite chaste—despite the attentions of Lucien Bonaparte, Mathieu de Montmorency, and really almost every man who ever knew her. Very probably, David believed that her likeness could be a force for moral purity. He believed, like Poussin, that paintings could change men's lives."

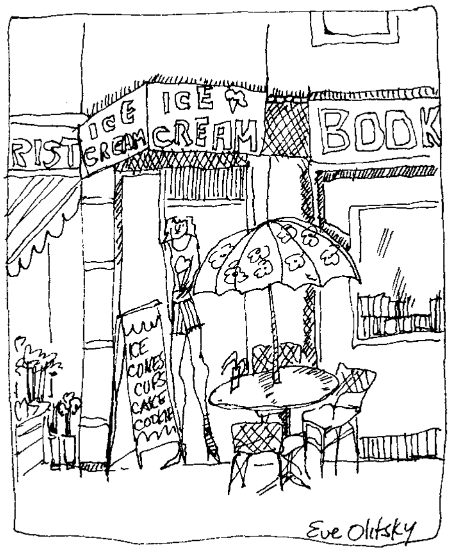
Is there anyone to whom the Old Masters and all their cast of characters minister with such angelic force as they do to Avigdor Arikha? For him, not one of them is dead: all are retrievable; everything that has ever happened is happening now. I almost regret mentioning Van Dyck to him in passing; he defends King Charles I at considerable length and heaps scorn upon Cromwell the regicide. He reveals in his discussion of these ghosts a proprietary familiarity. For him, Rembrandt is a personal acquaintance, and one, moreover, whose morals are far from irreproachable: "But they were right, those Dutch burghers: *c'était un personnage grossier!*" There is about Arikha this little air of throwaway comedy. Often it is intentional, but sometimes it is not. Then it belongs to the sort of humor that arises from the disparity between a man's speech and his animal spirits. One hears in Arikha's voice the mixed rhythms of the Central European professor and the Hebrew exegete and the Paris intellectual, but his thoughts are instinct with a passion in which logic has no part. Sometimes, as now, this passion drives him into such a state of aesthetic rapture that his whole body is possessed by a characteristic weaving or swaying motion. It is then that one begins to feel that he is actually a sort of dervish—a dervish of the art of painting. And one can only watch spellbound as his rhetoric whirls him into a strange, unguarded intensity.

At last, after discoursing on two or three more paintings encountered on the way to the Egyptian department, Arikha leads me at double time into the room where the Book of the Dead is usually displayed. But today it is absent, this book about absence; and the Louvre's closing bell is ringing.

"What a pity!" he exclaims. "I only wanted to make a point about this art that has no rounding of the human form, no *modelé* . . ."

A SLIM, white-haired gentleman in a well-tailored dark sports jacket is staring at framed photographs on a wall. He gives each one about ten seconds, then moves on to the next. He is Henri Cartier-Bresson, the photographer, and I've joined him as he makes the final inspection of a show at the Palais de Tokio devoted to his many pictures of India.

Cartier-Bresson has been a close friend of Arikha's since 1970. The two men are unalike. At seventy-eight, Cartier-Bresson is twenty years older than Arikha, and he is not at all intellectual in the way Arikha is. He speaks the sort of slow, measured French that I associate with courtliness in Parisians; this tempo suggests that even if the speaker has thought through a particular topic a hundred times before, he is perfectly delighted to rethink it now for you. Arikha's native tempo is different—staccato—yet the two men have some interesting things in common. Cartier-Bresson, if not exactly an "adventurer," is an adventurous man; Arikha has also led an adventurous life, though all too many of his adventures have been visited upon him. Both men have seen with their own eyes the fragmentation, between 1939 and 1950, of a world once open and traversable into pairs of hostile, mutually sealed blocs. Both have a vocation for the most time-stabilizing capabilities of their respective arts. For Cartier-Bresson, this has meant the snapshot; for Arikha, the quick sketch and the rapidly painted oil. "Arikha," says Cartier-Bresson, "is a rather daunting fellow, and I myself am on the timid side, yet we're extremely close all the same. I know he seems somewhat high-strung, but that's only because of what they did to him as a child. By the way, whatever he tells you about his concentration-camp experience, you can reckon it was ten times worse. He's literally atremble with sensibility, and as intelligent as they come. Underneath his élitist demeanor, he's a very warm and tender-hearted person.



"I must tell you that I couldn't care less about photography as an art form. My becoming what I am had a lot to do with Magnum's requirements—in the late forties, the agency needed photographers to cover the human side of the great geopolitical rifts that were taking place. What interests me is people; the camera is only a way for me to capture them. Some years ago, I took up drawing, and it was Arikha's drawings that prompted me to meet him." Cartier-Bresson explains in detail just what it is that he admires about Arikha's drawings, stressing their "immediacy." "Arikha has been greatly influenced by Eastern philosophy," he adds. "He's always teaching himself how to make subtler and subtler distinctions. That's one reason that he loves wine and is a great wine connoisseur. He also loves beer and tea and coffee, and can tell you in some detail what distinguishes the water of one city from that of another. Ask him about it. And by all means get him to draw you."

OCTOBER is almost over. The sky is gray, and the trees in the Luxembourg Gardens wear the color of tarnished brass. One morning, I wander into Arikha's studio, which seems darker and stiller now, and we agree that he will draw me. I sit down in a chair in the middle of the room, facing the big north window. About two yards away, he positions his easel so the light will fall over his left shoulder. He scrutinizes me for a moment, then snaps a cassette into his tape deck: a Schubert quartet. Sitting here listening, gazing at the sky through the round-arched window, I recall something else that Cartier-Bresson told me about Arikha's way of drawing: that when he sketches with a stick of charcoal he presses it against the paper with such deliberation that it makes a sound "like a cricket's chirp." And, sure enough, presently this chirping sound mingles with the strains of the quartet. Every now and then, as he draws, Arikha stretches out his free hand as if to direct me in some way, and I wonder if I'm slouching or fidgeting, but in a moment I realize that this hand reappears, outstretched and palm down, every time there's a rallentando in the music. Perched on the edge of a high stool, Arikha

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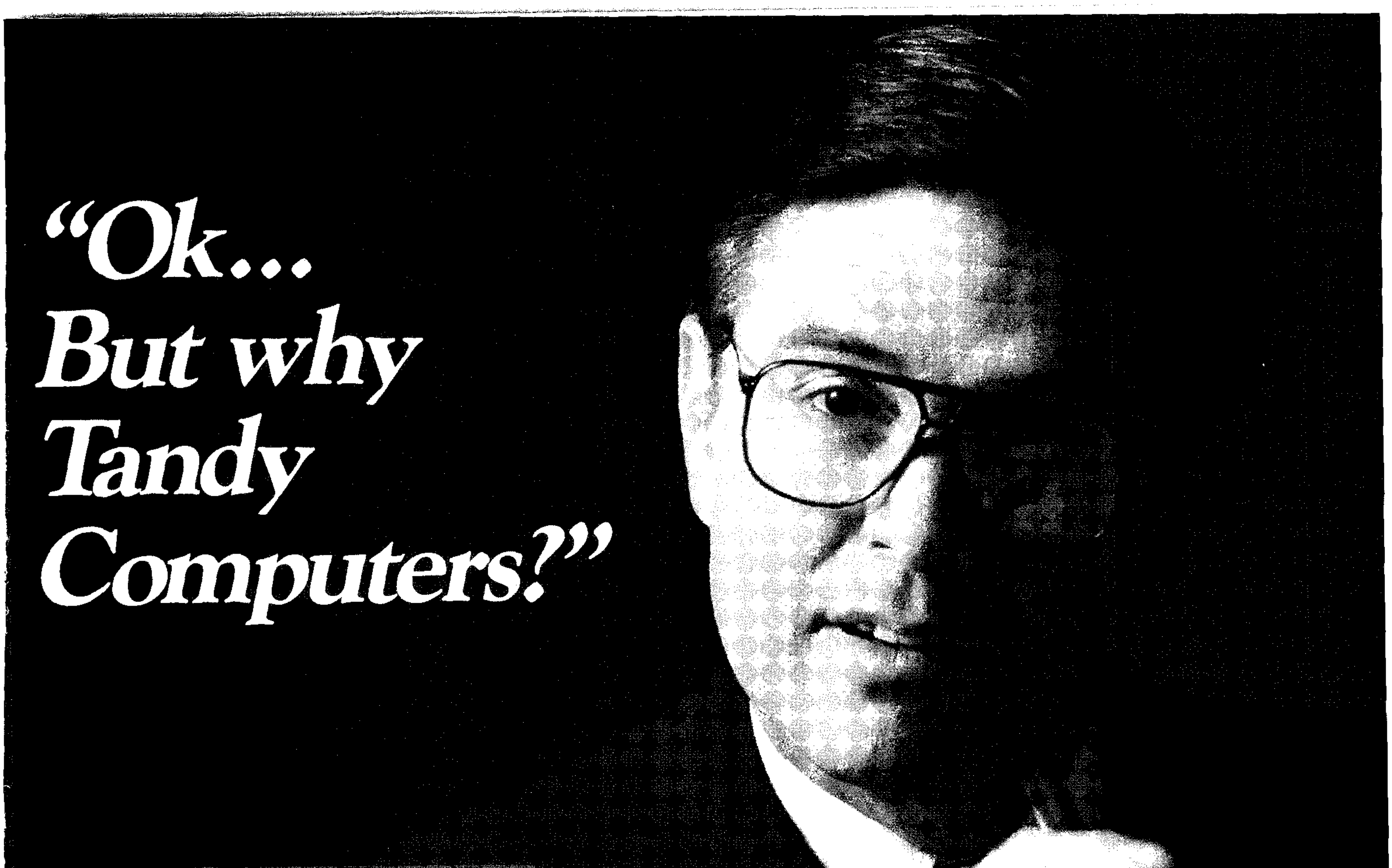

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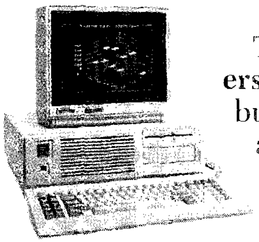

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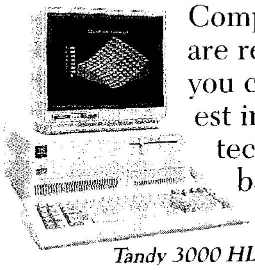

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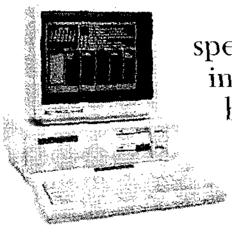

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hovers at his easel, wholly swept up in his dervish mode, swivelling his head continuously back and forth between me and his drawing, unwilling to let the subject unravel in his mind. This, then, is the explosive approach to picturemaking that Cartier-Bresson has so vividly described ("Bam, the head! Bam, the hands! Bam-bam, the Queen Mother!"). In an hour or so, I, too, am bam-bammed into potential immortality—on quite a large sheet of paper, to boot. Then Arikha turns the easel around, and together we contemplate the drawing (he through a diminishing glass). He makes a few small changes, and—despite a degree of dissatisfaction—announces that the portrait is done. It is at this point that he must routinely exercise a will power, a restraint, that is comparable to a perpetual Lenten abstinence. Yet the truth is that this sort of drawing does not admit of correction; if he wanted to study my nose any further, he would have to start a new portrait.

We consider some other recent drawings for a while, and then Arikha begins to riffle through a pile of worn folders and portfolios of old sketches. He seems a little embarrassed by these early efforts; when he fears that they may have no aesthetic value, he cites their interest as documentation, and in this way he gradually slips into a sort of visual presentation of his life. He brings out a large clothbound volume bearing, on the title page, the inscription:

AVIGDOR ARIKHA
BOYHOOD DRAWINGS MADE IN
DEPORTATION
PARIS MCMLXXI

This book, printed in three hundred copies by the Youth Aliyah, an agency responsible for the immigration of young people to Israel, contains a portfolio of seven drawings made by the artist when he was thirteen and fourteen. Up to now, Arikha has been rather reluctant to discuss this period of his life, so I begin to leaf through the book with considerable curiosity. The preface, written by Arikha himself, recounts the deportation, in the autumn of 1941, of Communists and Jews to a group of concentration camps set up between the Dniester and the Dnieper in the Rumanian-occupied sector of the Ukraine. Many of these prisoners were exterminated; others were left to starve to death; still others were forced by the Gestapo into slave labor. Arikha was in the last group; he worked in an iron foundry guarded by a dozen S.S. men. The preface says, "The following drawings formed part of a child's sketch-book provided by a Rumanian soldier containing some thirty leaves on which events were 'related.' Those representing S.S. brutalities or massacres were destroyed by order of a conscientious overseer with the remark '*Kind spielst mit Feuer*.' ['Child, you're playing with fire.'] The book thus censored [was] deposited at the labor center for eventual inspection by the Red Cross Commission which was to visit these camps in December, 1943. The drawings were remarked by the delegates of the Relief Committee for 'Transnistrian' deportees, which had obtained [permission from the Axis to liberate and evacuate] 1,400 children bereft of both parents. One of these orphans having died before liberation, his name was transferred to the author of these drawings on the day of departure, March 6, 1944, and it was this false identity that made possible his removal to Israel, then Palestine, together with 120 other children, under the protection of the International Red Cross and through the agency of the Youth Aliyah."

Captions provided to explain the drawings read as follows:

Frontispiece: Ukrainian militiamen shooting fugitives.

(1) Escorted by a soldier two kapos drag toward the cattle trucks two prisoners "selected" for extermination camp.

(2) Starving fugitives knock on the door of a house belonging to Ukrainians. These usually denounced them and they were shot.

(3) Work lasted from dawn to nightfall under the supervision of guards, militiamen, and soldiers. In the background, militiamen beating prisoners.

(4) The soup never varied—a few lentils and water—and was distributed once a day.

(5) Another work scene—those no longer able to work were in danger of selection and so hid their weaknesses as best they could.

(6) Burial—the corpses were loaded on carts, and ditches dug to receive them.

The drawings are quite objective. The handling does not suggest that the young draftsman has treated his subjects differently from the way he would have treated other, more peaceful motifs. A fondness for incidents at the picture's edge (still noticeable in Arikha's work) is apparent. In one of the forced-labor scenes, an arm holding a club projects into the picture from the right, suggesting something that I've never heard maintained; namely, that the victim may as readily see the oppressor as thinglike or mindless as the other way around.

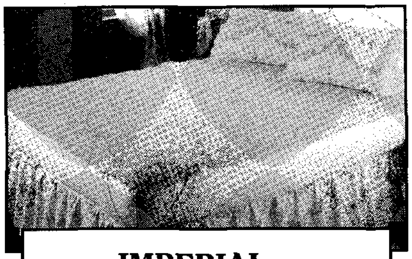
This drawing has a strange dignity. When we come to the picture of starving fugitives begging for bread from a woman in a house, Arikha glares at it coldly. "And she didn't give *anything*," he says with a snort. "The Israeli Foreign Ministry sent me back the original sketchbook in 1960, and I was eager to look at it again. I hadn't seen it in over fifteen years. But when I opened it I had to ask my wife to take it away. It wasn't the drawings themselves, it was that smell: you know—well, perhaps you don't—the horrible odor of corpses. The notebook reeked of it, or that's what I thought till Anne told me that it had no smell at all. The stench was in my mind."

I make a helpless remark about how terrible it must have been for a young boy to experience all this.

"Yes, terrible, but the strange thing is that I was not unhappy when I was deported. I felt the exhilaration of the new. My child's sense of wonder was justified. Later, of course, I realized how terrible it had been. But for many who grew up in the camps the horror came to seem normal. That is why it was so hard to survive—if you survived at all—with your humanity intact. And many people didn't.

"Aha! Now, these," says Arikha, opening another portfolio, "are from my years at the Bezalel school, in Jerusalem. Academic training. Here, on this sheet, an obligatory still-life in the style of Cézanne. And here, on this other sheet, is how it actually *looked* to me when I drew it later, by myself. This is all still very crude, of course—not yet *cooked*. And here: *Gebrauchsgraphik!*—applied design. Most of our teachers were from the Bauhaus. This is the head of a combatant in the '48 war, the Israeli War of Independence. My Soviet submachine gun. Piled Canadian rifles. This was during a bombardment—we'd been shooting out of a bunker window. Perhaps I understood even then: if you don't draw from life, why do it?"

THE next morning, I pack my bags to leave Paris. As I'm waiting for Arikha to join me at my hotel, I find myself mulling over some of the perplexities suggested by our conversations. I've begun to feel that there is about him a smidgen of the revenant's aura—the aura of Lazarus. Though he talks as matter-of-factly of hell ("the idea was simply to march us to death") as he does of the antecedent world ("the easternmost province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire"), it is



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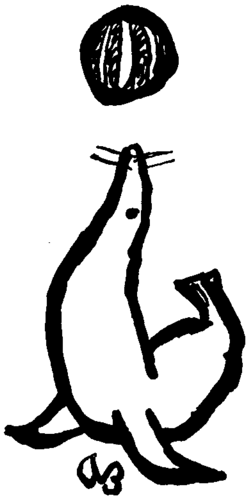
not as if he talked just like anyone else. I am struck, for instance, by how often he slips, in discussing the practice of art, into an apocalyptic or Manichaean mode of discourse—one that pits life and the continuity of free response against dead forms and dead observances. He also lacks a certain imaginative leniency toward many other people's forms of expression or interpretation. Oddly, though, his specific judgments aren't particularly dogmatic. Among his favorite contemporary painters he ranks the later Lucian Freud; Diebenkorn, both abstract and representational; forties de Kooning; and Balthus, Johns, Ron Kitaj, and Ellsworth Kelly: artists whose collective work could not be made to illustrate a doctrine of any sort.



Arikha knocks on my door, and we go downstairs and walk around the corner into the Rue de Fleurus. Not far from Gertrude Stein's old home, we find an odd, seedy-looking café and order two espressos. The coffee arrives. Arikha sniffs at his, sips it, and reels slightly backward.

"It's the beans!" he exclaims. "Scorched during the roasting!" A pall descends over his features. I was beginning to think him invincible, and here he is, defeated by a cup of coffee.

"Why don't we walk over to Saint-Placide," he says sulkily. "I think there's a decent café there. Oh, but we haven't much time. It's all right, really; anyway, I should like to insist that I am actually a tea drinker, and not a coffee drinker at all. Listen—there's someone I wanted to tell you about. Have I mentioned the Georgian commissar yet?"

I assure him that he hasn't. The defeat is gone from his face now; it's suffused with a hectic glow.

"Well, listen. This was in Soviet Czernowitz. The summer after the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Stalin occupied Bukovina; it didn't last long, this occupation, but the Soviets ran everything for about a year. In my new Soviet school, my best subject was art. I was asked to paint decorations and portraits on the walls—I painted a picture of Marshal Voroshilov!—and the school administration decided to send me to Moscow and enter me in a state-run academy. At this period, my father became very friendly with a certain Soviet commissar. He was a political commissar with the rank of colonel in the Red Army, and he must have been of Tatar descent—he looked quite Asiatic. I don't remember if I've mentioned to you yet that my father had once been an enthusiastic supporter of the Soviet Union; when the Soviets occupied Czernowitz, they made my father the accountant of one of their state-run factories. Everything they got their hands on was soon in a dreadful mess, and my poor father was wretchedly disappointed. Well, one day I came home from school with a chromo of Stalin, which I was supposed to hang over my bed. The Georgian commissar happened to be there—he often stopped by—and he said, 'Oh, *no!* You're *not* going to put *that* up?' The next day, he returned with a beautiful gray clothbound copy of the Christian Bible for me. You realize what this means? We children were being incited to denounce family and friends. He could have been shot for it. Well, he opened it to the Apocalypse and asked me to read, and soon we all got so caught up in the words that I continued reading for some time, and I remember my father sitting in his chair, eyes half closed, listening to the words of St. John and nodding yes, yes. 'You think of the Apocalypse as coming at the end of time,' the commissar said, 'but these are the days we are now living through.' And it was true: on the twenty-second of June, the Germans attacked Russia and bombed Czernowitz. On that same day, I was discharged from the children's hospital, where I'd been under treatment for scarlet fever. Soon afterward, the Soviet front broke. There was a train ready to head east, and the commissar pleaded with us, 'Come with me!' It was the last train out, but my father declined. Maybe he felt that I wasn't well enough to leave yet; certainly he wished to show his solidarity with the Jews who would have to remain. So we didn't go, and that was lucky for us, because the commissar's train was bombed totally to pieces. It's a strange thought, but if we *had* managed to escape to the East I'd be a Soviet citizen today. A Soviet painter! Can you imagine? If our fate had been just a little different. Instead—it was around Yom Kippur—we were deported by Rumanian troops. Eighty to a hundred people in these—what do you call them?—cattle cars! And the upshot, of course, was that I wound up not in the Soviet Union but here, in Paris."

During the whole time he has been telling this story, Arikha's face has been radiant; now he has fixed upon me a peculiarly communicative look. But what does it communicate? Perhaps sadness, half submerged in a burlesque expression of make-believe submission to fate. When I think of fate, Arikha seems a distant figure, as if reduced in scale by a diminishing glass; and it occurs to me that his pride in *not* submitting to fate (in proving, even as a child in captivity, that he was a doer, a creator, and not a victim of history) has probably been secured only at the cost of continual propitiation. His entire ethic of painting, whatever else it may be, seems essentially propitiatory, though just what inner voice—what "deity"—is being appeased I cannot directly say. In his roles as dervish, pilgrim, prophet, and kvetch, Arikha follows a draconian code; what distinguishes his way of painting is not so much his sincerity (there are, after all, other sincere practitioners around, good, bad, and indifferent) as his need to finish every picture on the day it is started. For a painter to abandon the possibility of working further—to discard tomorrow, so to speak—is to renounce a vital support in life; it's like throwing away one's shoes. But imagine for a moment what it would be like to go about all your business in your stocking feet—the sheer, giddy audacity of it. Arikha must feel much the same way as he copes with his self-imposed handicap. Somehow, paradoxically, it sets him free.

—DAN HOFSTADTER

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Many opera-goers would happily rewrite the librettos of their favorite works. In Puccini's "La Boheme," Pinkerton would return to Butterfly and, with their son, Little Trouble, live happily ever after.—*Donald Dierks in the San Diego Union.*

Perhaps in a warm garret with Mimì and Rodolfo.

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Campus Cops Report of Amherst College*]

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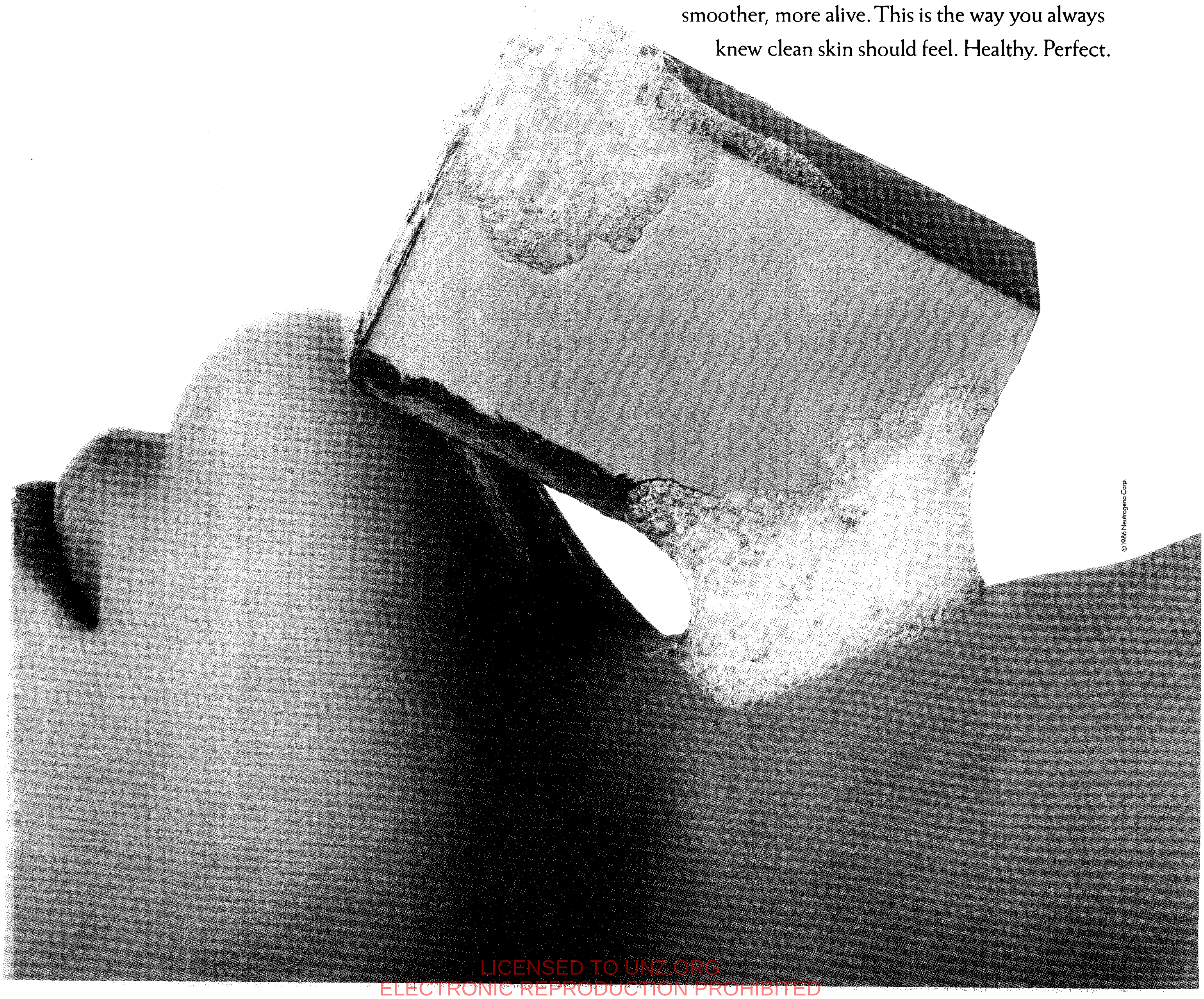

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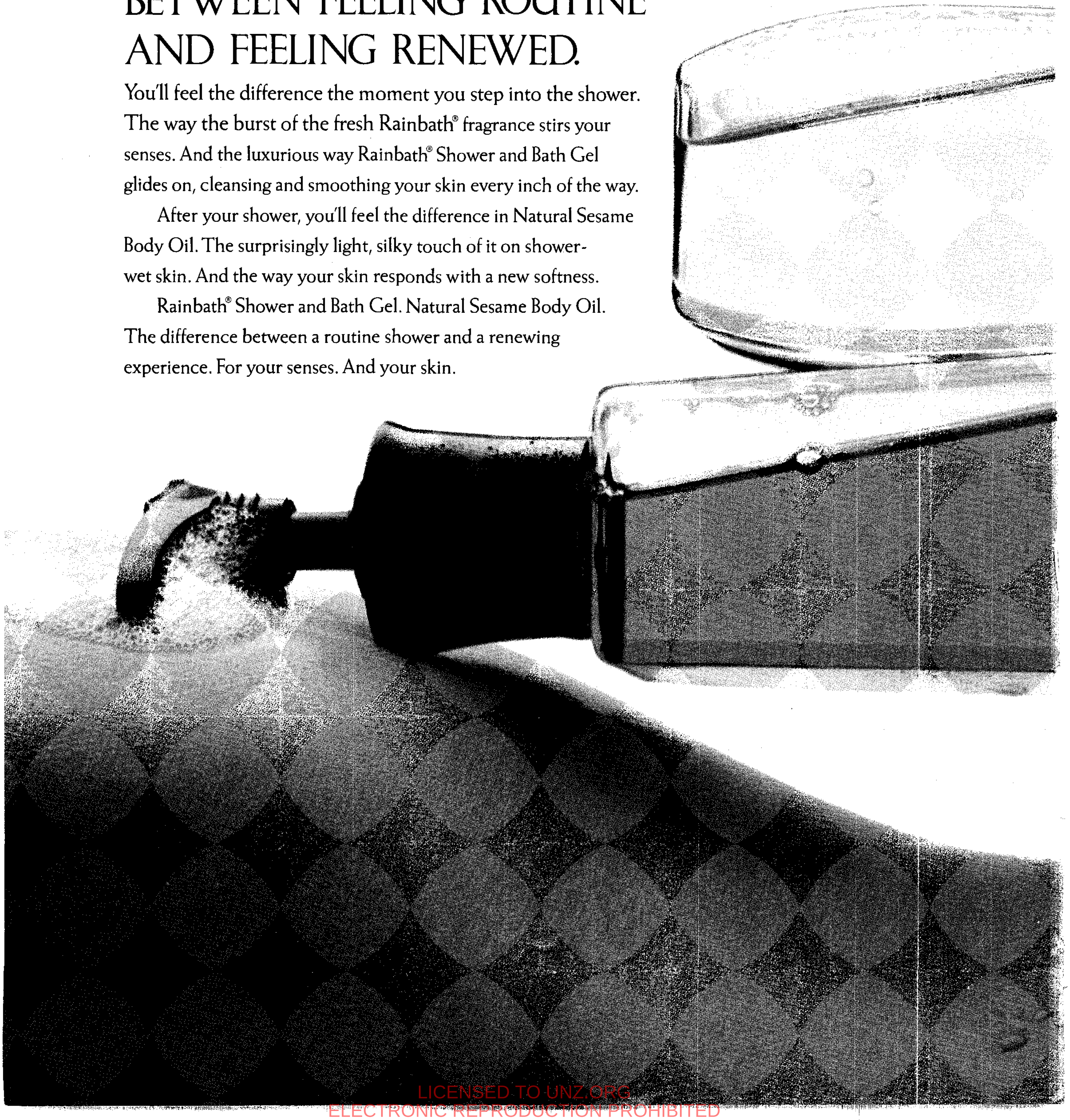

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LETTER FROM THE TICINO

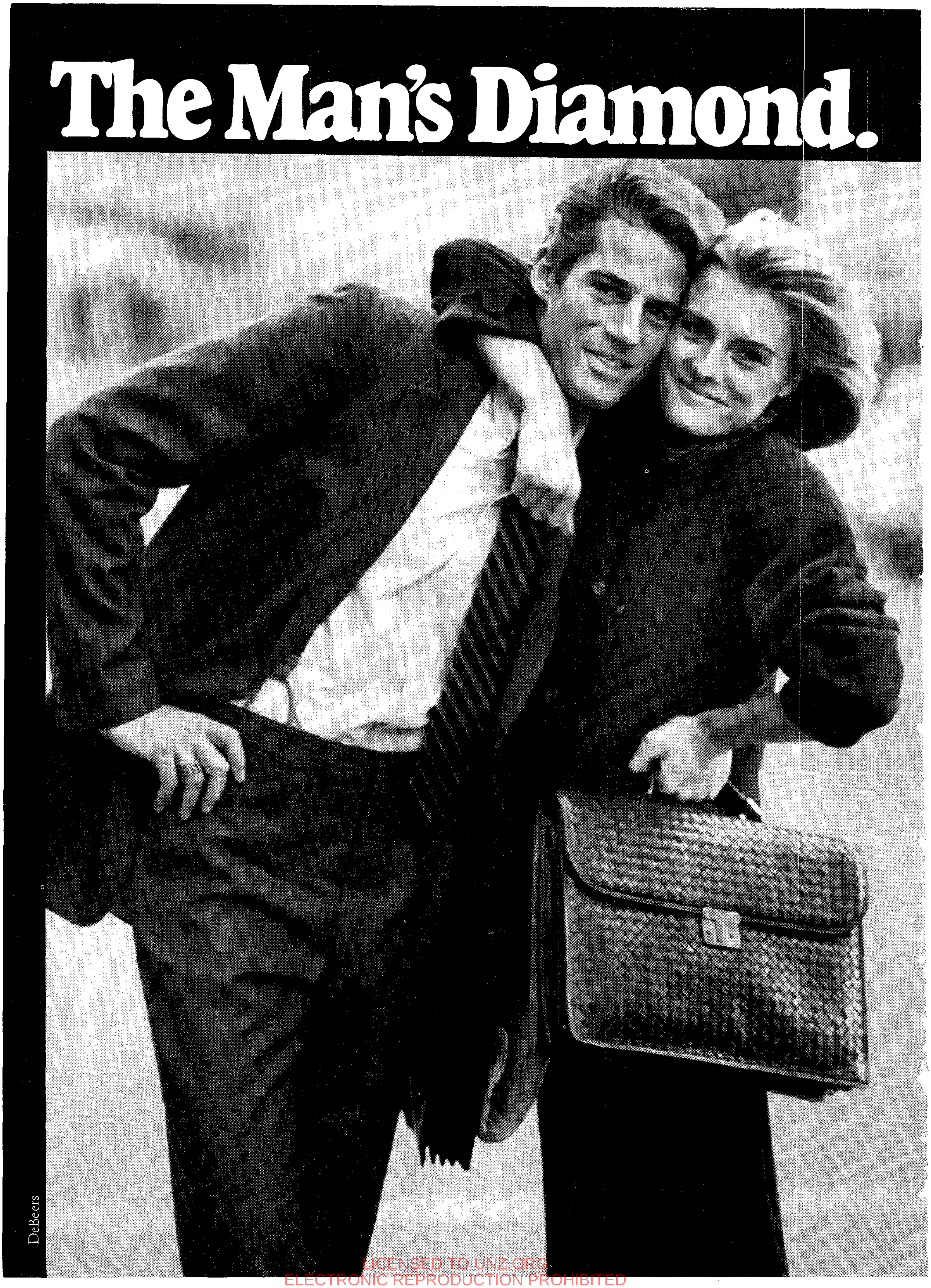
"WE'VE been Swiss for not quite two hundred years," the young man said, "but we've been Italian for a thousand." He was dark, bearded, curly-haired, and intense, and was obsessed with his Italian heritage. We were strolling in a light drizzle along the lakeshore promenade of Lugano, watching boats full of happy middle-aged tourists crisscross the lake in pursuit of the simple pleasures, and idly tossing bits of bread to the ducks paddling in the shallow water. I had been in the Ticino, the Italian canton of Switzerland, for several days, and had been telling my companion, a promoter of local cultural events, that I had so far found the area to be rather typically Swiss; that is to say, neat, clean, orderly, efficient—not like Italy at all. I had offended him. "You don't understand," he continued. "Here we have two hundred and fifty separate communities, some with as few as ten or twelve people, all very independent. We speak thirty-seven different dialects. We have seven newspapers, each with its own politics." He groped vaguely in the air with one hand for the clincher. "Ah!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up triumphantly. "When the Swiss were asked to vote about having compulsory seat belts in our cars, only the Ticinese voted against the law, by nine to one. We drive like mad people."

Thinking of the traffic in Naples and Rome, I was puzzled. I had seen no motorists in the Ticino driving like mad people. I had, in fact, seen only one illegally parked car, and it had sported a Como license plate—pure Italian. I thought it best at this point to keep quiet, however. I had, after all, come to the Ticino as a visitor, not as an expert. So I listened to my companion relate more facts and figures while we strolled past a small Greek rotunda and a bust of "*Giorgio Washington, il famoso liberatore*," by an Italian sculptor named Angelo Brunere. "I go to Italy on my vacation every year," the young man continued. "I feel always more and more Italian." He suddenly spotted a chewing-gum wrapper on the ground at the base of the statue, pounced forward, retrieved it, and stuffed it quickly into his pocket, as if offended by this act of minor vandalism. The promenade, like every public park I had seen in the Ticino, was as spotless as a private golf course. Typically Italian? No, very, very Swiss. "I wish to explain something else to you," the young man said as we parted a few minutes later in front of my hotel. "This William Tell—we don't give a dried fig for him."

I didn't really begin to understand this insistence on being Italian until I had been in the Ticino a while longer. It takes some time to penetrate beneath the surface, partly because that surface, like so much of Switzerland, is so spectacularly beautiful. The area is roughly the shape of a triangle, with its base planted against the Alps in the north and its apex thrust downward into the northern edge of the Po Valley, about twenty-five miles north of Milan. From the St. Gotthard Pass, in the north, to the Italian frontier town of Como is only about sixty-five miles as the hawk flies, but the variety of the scenery is astonishing. The snow-covered peaks of the Alps, some of them more than ten thousand feet high, loom above deep gorges and narrow valleys carved over the centuries by ice and water and probing southward like fingers toward Lake Maggiore. To the southeast, from the town of Bellinzona to Lake Lugano, the land is gentler, with forested hillsides and broad vales merging gradually into the extended flat plain of the Po, Italy's breadbasket. Everywhere, villages of simple stone houses, clustered, usually, about a single church steeple, perch defiantly on the hilltops, while along the lakeshores larger communities seem to frame the deep-blue waters, as if to protect them from contamination by the modern world.

The easiest way to see all this is to hop onto the funiculars and cog railways the Swiss have built everywhere, swoop up to the peaks of the mountains on chair lifts, or ride comfortably on the slow boats that chug about the lakes, stopping at every little hamlet. One can also drive up into the valleys to gawk at the waterfalls and tramp about the countryside. All along the well-tended trails one encounters cheerful, ruddy-faced hikers and campers, aglow with the joy of the great outdoors, and after a while one begins to think of the Ticino as a sort of huge public park, administered and patronized by jolly health fanatics. The over-all effect is one of great but severely regulated natural beauty—a typically Teutonic attempt to manage the environment. It reminded me at first of nothing I had become accustomed to in Italy, a country whose own spectacular scenic resources are simply taken for granted and have been largely neglected over

The Innocent Young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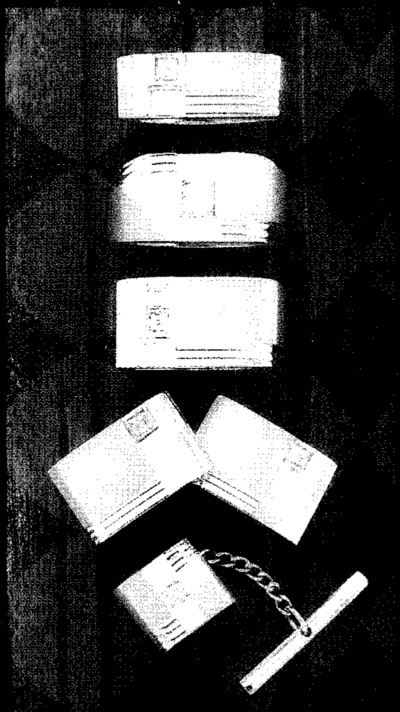

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the past thirty years in favor of unbridled development.

The names in the graveyards, however, are mostly Italian. On some of the tombstones, photographs of the deceased have been permanently implanted. Here are the faces of Lombard and Piedmontese peasants—descendants of the original hardy stock that settled in the area more than a thousand years ago. The women seem prematurely worn and old, cheerless in their rectitude; the men wear hats, sport beards and fierce mustaches, and stare out at the visitor with stern, unsmiling eyes. They all seem to have learned that the world is not an easy place, and that hard work guarantees, at best, only survival.

At Morcote, a small resort town a few miles south of Lugano, the dead lie isolated on a hilltop beside their ancient granite church. Its dark steeple, soaring high above the lake, seems like a cautionary finger—an admonishment of a sort to the bustling new development of brightly tinted stuccoed palazzi rambling along the shoreline below. The contrast is striking, a stark reminder of the strange, dichotomous history of the Ticino—of a past that its people once turned away from but which many, like my friend the promoter, were now clearly eager to recapture and defend. "Our history, from 1000 on," a writer named Basilio Biucchi recently noted, "is the existential history of a borderland and outcast territory (also cast out) between north and south, between the Alps and the Lombard plain, which already breathes the great Mediterranean Sea."

BASICALLY, the Ticino, named after the river that links Lake Maggiore to the Po, has always been, in the words of a local historian, "a part of Lombardy that has followed the destiny of Switzerland." It was contested for centuries by the militant dioceses of Milan and Como, then was fought over by the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, the Visconti and the Sforza, the ducal families of the Rusca, and a series of armies that trampled the local populations underfoot during the seemingly endless armed confrontations of the quarrelsome Middle Ages. Exhausted by Italian and French conflicts, the Ticinese turned to the Swiss for protection, becoming a colony, without self-government, major industries, or cultural centers. The people, fiercely independent and hardworking, struggled to remain on their land, but many were forced to seek their living abroad, mainly in Italy. Ticinese stonemasons—along with other highly skilled artisans—immediately found work in Tuscany, Rome, Naples, or Sicily. They also travelled all over Europe, contributing to the construction of palaces, churches, monuments, and entire cities. (Moscow was partly built by Ticinese stonemasons.) Most emigrant Ticinese, however, labored at humble jobs as porters, sweepers, peddlers, kitchen help, and day workers. The rural economy of the Ticino was able to export only the consistently small surplus of its produce; it depended for survival upon being able to unload its excess population. Emigration was a constant throughout the history of the region.

The main problem was that the Ticino was almost completely cut off from the rest of Switzerland by the formidable natural obstacle of the Alps. The country as a whole was populated, as it is today, largely by German-speaking citizens. A strong French-speaking minority lived in the western part, between Geneva and Lausanne, but it, too, had little contact with the area. Almost the only access from the rest of Switzerland to the Ticino was over difficult mountain passes or by boat across the lakes. Geographically, the Ticino depended upon Italy, and it found itself trapped between the Alps and the customs barriers along its southern borders.

Another negative factor was its dependence on the so-called Swiss Confederation, then simply a defensive alliance of eight independent states. The Ticino was not immediately admitted as a full-fledged canton, with all the rights and privileges of the vote, but was treated as a protectorate. In 1501, the first German-speaking governor was selected, and he installed himself in Bellinzona, which became the capital of an essentially colonial administration that lasted for three hundred years. The Swiss *landfogti*, as these governors were known, were appointed for two-year terms, and their main concern was raising money. The post was auctioned off to the highest bidder, and during the first year of his administration a governor spent much of his time trying to recoup his investment. The second year was devoted to milking enough from the local population to put together a little nest egg to go home with. Even when the *landfogti* turned out to be well intentioned and honest, the system worked

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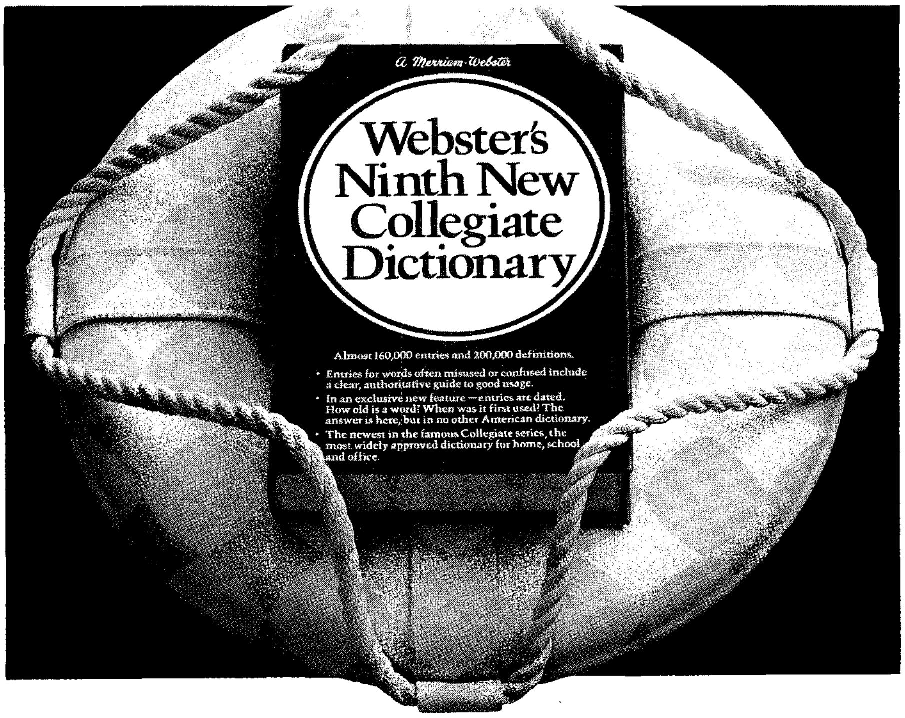
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poorly. "Ignorant of the language and the institutions of the subject country," the Ticinese historians Giulio Rossi and Eligio Pometta observed, "when, after two years, they had become a bit acclimatized and used to the practices of their office, they had to give way to another magistrate, who was also completely new to the country." The Ticinese found themselves in the position of having, in essence, to pay protection money to their own government in order to be allowed to live in peace.

At the end of the eighteenth century, under the pressure of the Napoleonic Wars and with French armies occasionally tramping across its territory, the Ticino finally became integrated into Switzerland, and in 1803 it became a full-fledged canton. Then, in 1822, the opening of a railroad tunnel under the St. Gotthard Pass linked the area to the rest of the country and brought the Ticino to the attention of the rich German-speaking burghers of Schwyz, Lucerne, and Zurich. Visitors from the north began to arrive to occupy newly built hotels sprawling along the lakefronts, and the Ticinese began to make money from the tourist industry. It was the only economic avenue immediately open to them, because the area, isolated for three centuries, had been completely passed over by the industrial revolution. The economy in general remained, in the writer Biucchi's words, "weak, poor in resources and capital, with an emigrant working population." The tourist influx benefitted only such well-situated communities as Lugano, Locarno, and Ascona, all picturesquely positioned on the lakes. In the valleys and on the hillsides, the centuries-old poverty persisted.

The Ticinese, few of whom spoke any German or French, continued to feel themselves closely linked by blood and culture to Italy. The canton actively supported the Italian struggle for independence, and dispatched volunteers to fight under Garibaldi. It sheltered refugees and fugitives from the Austrian domination of the Italian peninsula, and became such a hotbed of Italian revolutionary activity that the Austrian army blockaded the frontier. Nevertheless, a constant traffic of arms and plotters continued back and forth over the waters of the lakes, and the Ticino as a whole proved an important contributor to the eventual liberation of Italy and the unification of that country under the Piedmontese House of Savoy.

This triumphant outcome turned out to be a major disappointment for the Ticino, which had expected a relaxation of customs barriers between the two nations and an easier access to the Italian job market. Italy, however, had tremendous economic problems of its own to deal with, including widespread unemployment, and the Ticinese found themselves no longer welcome in the nation they had helped to create. “This was the beginning of our real love-hate relationship with Italy,” a young radio producer and commentator named Gianni Bernasconi told me one day in Lugano. “We found ourselves shut out of Italy and forced to emigrate now to America and Australia. At the same time, we were always having to ask the Swiss for bread. And to them we were *cincali*—a name that is derived from a simple North Italian game played by two people matching extended fingers.”

The century between 1860 and 1960 was the period in which the character of the Ticino was defined. A population explosion meant more and more emigrants fleeing unemployment and poverty, but those who remained at home gradually began to integrate into the rest of Switzerland. “We finally discovered that we were not Italian, after all, but Swiss-Italian, with the defects and virtues of both,” Bernasconi said.

“Yes, we are one hundred per cent Swiss,” a tourist official named Marco Solari told me. “But we constantly look to Italy. There is always this desire to open our arms to Italy.”

“Mr. Weston, while you were out I found your secret cache of M & M’s and polished them off.”

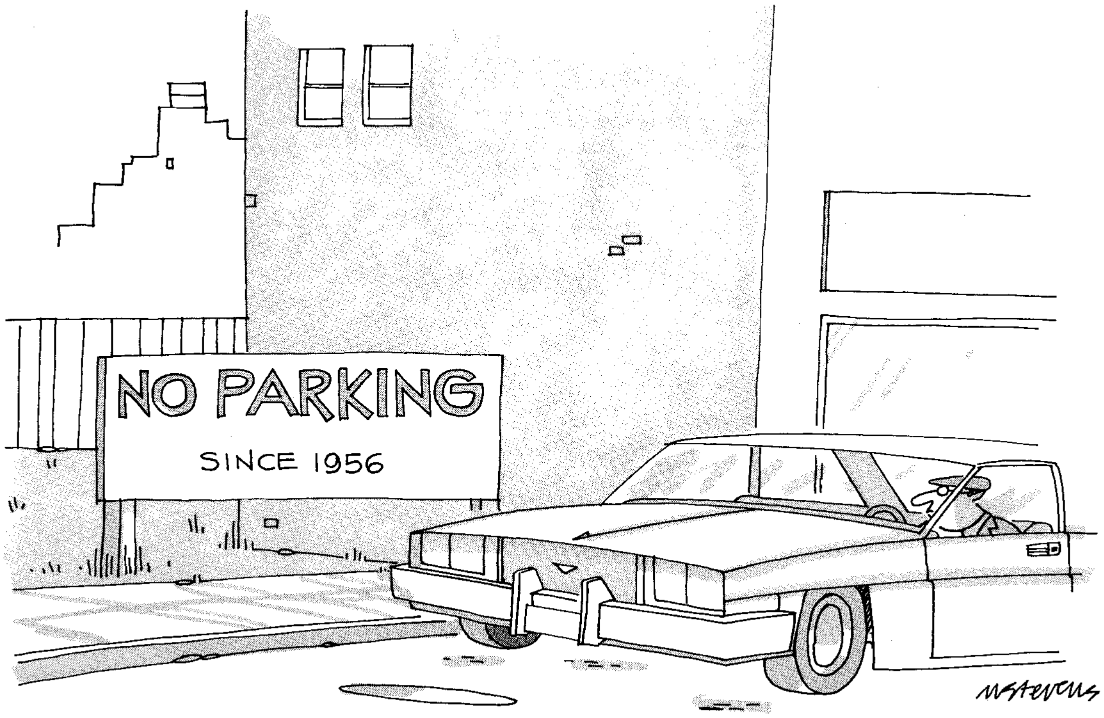
• •

NOT only the Ticino but all of Switzerland quite literally opened its arms to Italy during the nineteen-fifties and sixties. The nation was undergoing what came to be known in the Ticino as *il grande boom*, a period immortalized by an Italian movie called “Bread and Chocolate,” which portrayed the often comical and sometimes touching misadventures of a young Italian waiter working in a Swiss restaurant. Even the Ticino needed workers, and Italy had a labor surplus, so Italians poured across the border from the impoverished southern villages of the Mezzogiorno and the slums of the industrialized northern cities to work—mostly in restaurants, hotels, and shops catering to tourists or on the rich farmland and the hillside vineyards between Lugano and Bellinzona. Many also found jobs in the building industry, but all were referred to by the Ticinese as *terroni*—a term of mild contempt indicating an ignorant attachment to the land.

For many of these immigrants, the adjustment to Swiss life, especially in the north, was painful. Their main contact with home was the local railroad station, which became a meeting place and a source of information. Bewildered peasants stepping off the trains, suitcase in hand, often found themselves besieged for news from home, and then were swept up into the local Italian colony. Most remained only during the heavier tourist seasons, but many, especially in the Ticino, stayed on and successfully adapted to their new life, finding in this corner of a foreign country not only a means of making a living but an Italianate ambience in which they soon began to feel at home. They sent for their relatives and settled down to raise families.

Unfortunately, all this changed abruptly during the early seventies, when the Swiss economy suffered first a period of stagnation and then a real recession. The tourist industry was particularly hard hit, because Switzerland, the world’s banker, had become too expensive for the average traveller. The Swiss slammed the door in Italy’s face, much as Italy had done to the Ticino a century earlier. The Italian workers and their families were coldly uprooted and sent home. Some Ticinese, distressed by the ruthlessness of the procedure, protested, but in vain. “If Switzerland has a fault,” I was told by a librarian in Lugano, “it is the incivility of civilization.” The years of bread and chocolate left a bitter aftertaste, and it has only recently begun to fade.

During the past few years, the economy of the Ticino has diversified and has been largely integrated into the national economy, which is based on banking, construction, and specialized manufacturing. The Ticinese industries—metalworking, plastics, clothing, shoes, watches, pharmaceuticals—are mostly small, some of them employing fewer than fifty people. “The smallness of our ventures is characteristic of our Italian heritage,”



a spokesman for the Chamber of Commerce said not long ago. "Every Ticinese wants to set up in business for himself."

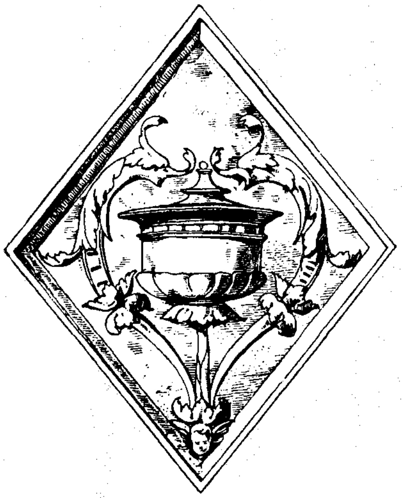
Seventy-three hundred Ticinese, however, are employed in banks. The Ticino still has no stock exchange of its own, but it is the fourth-biggest canton in terms of banking volume, and has the most teller windows in the nation. "A lot of people invest across the Italian border," it was explained to me—a way of saying that the Italians don't trust their own weakened lira and have for years exported funds, often illegally, into the safety of the Swiss banks, with their reassuring guarantees of secrecy.

One way to do this has been to smuggle currency as well as other negotiable contraband—cigarettes, liquor, coffee—across the lakes in speedboats, and there is a museum on the shore of Lake Lugano testifying to the ingenuity of local smugglers. The collection, housed in an old customs building on the border, documents years of illegal border activity and includes some of the merchandise seized by customs officials. There is also a miniature submarine that was once used to sneak in cargoes of bacon and pork sausages.

Until recently, another method of investing across the border was by laundering money through the gambling casino in Campione, a tiny Italian enclave on Lake Lugano which is entirely within the borders of Switzerland. So much illegal money, known as "black funds," moved through there that a few years ago the Italian government shut down the casino for some months. The mayor of Campione and several members of his administration were arrested and charged with complicity in the process. The casino has since been reopened, but under much stricter surveillance. As for the Swiss themselves, they have traditionally never really cared where the money came from as long as it was deposited in their banks. The illegal export of funds into Switzerland is known to have contributed to a number of Italian financial scandals, including, in recent years, the failure of the Banco Ambrosiano and the bankruptcy of the Rizzoli publishing empire. Several Swiss were convicted in Lugano in 1985 for having helped to launder money earned from the narcotics trade through Swiss banks. (Their trial was part of a case popularly referred to in the United States as the Pizza Connection.) Although the Swiss refused in a recent referendum, by a vote of more than four to one, to open their books to outside investigators, they have given indications that some attention will now be paid to how the money that is still coming into the country was earned.

THE most important Italian resource still flowing in a constant stream across the Ticinese border is people. Thirty-two thousand so-called *frontalieri*, or frontier people, cross over every day to work in the hotels and restaurants, and in the clothing, pharmaceutical, and metal-working industries. In order to qualify for their jobs, they have to live within thirty kilometres of the border and must return home every night. During the past decade, the smaller Italian towns along the frontier have doubled and tripled in population, while in the larger centers, such as Como and Varese, blocks of new apartment houses have been built to accommodate these workers. Another group of laborers, the *stagionali*, or seasonal types, can remain for up to nine months; they mainly serve the tourist industry. A third, much smaller group, known as *annuali*, or annuals, can stay for a whole year and then renew their residence permits. At the end of ten years, the *annuali* can ask for permanent residence, and eventually they can apply for full citizenship. Furthermore, if another economic slump should afflict the region the *frontalieri* will be able to apply for Swiss benefits, such as an unemployment-compensation package that will pay them up to eighty per cent of their wages for one year while they are presumably out looking for work. The total population of the Ticino is now about three hundred thousand, a third of whom are foreigners, most of them Italian. "As pure Ticinese," a local acquaintance remarked to me, "it is clear that we are on the road to extinction."

Ironically, it is the renewed and continued influx of Italians into the Ticino that is most likely to preserve the character and cultural traditions of the area. Since 1980, when an automobile tunnel was blasted under the St. Gotthard Pass, the German-speaking Swiss have discovered the Ticino en masse and begun treating it as their own personal Riviera; they now swoop down onto its lakes and green valleys even for short weekends. Many have snapped up houses and land and built themselves vacation homes, which, as Swiss citizens, they have a perfect right to do. (The Swiss government places restrictions on foreigners who



ESSENCE OF FRAGRANCE

Fragrances have had a particular attraction since the beginning of civilization, the first perfumes being the aromatic gums and woods kindled as incense to please the gods. People boiled petals, and crushed leaves, stems, roots, bark, and berries to extract a variety of natural oils. These special ingredients, combined perfectly, could produce a hint of jasmine, an alluring blend of spices, or the fresh scent of citrus. Fragrance bottles, many works of art, were introduced by the ancient Egyptians. They preserved aromatic oils in intricately designed ivory and wooden boxes, as well as onyx and glass vases. From the scented barges of Cleopatra through the courts of France, perfumes wafted their way into this century, where they have become inextricably linked to fashion design—the finishing touch for both men and women, like a bow tie or a strand of pearls. Along with the clothes we wear or the way we decorate a room, our choice of scent is a strong expression of our personal style. The following pages showcase today's sophisticated fragrances. Look through the selection, then turn back to the coupon and send away for the fragrance samples of your choice.

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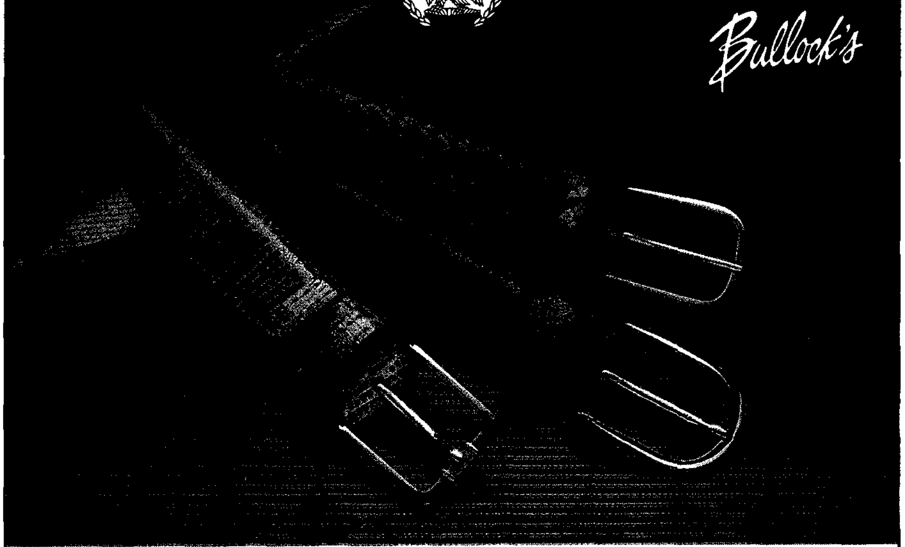

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wish to own property in Switzerland.) The trouble is that the Ticinese, having been looked down on as impoverished rustics for so long by their fellow-citizens, are not ready to accept these newcomers into their community. "Now that we have at last become masters of our own destiny," the radio commentator Bernasconi told me, "we are masters being pushed off our own land."

The prosperous invaders from the north have the money to pay the inflated prices being asked for the choicer sites, and there is now hardly a place anywhere in the Ticino that doesn't list German names on its roster of inhabitants. In a tiny village called Boschetto, in the Val di Maggia, north of Locarno, all but one of the handful of once abandoned stone cottages are now owned by outsiders, and I was told by the last Ticinese property owner there—a cheerful middle-aged woman who grew up in the area—that prices had tripled in the past five years. She lived in nearby Cevio, a larger little town of a few hundred people from which she periodically fled as from a crowded slum. "Now even Boschetto is being taken over," she said. "For eight hundred years they ignored us, and now they wish to swallow us up."

The attitude is a common one among the Ticinese. There are roughly six and a half million people in Switzerland, about two-thirds of them German-speaking, and undeniably the Ticino has until recently been all but ignored. The canton is without a university of its own, and its citizens have to go to the French- or German-speaking universities to complete their education. Some Ticinese speak only Italian and attend universities in northern Italy. The situation tends to feed the sense of inferiority that has long characterized the Ticinese in relation to the rest of the country. "*Landfogti*, go home!" and "*Landfogti*, hands off the Ticino!" are slogans I saw scrawled on the walls of buildings. Every slight, imagined or not, is blown up and fiercely commented upon by the locals. About a year ago, a newspaper in Zurich conducted a survey of the sexual preferences and habits of the Swiss, but neglected even to mention the Ticino. The incident was indignantly played up in every Ticinese daily, and rankled for weeks.

Some communities in the Ticino have lately begun to adopt tough local zoning laws that limit construction and the conversion of old buildings into holiday apartments. The measures are designed mainly to keep strangers out. The village of Brusino-Arsizio, a former fishing hamlet on Lake Lugano, was among the first to try to restrict the purchase of its old houses by outsiders, but during a stroll along its narrow streets I noted that about half the names on the doors were Teutonic. "It is clear that to survive," the tourist official Marco Solari declared, "we are going to have to latch onto the Italian train."

The Italians who now live and work in the Ticino have contributed greatly to keeping the area distinctively Italian. "At first, even under the more liberal rules of the past few years, they all imagined they would go home," Bernasconi told me. "But now, ten or fifteen years later, there are children who have been born here and they have grown up as Swiss. In the beginning, too, mixed marriages were rare, but now they are quite common. *Their* children are pure Ticinese. And even the *frontalieri* influence our lives greatly. They have kept alive *il gusto della cucina*, for instance—the taste for good cooking." He also pointed out that the obligatory military service for Swiss citizens has contributed to easing ethnic tensions. "Next to Schmidt or Muller you will now find a Cacciotta. Many of the Italians who first came here were from the poorest parts of Italy and spoke only their local dialects, but their children have grown up Ticinese."

It doesn't seem likely that under the present system the Ticino will ever lose its Italian flavor, no matter how many German-speaking fellow-citizens pour in from the north. "You don't wipe out a thousand years of history overnight," the young cultural promoter said to me. Several weeks later, when I was in Rome, I fell into conversation with a local butcher who had married a Swiss woman and had lived in Basel for eight years before returning to his native city. When I told him I had recently spent some time in the Ticino, he smiled, and said, "All of Switzerland is very beautiful, but without the Italians it would be a garden without flowers."

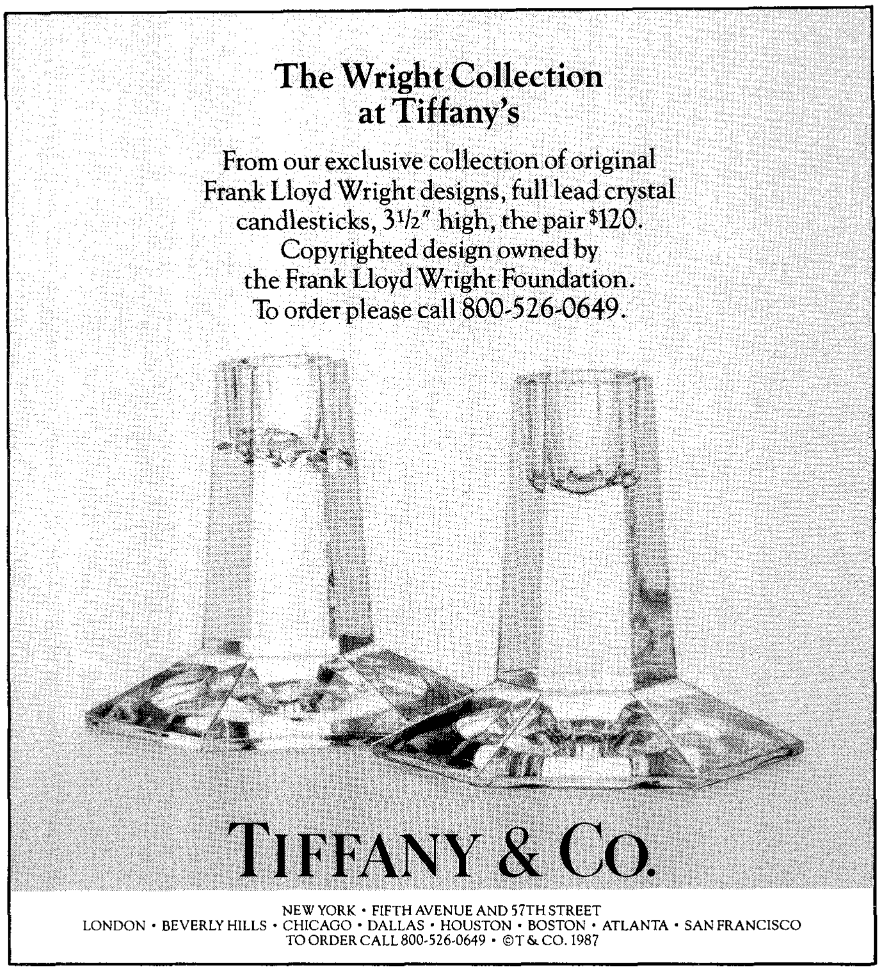
—WILLIAM MURRAY

◆

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Portland* (*Maine*) *Press Herald*]

The alternative, Gunther argued, is the prospect of rampant civil disobedience spawning a leviathan of anarchy, a snake in the grass that would gnaw at the foundation of the ship of state.



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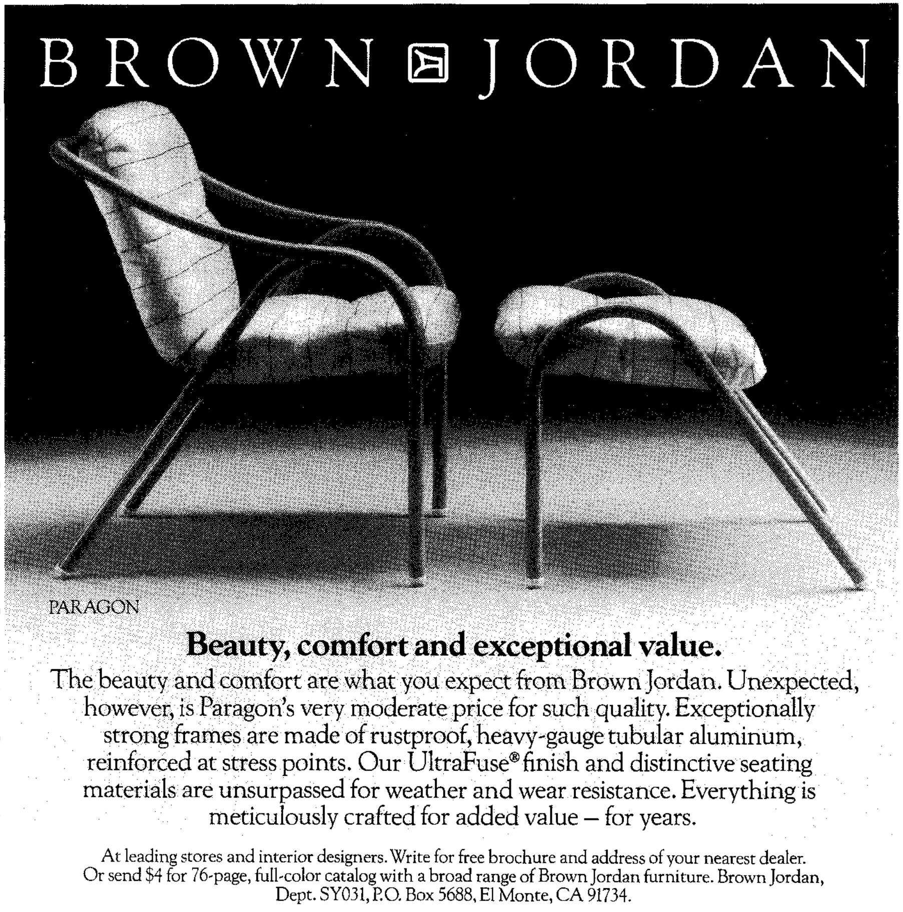

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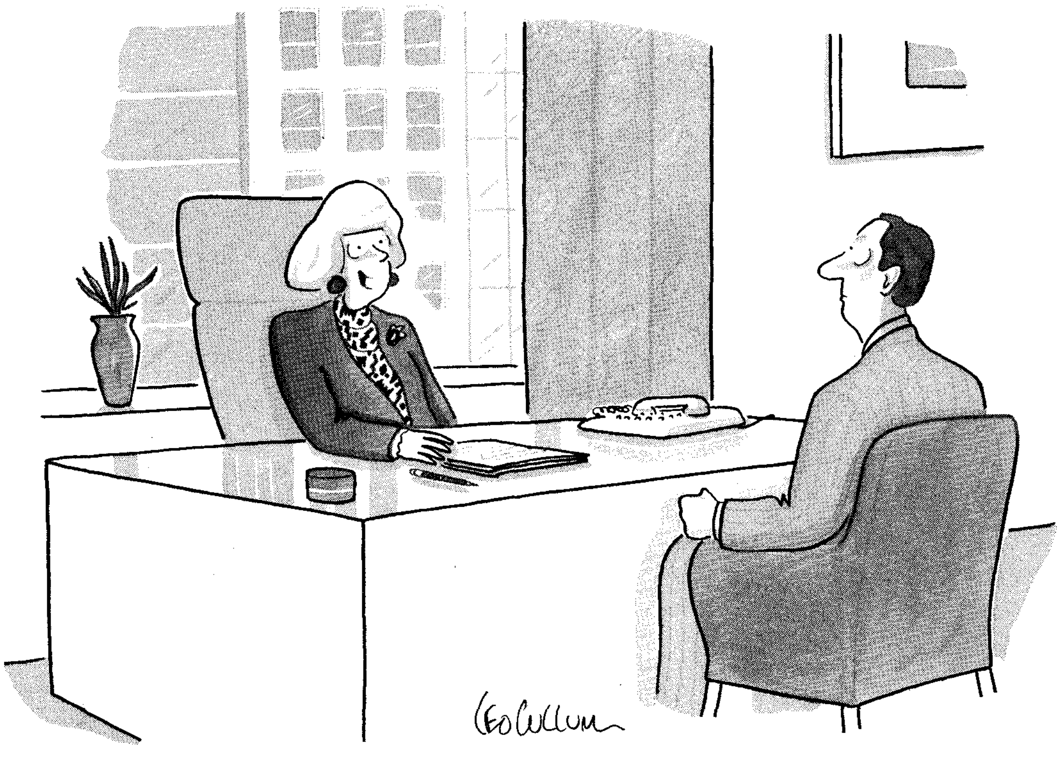
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A MIRACLE, A UNIVERSE—II

JAIME WRIGHT closed the door, turned on the light, and said, "This, I believe, is what you came down here to see." We were standing in a nondescript storehouse in a vaguely ecclesiastical building in São Paulo, Brazil, facing row upon row of gray metal bookshelves on which were ranged hundreds and hundreds of light-brown cardboard containers, one beside the next. "We tell the people who work here in the building, the janitors and so forth, that these are just some of the Cardinal's personal papers, and that seems to satisfy them," Wright said.

The Cardinal in question was Dom Paulo Evaristo Arns, the archbishop of São Paulo, the world's largest Catholic archdiocese. Jaime Wright, a Presbyterian minister (and three-time executive of the Presbyterian Church/U.S.A.'s mission in Brazil), now worked, under a unique arrangement, in Cardinal Arns's offices, as a sort of special adviser on international affairs and human rights. And, yes, these anonymous, clandestine archives—the remarkable product of an extraordinarily daring and dangerous secret project that the two church leaders had supervised over a recent six-year period—were indeed what I'd come down there to see. For these file boxes contained an exact (though utterly unauthorized) duplication of the archives of the Supreme Military Court in Brasília, documenting the entire proceedings of the trials of more than seven thousand political defendants who had passed through the military courts during the first decade and a half—from 1964 through 1979—of Brazil's most recent military dictatorship.

Wright and others had already described for me the origins of the collection: how in 1979, as an early step in a gradual, tentative process of liberalization, known as the *abertura*, or opening—a process which would not be completed until 1985, with the election of Tancredo Neves, the country's first civilian president in over twenty years—the military authorities had granted themselves a complete amnesty with regard to any human-rights violations that might have occurred during the prior years of repression. The book on those crimes was now to be definitively closed: there would be no retribution; indeed, there wouldn't even be any official documentation. That was all done and over. But Arns and Wright and some others who had spent much of the preceding decades crusading on behalf of the victims of torture and human-rights violations weren't prepared to let matters slide by so easily. They conceived an elaborate scheme, based in part on the curiously technocratic nature of the military repression that had preceded the amnesty. For Brazil's commanding officers had prided themselves on their professional competence: they'd done everything by the book; in fact, they'd kept book on everything. They had dutifully recorded whatever denunciations of torture happened to come up during those military trials, and they had preserved the transcripts in the Supreme Military Court's archives in Brasília. And, through a strange administrative quirk, it was possible at that moment, at least for the time being, for certain lawyers to take specific files out of the archives overnight. Arns and Wright and their colleagues rented a small suite in a Brasília office complex, installed several photocopying machines, and began systematically checking out and copying a random sampling of the files in the archives. Realizing that the military authorities would be enraged were they ever to uncover this breach of security, the collaborators worked in extreme secrecy—Arns didn't even tell the Vatican what he was up to. (Funding for the project, which eventually ran to several hundred thousand dollars, was coming from the World Council of Churches, the Protestant organization based in Geneva.) Arns and Wright resolved to proceed until they got caught—to photocopy the documents, to return the originals to the archives, to spirit the photocopies out of the capital and down to a series of safe houses in ecclesiastical buildings scattered around São Paulo, to microfilm the photocopies and smuggle the microfilm rolls out of the country for safekeeping, and then (with the aid of an elaborate computer program) to collate, organize, and analyze the steadily expanding collection of photocopies they were thus managing to ob-



"We can still be friends, Roger. I just don't want you to be one of my vice-presidents anymore."

tain. The longer their project persisted, the greater the dangers the team members faced: the sheer bulk of their expanding hoard rendered them ever more susceptible to discovery. And it is no exaggeration to suggest that discovery in this case could have had fatal consequences.

But their secrecy held, they didn't get caught, and over a period of three years they managed to collect more than a million pages of documentation —in fact, "the total universe of documents in the archives," as Wright subsequently observed. The complete project required three additional years; that is, three years passed before the investigators were ready to suddenly publish their summary report, entitled "Brasil: Nunca Mais," or "Brazil: Never Again." (An American edition was recently issued by Vintage/Random House under the title "Torture in Brazil.") But the core of the achievement—the foundation for all the subsequent work—was right here, in this room, in these file boxes. More than thirty people eventually participated in the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" project, and yet to this day they had all managed to keep their identities secret (all except Cardinal Arns and Jaime Wright, who had agreed to serve as front men for the enterprise following the publication of the book), and the authorities still had no idea where these duplicate archives were housed.

I'd gone down to São Paulo with the intention of interviewing as many of the project's participants as I might be able to track down—making sure to promise them that I would rigorously safeguard their anonymity—and I had been having a certain amount of success. Several of those conversations came back to me now as Jaime Wright showed me around the archives, opening file boxes at random and reading out descriptions of episodes of torture. (For example, the testimony of José Milton Ferreira de Almeida, a thirty-one-year-old engineer from Rio who had described, during his 1976 hearing, how he and some of his fellow-prisoners were subjected to torture while slung out on a so-called "parrot's perch . . . a collapsible metal structure which consisted of two triangles of galvanized tubing, of which one of the corners had two half-moons cut out, on which the victims were hung; the tubing was placed beneath their knees and between their hands, which were tied and brought up to their knees." Farther on in this particular testimony, the military judge had instructed the stenographer to record Mr. Ferreira de Almeida's contention that, thus strapped, he was repeatedly given electric shocks, and that "a hose with running water was inserted in his nostrils, and in his mouth, and he involuntarily breathed in every time he received an electric shock.") For a long time, I was unable to understand why the military judges had had the stenographers write any of this stuff down in the first place, let alone why the military archivists had chosen to preserve the transcripts once they had been recorded. For that matter, I was finding it hard imagining what those trials must have been like at all.

IN the days before my visit to the archives, I'd taken my sense of baffled curiosity to several of the lawyers who had defended these sad, tormented prisoners at one time or another before the military courts. "First of all, you have to understand that military justice had two phases," one of the lawyers explained to me. (Even they were reluctant to have me identify them by name, in view of the precari-

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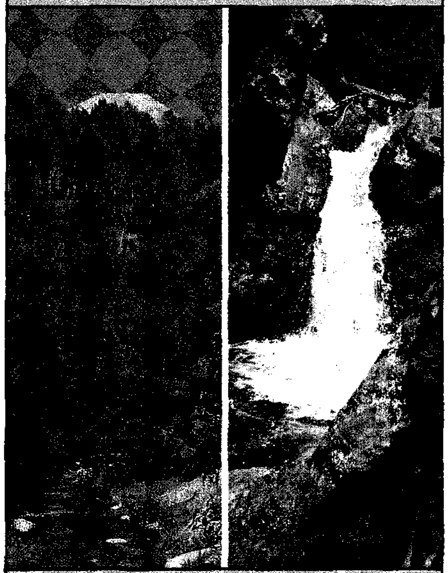

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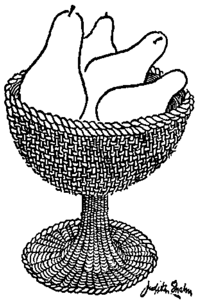
ousness of the Brazilian political situation and the probability that a reëmpowered military would look less than favorably on their having described its workings in detail.) "A suspect would be arrested or abducted by one of the various security units—the D.O.I. or the OBAN, or whatever—and held incommunicado for weeks, or even months." (The OBAN, or Operação Bandeirantes—named in honor of the *bandeiras*, who were historical Brazilian explorers and treasure hunters—originally evolved in São Paulo as an extralegal enterprise, only semi-officially related to the military, although it was in fact staffed by security personnel from all the military branches and also by police. Funded by contributions from local businessmen and multinational corporations, including Ford and General Motors, the OBAN, because of its extralegal status, had great flexibility and impunity with regard to methods of interrogation, and its "successes" in battling "subversion" meant that, from 1970 on, its structure served as a model for the creation of D.O.I.-C.O.D.I. units—Information Operations Detachment/Center for Internal Defense Operations—which then sprang up all around the country, under a centralized Army command.) "During that time, the suspect would be brutally tortured, and, presumably toward the end, forced to sign some sort of written confession," this lawyer continued. "Except for the confession, no record was kept of those proceedings. The D.O.I and the OBAN, I assure you, weren't taking any notes. Only after the security unit had finished with a prisoner would it hand him over to the military courts for processing, and only then could we, as lawyers, get access to our clients."



Another lawyer told me, "Normally, our first contact would come at the police station to which our client had been transferred. Usually, we'd meet in a small room with two policemen present, listening, though technically they weren't allowed to be there, even according to the rules of military justice—they just wouldn't leave. You could often see the physical evidence of torture. You'd quietly, cautiously try to get the prisoner to tell what had happened. Sometimes prisoners would just sit there crying—unable to do anything but cry. Sometimes they'd refuse to speak. Once in a while, they'd whisper, 'I was tortured, but don't tell anyone or they'll torture me again—they said so.' Or they'd be reluctant to denounce the torture because they hoped that such forbearance would earn them greater leniency from the judges. Some of the lawyers themselves advised such tactics. We, however, would urge them to denounce the torture—'There can be no defense of human rights without denunciations of violations,' we'd say—but often the prisoners just couldn't go through with it. One had to be really brave to do so."

The "Brasil: Nunca Mais" project's tabulations revealed that denunciations of torture occurred in some twenty-five per cent of the cases in their files. I asked one lawyer what percentage of the clients he represented had in fact undergone torture, whether or not they denounced it. "As far as physical torture goes—beatings, drowning, shocks, that sort of thing—*not* everyone went through that," he replied. "But there were cases in which a person would be kidnapped from his home in the middle of the night, taken to an unknown place, kept there for three months, and forced to listen to people's screams every night, and then, even though he himself had suffered no violence, he'd sign a confession. And there were cases in which they'd arrest the man's wife in front of him and drag her away, without touching him, and he'd sign a confession. It depends on how you define torture."

Well, I suggested, what if you define torture as any form of coercion which compels someone to confess to something he would otherwise not have confessed to?

"O.K.," the lawyer replied. "By that definition, all my clients were tortured."

The prisoners would be brought before a standard military tribunal, consisting of five judges: four military officers without any legal background, who were on temporary assignment, and one civilian—the *togado*, or "robe-wearer"—who was a judge. Also in the room would be the prosecutor and the defense lawyer, both of whom were civilians; the defendant; and the court stenographer. The proceedings were technically open to the public, but they took place in military buildings and one had to leave one's I.D. at the entrance. I asked a lawyer whether people would come in off the street to observe the trials. "Never," he replied. "They wouldn't even walk on the same side of the street."

Before the trial got under way, the prosecutor would enter the defendant's signed confession in the record. This was in itself a violation of the Code of Military Justice, which, like the Brazilian civilian code, stipulated that only uncoerced confessions given in person before the judges were considered admissible as evidence. At the trial, the defendant might renounce his confession, saying that it had been coerced by torture. "The judges would then invariably all make disgusted faces," one of the lawyers recalled, "scowling, and saying, 'Don't write it down—it's a lie.' " The defense lawyer would appeal to the president of the court (the senior of the five justices), and the president would thereupon dictate, in his own words, a summary of the defendant's testimony. "Sometimes that summary was extremely sketchy," the lawyer recalled. "The defense lawyer would then insist on a more thorough transcription. Sometimes we'd have to insist very hard, and sometimes even that wouldn't work. But in a later phase of the proceedings the defendant would be asked if he had anything more to say, and we'd have prepared him to say yes and present the court with a written version of the denunciation, which then had to be entered in the record."

I asked one lawyer what impact such denunciations had on the progress of a case.

"Once in a while, some of the judges were shaken," I was told. "Once in a while, they ordered a corroborating medical exam. But usually the denunciation had no mitigating impact on sentencing at all. In fact, in some cases it only inflamed the judges. 'The defendant is not happy just to be a subversive,' they might declare. 'He insists on further abusing the law by showing contempt for the court with his filthy lies.' "

In any event the verdict would always be appealed to the Supreme Military Court, in Brasília, by the losing side. That body consisted of fifteen judges—four generals, three Air Force commanders, three admirals, and five civilians—ranged behind a horseshoe-shaped bench. " 'Mules' justice,' we'd end up telling each other, when, as usual, they ruled against us," one lawyer said.

The defendant himself would not be present at these proceedings—only his

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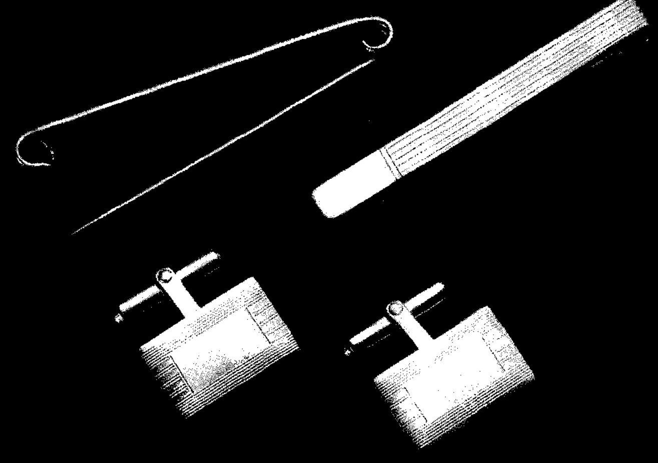

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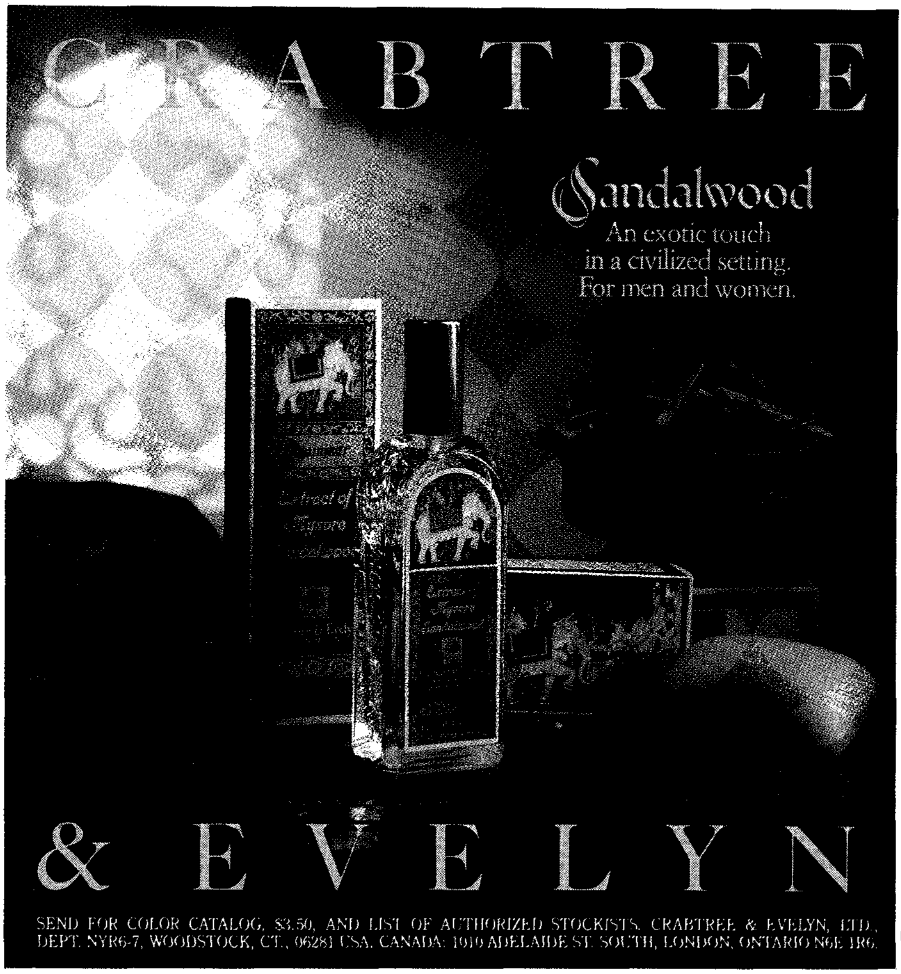
lawyer. “The judges on the Supreme Court had life appointments,” another lawyer explained. “They’d sit at their horseshoe bench, with the president of the court—who was elected by his fellows every few years—at the base of the U, the youngest, newest members to his left, and then the older members coming up on the right side, the most senior sitting directly to his right. The more junior members of the court, who had more recent nonjudicial military exposure, tended to be the most hard-line. We’d pitch our arguments to the more senior ones, who, as time passed, tended to distance themselves more and more from their purely military identifications. One judge in particular seemed open to our denunciations of torture—he would ask for more information, and so forth. He was never elected by his fellows to the court’s presidency, he stopped getting invited to the group’s Christmas dinners, and when his daughter, fairly late in the dictatorship—in 1981—scored first in the state bar exam, she was denied employment as a judge or a prosecutor. She has since become active in the human-rights movement.”

One lawyer said, “The Supreme Military Court Building in Brasília was a strange place. Its modernist façade with blue-tinted glass made you think when you were inside looking out that it was perpetually raining. It was inaugurated during the presidency of Emílio Médici”—between 1969 and 1974, the period when torture was at its worst—“and the judges had only reluctantly transferred to Brasília from their much more comfortable quarters in Rio. In fact, they’d transferred their quarters with them, so that inside this modern glass shell everything was antique, dark wood, neocolonial. Hanging on the wall above the place where the court president sat in the public hearing room was a large crucifix. All the military tribunals were overseen, as it were, by crucifixes, but this one, which the judges had brought up with them from Rio, was especially ornate, and portrayed Christ’s death agony with exceptionally gruesome realism. It proved quite a presence during much of the testimony.”

I asked the lawyers I talked to, and other observers, why the judges had allowed the denunciations of torture to be entered in the record and then allowed the records to be preserved. Some of the lawyers couldn’t comprehend my question. “What do you mean?” they’d counter. “It was the



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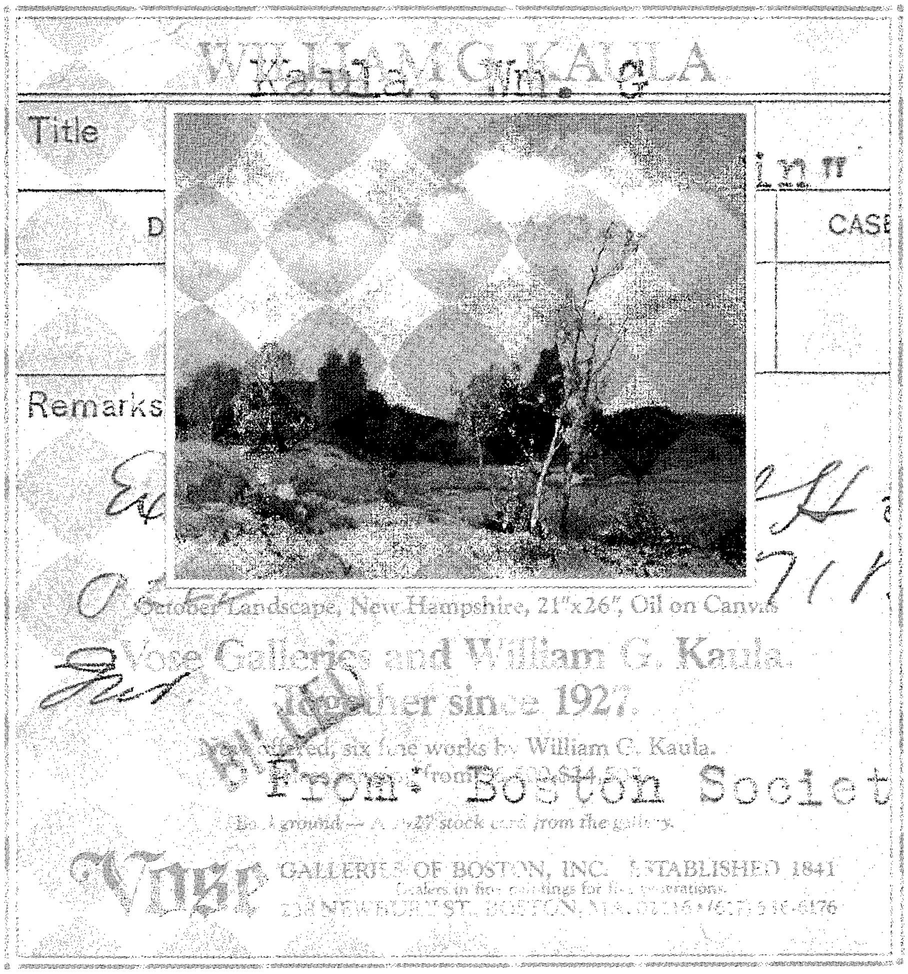

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"That was a line from your first marriage, wasn't it?"

• •

law—they had to." Alfred Stepan, a noted Brazilianist, who is the dean of Columbia University's School of International and Public Affairs, had explained to me back in New York, before my trip, "Record keeping like that is part of a long Iberian tradition of thoroughly recording acts of state, which, as acts of state, could not by definition be viewed as suspect or illegal. England and the United States, by contrast, are at the bottom of the list of states that require charters and records for everything. The Iberians have a strong tradition of the state's noting, monitoring, recording."

"If the judges had refused to enter the denunciations in the record, the defense attorneys would have probably just got up and left," one lawyer suggested. "The judges didn't want things to descend to the level of farce. There was a sense of minimum obligation. But recording the testimony was as far as it went. They hardly ever pursued an investigation of the charges, launched prosecutions against repeatedly mentioned torturers, or altered the outcome of cases." Somebody else told me, "There's a common Brazilian expression—'For friends, everything. For enemies, justice.' They didn't think they were doing anything wrong."

Ralph Della Cava, another Brazilianist, who teaches at Queens College and spends much of his time in Brazil, said, "Remember, all this was occurring in a broader context, in which the military were all along reluctant to make a final break with the previous constitutional order. They saw themselves as the protectors of one interpretation, anyway, of its continuity. Even when they were ruling by decree, there were various constitutions still in varying degrees of effect. They even continued to permit political parties. I mean, they defined which political parties would be allowed and what they'd be allowed to advocate, but they didn't ban them outright. For some reason, that façade was important to them."

"They never dreamed that any of this would be used against them," Jaime Wright commented. "They never imagined they'd ever lose power."

"They were like the Nazis," another of my informants said. "They imagined that they were laying the groundwork for a civilization that would last a thousand years—that, far from having to justify themselves for occasional lapses, they would be celebrated by all posterity for the breadth of their achievement."

"The Brazilian military are very efficient," I was told. "They always keep records. There are records for rebellions going back to the eighteen-hundreds and the seventeen-hundreds, although many of them are in archives in the United States, spirited off like the Elgin marbles. Of course, more recently the military have destroyed such records whenever they were leaving power. They did so in 1945, for instance."

One of the lawyers said, "The judges no doubt assumed that the same thing would happen this time that happened in 1945—the records would all be burned, and they themselves, of course, would be immune. In fact, the records probably would have been destroyed this time, too, if not for the 'Brasil: Nunca Mais' project. It's surprising that they were still around as late as 1979. Probably the military people were waiting till power was transferred to a civilian legislature, over which they would still have had considerable influence, and which they could have pressured to pass some sort of classified-archives law, wherein all top-secret papers of a certain sort would be reviewed and destroyed every two years—something like that."

"Face it," another of the lawyers advised me. "Dictatorships are men's creations, and they, too, make mistakes."

AT the archives, Jaime Wright was continuing to open the file boxes at random and read out testimony. (For instance, that of a twenty-year-old journalist from Rio, Miriam de Almeida Leitão Netto, who contended at her 1973 hearing, according to her judge's paraphrase, "that despite her being pregnant at the time and her torturers being aware of it, she was left without food for several days, and that the persons conducting the interrogations let dogs and snakes loose on her," and so forth.) "Here is an interesting and especially valuable offshoot of the main project," Wright said, pointing out six gray metal filing cabinets. He opened a few of the drawers, revealing a sequence of manila folders, numbered 1 through—he slid open the last drawer—10,170. "The military prosecutors would enter all sorts of tangential confiscated documents as evidence during their inquests of the various leftist groups," he explained. "Pamphlets, manifestos, booklets, correspondence. So, as we were collating our million pages, we removed the photocopies of all such documents and gathered them together here. This, therefore, constitutes without doubt the world's most complete archive of literature and ephemera produced by the Brazilian left during the sixties and seventies. Even the Supreme Military Court doesn't have anything to match this collection, since there the documents are all scattered among the seven thousand different cases." The collection is indexed and cross-referenced, according to five different classification schemes.

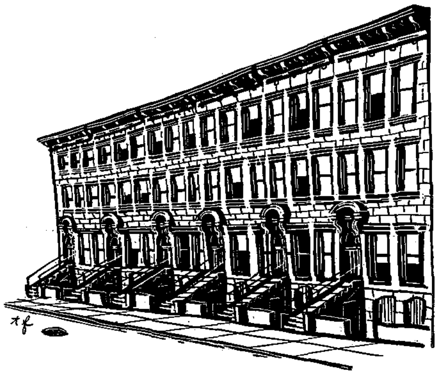
"Over here," he continued, taking me around to the other side of the storeroom, "are our two computers." They were desk-top models. "And then over here is a copy of the initial report we were able to generate using them. Project A, we called it."

Project A is a comprehensive, 6,946-page survey of the material in the million pages. It was essentially put together by three of the principal coördinators of the entire "Brasil: Nunca Mais" project and constitutes the core of their achievement. It includes more than a hundred and twenty statistical tables and also exhaustive lists in several subject categories. It consists of twelve volumes, bound in black leather, and has been published in a run of thirty complete sets. One set will be housed at Columbia University; another will be available at the World Council of Churches headquarters in Geneva, which already has a complete set of the million pages in microfilm; and there will be a complete set in the library of each of the major universities throughout Brazil.

"Here, for example," Wright said, reaching toward the shelf, "are three volumes—let's see, twenty-seven hundred pages—collectively entitled 'As Torturas,' 'The Tortures.' These contain the verbatim transcripts of all eighteen hundred and forty-three denunciations of torture found in the collection. Each entry is headed with a box giving the name of the victim and denouncer (for instance, this one, No. 1635, is Rosalina Madeira Wetten), along with occupation (in her case, *dona de casa*, housewife), age (sixty-one), year of trial and denunciation (1977), site of torture (D.O.I.-C.O.D.I. headquarters in Rio), and then the details of where the original transcript of the testimony can be found in the archives. This woman's testimony goes on for three pages. Some are longer, some shorter." (Mrs. Wetten, a heart patient, had been kidnapped by four strangers while on an errand on behalf of her diabetic daughter—who, incidentally, was kidnapped the next day in a separate incident. Mrs. Wetten was forced into a car, hooded, taken to a cell and forced to undress in front of five male strangers. She found this particularly humiliating: a shy woman, she told the court that she didn't even undress in front of her husband. She was compelled to stand for hours without being offered food or drink, submitted to some sort of mechanical torture which left her scarred, and then eventually taken out of the cell and dumped in a strange neighborhood.)

Setting those volumes aside and reaching for another, Wright said, "Here is a volume called 'Os Atingidos,' 'The Victims.' This one contains over three hundred pages of computer readouts listing the names of seventeen thousand four hundred and twenty people who were caught up in the military-justice system in one way or another. We've divided them into four categories: those charged and taken to court (it is exclusively from this group that we've been able to extract the transcribed denunciations); those charged but not taken to court; witnesses who were arrested but not themselves charged; and others, not necessarily witnesses, who were arrested and required to depose." Each single-line entry lists an individual's name, sex, age, occupation, group or party affiliation, and "Brasil: Nunca Mais" case number, and gives a brief history of his or her case's transit through the military-justice system. There were about sixty entries per page. Some names appeared more than once; this meant that those people had been subjected to more than one inquisition. The military justices in Brazil apparently didn't subscribe to the doctrine of double jeopardy.

"This," Wright said, taking down another volume, "is 'Os Funcionários,' 'The Bureaucrats.' Again, these are simply computer readouts,



divided into several categories. First come the torturers. Here we have about a thousand entries, but many of them are multiple listings—versions of the same name appearing in several denunciations. That's what these brackets along the side indicate. For instance, here is this fellow Ailton, a real monster—he shows up more than twenty times. Each entry provides the rank, service, and name as they were listed in the denunciation, the site of the torture, the year, the number of the denunciation (that refers to the eighteen hundred and forty-three verbatim transcripts in the first three volumes), the 'Brasil: Nunca Mais' case number, and then, over here, whenever we were able to ascertain it through additional research, the torturer's full name and identification. All told, there are four hundred and forty-four different names. Other lists in this volume document all those who participated in arrests, roundups, and investigations; those who were in charge of investigations; the medical examiners . . . Now, that's an interesting list—doctors who either participated in torture or signed death certificates. We don't give out this list, because it can be misleading. Some of these doctors were faithful to their Hippocratic oath and did not collaborate; if they were required to perform an autopsy, for example, they accurately recorded the cause of death—something a lot of doctors did not do. Others were especially notorious—this Isaac Abramovitc, for instance, or this Harry Shibata. Their names, as you can see, just keep showing up again and again. Let's see, other categories: lists of collaborators and informers; lists of all the members of repressive organizations, federal and state; those who acted as court recorders, stenographers . . .

"Here, look at this! Fascinating names keep popping up. Here we have Dulcidio Wanderley Boschilia, a first sergeant serving as court recorder in the São Paulo district in 1971 and 1972. Today, he's one of the top soccer referees in the country. There was a big item in the paper about him. He's a good referee, too; the military training helped. There was no way he could have avoided serving as a court reporter—it was just his assignment, and in itself it wasn't anything bad. In fact, as I recall, he was a good stenographer.

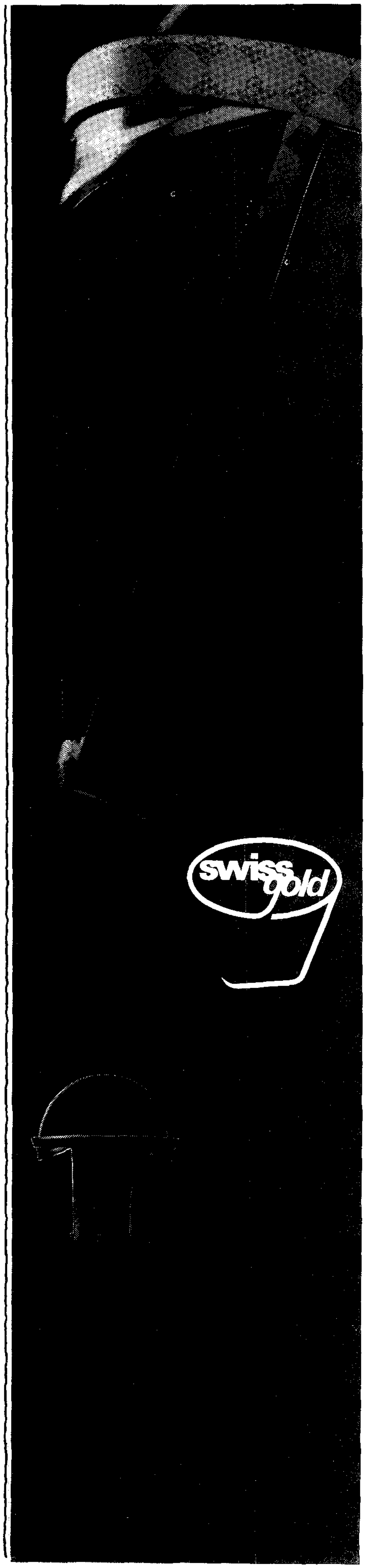
"Let's see, what else? Oh, yes, finally, a list of all the judges in the military courts. I had to type the page numbers on all these pages, and some names would just catch my eye. Now, keep in mind that for officers to be eligible to serve as judges they had to have attended military school, and that means that they often came from military families, and the families often revealed something of their politics in their choice of children's names. So, here, look at this one, a Navy lieutenant commander—Hitler de Oliveira Mota. Or this one, an Army major—Mussoline da Silveira Soares."

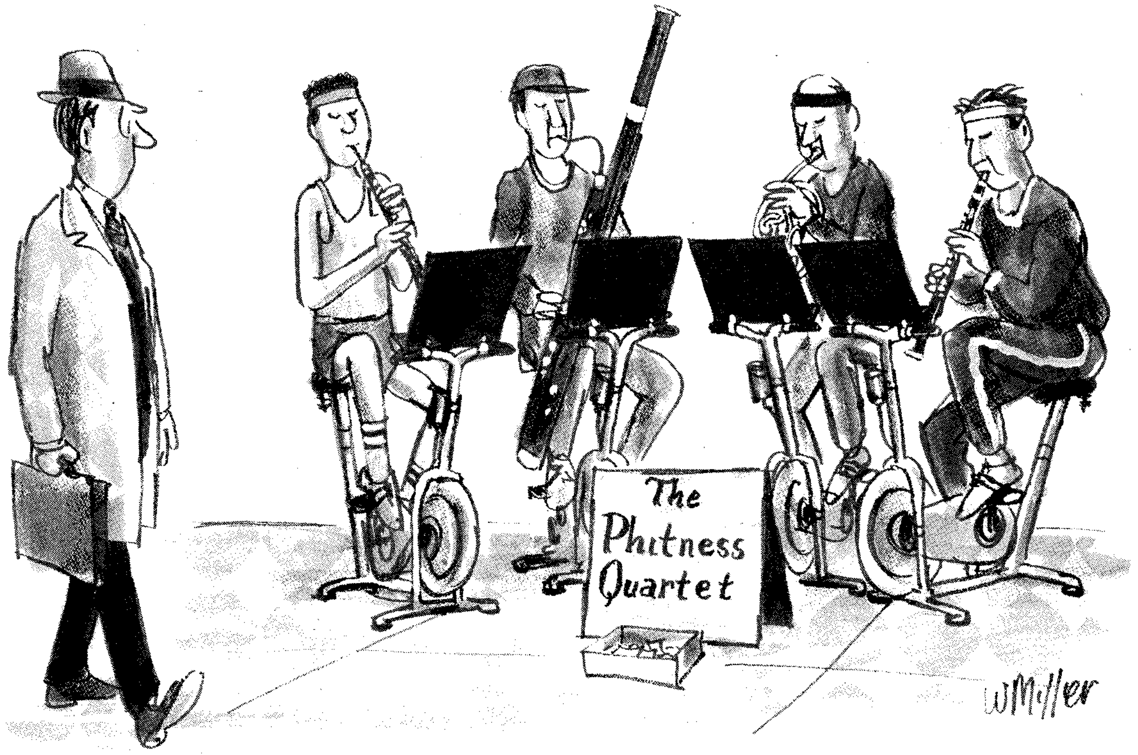
Wright reached for another volume, entitled "Perfil dos Atingidos," "Profile of the Victims." "Here we've analyzed the ideology, group affiliations, and professions of the victims. This volume is more descriptive—it's not just lists. It includes a remarkable piece of work—a long historical survey that culminates in this chart here, 'An Organogram of the Left,' which documents the progressive fragmentation of the left, in the face of government repression, into close to fifty factions and subfactions." The chart looked something like a gaga family tree, with each branch dated and leading to another initialled subgroup, with its own abbreviated destiny. No, what it actually looked like was spilt mercury. Wright said, "If there's any humor in the project, I suppose it's in this section—all the petty faction fights. But it's a dark humor. You can imagine how effective they might have been if they had stayed united. Instead, it was no contest—the regime had an overwhelming advantage."

Wright pulled down another volume—"Os Mortos," "The Dead." "Here we have each recorded instance in which someone testified about the death of a political activist or prisoner. These deaths were often officially attributed to car accidents or attempted escapes, but this testimony shows that the deaths were more often than not the result of torture." Wright flipped through the pages. "A hundred and forty-four cases." He paused when he came to three brief transcript excerpts devoted to the fate of his own brother—Paulo Stuart Wright, a Christian student activist who became a state legislator, had his mandate revoked in the wake of the coup in 1964, went underground, continued to organize the poor, and was kidnapped and "disappeared" in 1973. (It was while desperately seeking information on his brother's fate that Jaime Wright had first made contact with Cardinal Arns.) In the back of the volume was an appendix listing a hundred and twenty-five people who had disappeared and whose fate was not documented in any way.

Wright reached for yet another volume. "This one consists of a detailed statistical survey of all the different types of torture found among our base of eighteen hundred and forty-three denunciations. We were able to isolate two hundred and eighty-three different types of torture. They're listed in alphabetical order in this chart, along with rate of incidence, and then subdivided by type. There's moral/psychological, general physical, and physical specific, which is subdivided into sexual; electrical; with instruments for cutting or burning; with mechanical instruments, such as the '*coroa de Cristo*,' or 'Christ's crown,' in which a metal band is squeezed tighter and tighter about the victim's forehead until the skull cracks; edge-of-death tortures, such as drowning; and combined tortures, as when a person was doused with water in order to heighten electrical conductivity. And then there are the atypical tortures—cockroaches inserted in the anus, being forced to ingest large quantities of salt and then denied water for several days, being forced to drink one's own urine, seeing one's child dangled outside an upper-story window with the threat to let go.

"Our people broke down the denunciations in all sorts of ways. By sex: fourteen hundred and sixty-one male; three hundred and eighty-two female. By age: four hundred and ninety-five between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-five; four hundred and forty-two between twenty-six and thirty; twenty-seven denunciations by individuals over sixty. We've got a chart of the types of torture broken down by age and by sex. We've compiled a list of the sites where torture took place—we were able to identify two hundred and forty-two such places in all—broken down by state and by security organization in charge. Sometimes I wonder how our team was able to do all this in just a few years. We've got incidence of torture by year. As you can see, 1969 and 1970 were by far the worst: over a thousand in each year." (There were denunciations that involved tortures taking place in several years, and also some that testified to the tortures of others besides the defendant.) "But there were already two hundred and three as early as 1964, and there were five hundred and





eighty-five as late as 1975, when the liberalization was supposed to have been well under way. Also, you get some strange statistical bulges. Here you can see that disappearances actually went *up* once the *abertura* started—probably partly because the security services despaired of having their victims handled in the old-fashioned way by the courts, with outright repression waning, but also because there were incriminating witnesses who now had to be eliminated. And then we've got an extraordinary sequence of charts that take particular torture centers—for instance, this chart here, on the notorious Rio headquarters of the D.O.I.-C.O.D.I—and break up the denunciations of torture by year, vertically, and type, horizontally. So you can see that at that location electric shocks, for example, were at their peak in 1970 but sexual violations didn't reach their peak until 1977."

Wright paused for a moment, gazing at the stack of volumes he'd piled up. "It's as if the team members wrung every last piece of information out of the material"—his hands squeezed an imaginary sponge—"so that there wouldn't be any possibility of an original angle for future researchers."

Yes, that was how it was. But something else about the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" project's thoroughness struck me—or, rather, not so much about the thoroughness as about the manner of presentation. It was almost as if through the pristine elegance of the way they marshalled their exhaustive data the team members had imagined they might somehow be able to overmaster the horror.

As Project A ballooned to its 6,946 pages and twelve volumes, the coördinators of the enterprise realized that a more succinct summary volume would have to be prepared—a Project B, as they took to calling it—and that it would have to be drafted by experienced writers, which none of them were. Late in 1983, therefore, they decided to approach two practicing journalists for assistance on this phase of the operation. I got a chance to speak with one of the journalists.

We met in the newsroom of one of the major papers in São Paulo, where he works, and sat huddled over to one side throughout the interview, just out of earshot of his busy colleagues. "It's hard for me to remember a lot of this," he said, "because the stories you remember are the ones you tell over and over, and I never tell any of these."

I asked him how he'd joined the project.

"One day, late in 1983, I was invited to a private meeting with the Cardinal at his home," he recalled. "I'd covered church activities, so I was known to him. He explained the situation to me—how this material had been collected, and how he especially wanted to find a way of conveying its significance to the young. He described what he and his colleagues were looking for, and he arranged for me to be taken to the storehouse and shown the material—which I was, a few days later. A second journalist was approached and, following similar interviews, invited to participate. We were given a month to review the material, at the end of which we were to present a proposed chapter outline and a schedule for completing the writing. And, of course, we were told to keep everything an absolute secret."

I asked the journalist about his initial reaction.

"I was utterly astonished at the existence of the archives and amazed that the team members had been able to keep the project a secret thus far; I was overwhelmed by the sheer amount of the material; I was frightened, as a human being; and, as a journalist, I was exhilarated."

The two journalists developed an initial outline consisting of twelve chapters and then divided up the work, each taking on the writing of six. "We had agreed that we would keep our old jobs, so as not to arouse suspicion," the journalist explained. "This meant that I was able to work on the book only at home, after ten at night. The year 1984 was an extraordinarily interesting one for a political reporter—perhaps the most exciting in Brazil since the imposition of the dictatorship, what with all the maneuvering leading toward an electoral college's selection of the first civilian President, set for January, 1985. As a journalist, I was covering all that. Reporter friends would come over after work to jabber and gossip about all the excitement, but, come ten o'clock, I'd plead drowsiness and push them out. 'How can you be sleepy at a

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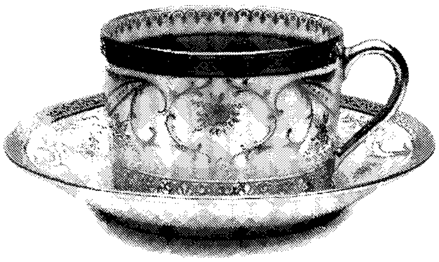

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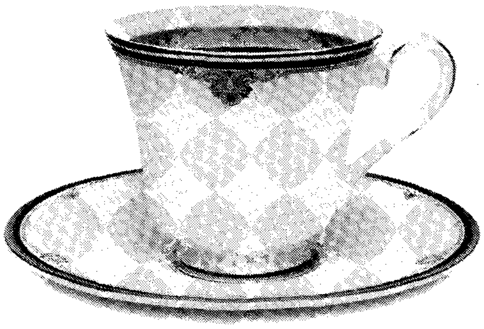

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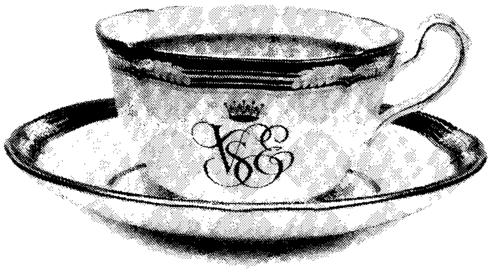

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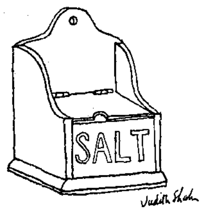
time like this?' they'd want to know.

"I immersed myself in the material. It was a very strange time. The country was opening up, and there was a sense of buoyancy and optimism. But I was still back there in the period of darkest, most claustrophobic gloom. Friends couldn't understand why I was always so anguished. As a journalist, I had known that some of this was going on, but I'd had no idea of the depth and the systematic nature of the violence. I was constantly haunted, as I went through the material, by that sense of 'What if I'd been in this person's situation?' I'd been a student during the sixties, I'd been politically concerned. A few minor changes in my life and it could well have been me making those denunciations. In fact, it's just a fluke that it wasn't. I was eaten up by the testimony of people whose children had been tortured as a way of getting at them, and by the stories of people who had just happened to get in the way, to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. I started having nightmares every night. My whole personality changed, partly because of the morbidity of everything I was studying, but also because of my having to keep it all a secret. I'm ordinarily a fairly open, outgoing person, so the secrecy was especially warping. The Cardinal was paying me a standard reporter's wage, but I ended up plowing it all back into psychotherapy."

I asked him whether he had discussed the project with his wife, and he said no.

"I have several kids and they were all pre-teen-age at the time," he said. "They'd ask me what was I doing, and I'd say, 'Writing a book,' and they'd ask, 'About what?' I'd say, 'Oh, it's related to the Church,' and they'd change the subject. I kept the manuscript extremely well hidden—sometimes too well. I'd occasionally be sent off on reporting assignments. Once, I came back and I'd hidden the manuscript so well I couldn't find it for two days. I became convinced that it had been confiscated."



The two journalists turned each chapter in as they went along. Jaime Wright later told me how, as each chapter arrived, the project's leaders would convene a meeting and read the chapter aloud to each other. "My specific assignment was to de-adjectivize the text—to take out any words that might indicate an ideological position or betray a lapse in balance," Wright recalled. "I subsequently reported to the Cardinal that some of the adjectives had nevertheless slipped through, and he smiled, and said, 'Well, we have to show our feelings, too.' "

My interview with the journalist was coming to its end. He told me that they had completed the manuscript during the early fall of 1984 but had held off even showing it to a publisher until after January of 1985, when the electoral college had in fact met—there had been considerable question up to the very end whether the military would allow it to—and nominated the united opposition's candidate, Tancredo Neves. "I wouldn't like to work on a project like that again," he said. "I hope I never have to." The tone of his voice, however, left little doubt that if the situation ever presented itself again he would.

We talked a bit more about the secret—how well it had held since the book's release. "I've met with the Cardinal on several occasions since then," the journalist said, "and he's never so much as broached the subject. I don't even know if he liked the job we did." We looked out over the bustling newsroom, and I asked him whether any of his colleagues now knew of his involvement. He smiled and said no.

THE way Project B was composed, chapters consisting of excerpted testimony were interleaved with chapters providing background and context. (This structure was retained in "Brasil: Nunca Mais" and its American edition.) "What happened in Brazil to produce so many acts of grim cruelty?" the report's authors thus ask after forty pages of horrifying instances. "Were these acts of inhuman hate simply the handiwork of a few insane individuals who by chance worked in official agencies?"

To answer those questions, the authors begin with a historical overview. They acknowledge that the Brazilian military displayed a propensity for intervening in civilian affairs well before 1964; and that during past interventions torture was routinely practiced in interrogations of political dissidents. However, they maintain, what happened after 1964 was different in kind. "Torture was administered to members of the political opposition on a systematic basis. Moreover, the practice was an essential component of the semi-autonomous repressive system that eventually grew out of all proportion even to the authoritarian state itself. Torture became a daily fact of Brazilian life because those sectors within the military that justified all measures for the maintenance of internal security held sway within the state apparatus."

In trying to explain how this could have come to pass, the authors put great stress on the birth, care, and feeding of the "doctrine of national security"—a process of intellectual breeding and nurturing which began at the Escola Superior de Guerra, the Higher War College, in Rio, soon after the college was founded, in 1949. The E.S.G. was launched by veterans of the F.E.B., the Brazilian Expeditionary Force, which had fought during the Second World War, under American command, in Italy. The authors quote one of the doctrine's foremost theorists, General Golbery do Couto e Silva: "The F.E.B. was not only important because of our going to Italy. Possibly more important still was the F.E.B.'s visit to the United States [on the way back]. . . . I went and my stay had a great impact on me." The report's authors further suggest that "when these officers returned to Brazil, they had been profoundly influenced by a new concept of national defense. They had learned in American war colleges that strengthening the national system against possible external attack was in fact less important than shoring up institutions against an 'internal enemy' that might be trying to undermine them."

Through the fifties, the report argues, the staff members at the E.S.G. took some of these American notions and refined and extended them with specific application to the Brazilian situation—that of an underdeveloped nation with the potential, given the proper direction, of becoming a major world power. Against a geopolitical world view that framed all internal questions in terms of the East-West rivalry—a Third World War that the E.S.G. staff believed had already begun—they not only elaborated theories of why the military might someday have to intervene to protect the country from such Communist-front subterfuges as overweening labor unions and overactive land-reform movements but also speculated in detail about how such interventions might be accomplished, and what sorts of policies a scientifically rigorous regime would want to pursue following such an intervention. The members of the E.S.G. staff were quintessential technocrats—indeed, the most intellectually sophisticated proponents of this kind of doctrine anywhere in the Americas during that decade. (In fact, it occurred to me while I was reading this "Brasil: Nunca Mais" account and others that at the very moment when a "consciousness-raising" ethos was coming into being in northeastern Brazil, during the early fifties, as part of the incipient phase of what would become "liberation theology," its antithesis, the "doctrine of national security," was being perfected in Rio; and that, for that matter, many of the debates and much of the history of the ensuing thirty years throughout the Americas—in Guatemala, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Nicaragua, El Salvador, and so forth—could be seen in embryo during this period in Brazil.)

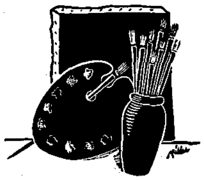
The Brazilian military flirted with the possibility of a coup several times during the fifties and the early sixties but pulled back on each occasion. However, the ascension to the Presidency in 1961 of João Goulart, a progressive nationalist intent on various schemes for land, education, and labor reform, quickened the pace of events. Goulart's intentions were resoundingly affirmed when he won a landslide victory in a 1962 national plebiscite, by a margin of four to one, but the political situation continued to deteriorate, as did the economy. The "Brasil: Nunca Mais" authors suggest that (partly in response to a growing clamor from the Catholic hierarchy) high military officers, leading financial and industrial figures, the upper class in general, and, presently, the middle class as well were all radicalizing quite precipitately on their own, but that "the readiness of the United States to collaborate in the planned coup was the final signal that spurred to action those generals interested in overthrowing President Goulart." The report's authors cite various secret American initiatives designed to further destabilize the already precarious political and economic situation (this story has been traced in compelling detail in A. J. Langguth's remarkable book "Hidden Terrors"), and they particularly highlight the clandestine activities of the American Embassy's military attaché at the time, who had been the United States Army liaison officer to the F.E.B. back in Italy—Lieutenant Colonel Vernon Walters.

In his memoirs, "Silent Missions," Walters, for his part, acknowledges having paid frequent calls on his close wartime buddy General Humberto Castello Branco in the months preceding the coup that culminated in Castello Branco's being named the first President of the new military order. Walters also tells of being invited to a private luncheon with Castello Branco the day after his inauguration, and describes how, three years later, he and Castello Branco shared a "last supper" the night before Castello Branco ceded Presidential authority to a new general. But he insists that during this time he never gave Castello Branco any advice on Brazilian internal affairs, and, indeed, that the subject never came up. Langguth paints a markedly different picture, documenting in considerable detail the intense and varied activities of both Walters and his boss, United States Ambassador Lincoln Gordon, aimed initially at undermining Goulart's authority and then at coördinating military opposition to his regime. On the night of March 27th, for example—half a week before the April 1st coup—Walters was cabling assurances to the State Department that General Castello Branco had "finally accepted leadership of forces determined to resist Goulart coup or Communist takeover." (The insurgent generals and their American allies would contort themselves into all sorts of linguistic knots—speaking of "superversion," rather than "subversion," and "overmining," instead of "undermining"—in attempts to account for how a constitutionally empowered and overwhelmingly reaffirmed President needed to be prevented from undertaking a coup against himself.) A few days later, top C.I.A., State Department, and Defense Department officials in Washington were cabling back with highly detailed questions regard-

"Better late than never, eh, Herb?"

• •

ing the impending coup: "What plans are there for interdicting possible 'breakout' of First Army from Rio? We assume interdiction should occur in the escarpment area on road between Rio and São Paulo and also on road between Rio and Belo Horizonte . . . Would it be necessary for U.S. to mount large matériel program to assure success of takeover?" Just in case, a hundred-and-ten-ton package of arms and ammunition was massed at McGuire Air Force Base, in New Jersey, ready for immediate airlift to Brazil should Gordon deem such assistance necessary. A United States carrier task force was also dispatched toward the South Atlantic. Meanwhile, back in the American Embassy in Rio, on March 31st officials received a prearranged code signal from the insurgent officers: "The balloon is up!" Early the next day, Ambassador Gordon gathered Walters and a few other members of his "executive action group" together in his heavily secured eighth-floor office to wait out the impending carnage. That carnage, however, never occurred, because President Goulart declined to fight: "I don't want to be responsible for bloodshed among Brazilians," he declared. By April 2nd, the coup had triumphed entirely, and Goulart soon went into exile. Walters stayed on in Brazil for another three years, and his career flourished. In 1972, President Nixon appointed him Deputy Director of the C.I.A., a position he held throughout the time, as was subsequently shown in congressional hearings, that the United States was deeply involved in covert efforts to undermine and topple President Salvador Allende in Chile. General Walters is, of course, currently the United States Ambassador to the United Nations.



The "Brasil: Nunca Mais" authors hold the United States co-responsible to a significant degree for the "doctrine of national security," its imposition on Brazil in the 1964 coup, and the growing use and increasingly effective organization of torture in Brazil thereafter. However, they also allow for specifically Brazilian contributions to the terror. "Tortures continued systematically," they quote one victim, Haroldo Borges Rodrigues Lima, a thirty-seven-year-old engineer, as testifying in 1977. "They were accompanied by threats to subject me to new and harsher torments, which were described to me in detail. They said with great pride that in this matter they owed nothing to any foreign organizations. On the contrary, they told me they were already exporting know-how on the subject."

Amplifying this theme in conversation, several of the team members told me that they felt that the Brazilians had themselves devised all sorts of tricks, such as the proper use of the parrot's perch, and the very idea of death squads (plainclothes police assassinating their foes in secret), a tactic that originated in Rio in the fifties as a means of dealing with organized petty criminals who had been managing to squeak through the notoriously corrupt criminal-justice system. (This was another instance of the Brazilian fifties' incubating the rest of the century for the rest of the continent.) According to these team members, the Brazilians and the Americans together standardized these techniques and facilitated their dissemination elsewhere —to Argentina and El Salvador and Chile and so forth.

(The report of Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín's National Commission on the Disappeared, "Nunca Más," which was recently published in the United States by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, explored some of this same territory in its Part Five, "The Doctrine Behind the Repression." Its authors quote one of the heads of the Argentine junta, General Leopoldo Galtieri, who in 1981 said that "the First World War was a confrontation between armies; the Second was between nations, and the Third is between ideologies. The United States and Argentina must stand together because of their common aspirations and concerns." General Ramón Camps, the commander of the Buenos Aires provincial police and a notorious torturer, in another quote drawn from 1981, suggests that there was more drawing the two nations together than mere shared aspirations and concerns: "In Argentina we were influenced first by the French and then by the United States. We used their methods separately at first and then together, until the United States' ideas finally predominated. France and the United States were our main sources of counter-insurgency training. They organized centers for teaching counter-insurgency techniques, especially in the U.S., and sent out instructors, observers, and an enormous amount of literature." The Argentine

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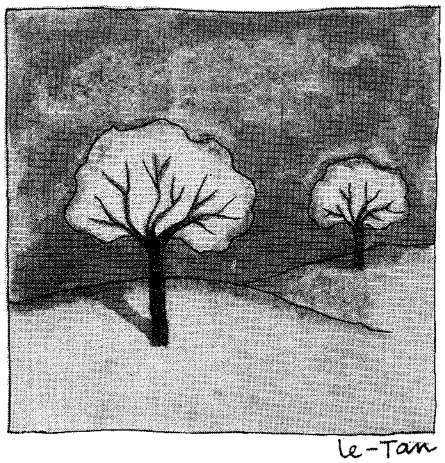
report also cited Robert McNamara, the former American Secretary of Defense, who, as early as 1963, had testified before Congress: "The best return on our investment in military aid probably comes from the training of selected Army officers and key specialists in our military academies and training centers in the U.S. and abroad. These students are carefully selected by their countries so that they in turn become instructors when they go home. They are the leaders of the future, the men who have the skills and will instruct their own armed forces. I don't need to dwell on the value of having people in positions of power who have firsthand knowledge of how we think and act in the United States. For us having these friends is invaluable." Shortly afterward, at the time of Lyndon Johnson's swearing in, McNamara addressed this theme again: "Our primary objective in Latin America is to aid, wherever necessary, the continual growth of the military and paramilitary forces, so that together with the police and other security forces, they may provide the necessary internal security." These two McNamara quotations are particularly striking in light of the proximity of their dates to the 1964 Brazilian coup.)

"The April 1964 takeover resulted in the shelving of nationalist proposals of development," the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" authors note, in an understatement. "Despite periodic minor adjustments, the economic policy imposed by the military depended on two major strategies: the concentration of income and the denationalization of the economy." They go on to explain that "denationalization of the economy in particular meant opening up all doors to foreign capital through measures such as easy credit and fiscal incentives for the establishment of multinational corporations in Brazil and the removal of obstacles to the repatriation of profits." The "Brasil: Nunca Mais" thesis in regard to the institutional need for systematic torture during the successive military regimes after 1964 is simple. The authors suggest that the "free market" (Chicago School type) economic model favored by the military's technocratic advisers required the creation of an "inviting" economic environment—reduced wages; subdued unions; quiescent peasantry; lower taxes, which inevitably led to cuts in social services; and so forth. The military and their advisers had decided that such a model was not only good for the nation but essential to its destiny; indeed, they decreed as much. However, the model evoked substantial opposition from the great masses of people whose livelihoods were going to suffer as a result of its imposition. The "doctrine of national security"—the whole body of teachings that had been promulgated for decades at the E.S.G.—allowed the military to dismiss such opposition as fundamentally antithetical to the "national interest," and to move actively toward its suppression.

The "Brasil: Nunca Mais" authors acknowledge that during "the early years of the regime, from 1964 to 1968, some semblance of democratic normality was maintained," but point out that from the start formerly legitimate avenues for the expression of opposition—legislatures, the press, unions, peasant leagues, and so forth—were increasingly constricted through a succession of Institutional Acts, which forced such opposition into more and more marginal venues. By 1968, the authorities in Brazil (like those in many places around the world) were facing an increasingly angry and active opposition movement, which began to turn to factionalized but still fairly dynamic urban-guerrilla strategies. Alongside this development, by 1968 in Brazil (as elsewhere in the world) students were becoming increasingly restive. Through the 1964-68 period, the military had been relying more and more on its security services to identify and suppress the opposition, but in 1968 the "vicious cycle" of repression provoking armed resistance in turn provoking harsher repression culminated in the promulgation of Institutional Act No. 5—an act that introduced a period of what the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" authors describe as "barefaced dictatorship." In effect, what was happening was a slow-motion "coup within the coup," with the hard-liners affiliated with General Artur da Costa e Silva and (after his stroke) his successor, General Emílio Médici, wresting the Presidency and the direction of "the revolution" away from those who had surrounded the first President, Castello Branco. "When Médici took office on 30 October 1969 with the motto 'Security and Development,' he ushered in the most repressive and violent period since Brazil had become a republic," the report's authors assert. "A number of totally independent 'security organs' were created to carry out the suppression of civil liberties. In the following years, thousands of Brazilians were sent to torture, and killings by the state became routine."



Brazil did experience phenomenal growth once the generals had dampened resistance to their technocrats' policies, but the "Brazilian Miracle," as it came to be called, benefitted only the richest ten per cent of the population. Everyone else got much poorer. According to the Brazilian government's own statistics, the richest ten per cent, who in 1960 controlled almost forty per cent of the country's wealth, had by 1976 increased their share to almost sixty per cent. The share of the poorest fifty per cent went from 17.4 per cent to 13.5 per cent during the same period—a decline of almost a quarter in their already meagre share of the pie.

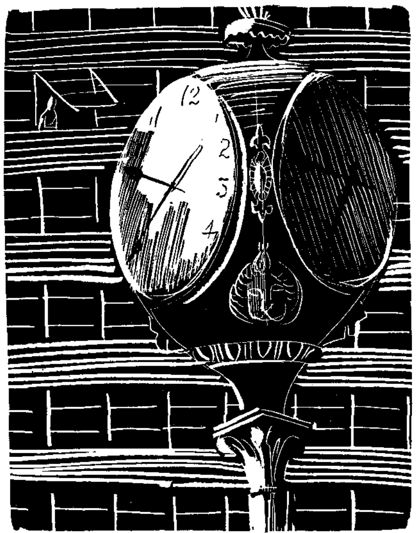
And, indeed, that was the plan. The "free market" technocrats were deliberately seeking to concentrate wealth in such a way as to generate a certain kind of growth surge, which would propel Brazil into the front ranks of World Players in the East-West rivalry. Poverty, the technocrats surmised, might be resolved later on, through some sort of trickle-down. But if so, it hasn't happened yet. Paulo Sérgio Pinheiro, a noted São Paulo newspaper columnist, summarized the situation for me by saying that according to various indicators of such things as education, housing, health care, and mortality rates, the country that Brazil most resembles in the world today is the Republic of South Africa.

As the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" report makes clear, the extensive, systematic use of torture in Brazil began to subside after 1974, when the hard-liner Médici was replaced by General Ernesto Geisel, who now launched a very gradual process of liberalization, initially known as the *distensão*, or relaxation. The report's authors emphasize the role of growing pressure from civil society in forcing the generals into that process. But others have suggested that the emphasis may belong elsewhere. Alfred Stepan of Columbia University had commented to me that "to understand the coup, and what happened afterward, you have to look at the internal dynamics of the Brazilian military as an institution—why various groups of officers at various points behaved in certain ways and how that behavior changed." (Stepan undertook precisely that sort of investigation in his 1971 book, "The Military in Politics"—which he wrote while affiliated with the Rand Corporation—and in its sequel, the forthcoming "Rethinking Military Politics: Brazil and the Southern Cone.") Elio Gaspari, the deputy director of the newsweekly *Veja*, made much the same point when I spoke with him in his offices in São Paulo.

Both Stepan and Gaspari portray the events in Brazil from 1964 through 1986 as a military revolution that escaped the control of the generals who launched it and was only subsequently recaptured by them. They point out, for example, that General Golbery, perhaps the foremost proponent and expounder of the doctrine of national security and a close ally of and adviser to General Castello Branco, the first President, was frozen out by Castello Branco's successors, the hard-liners Costa e Silva and Médici, during whose terms the security services' terror reached its highest levels; and that Golbery resurfaced only in 1973, as a close adviser to *their* successor, General Geisel, one of whose main goals was to rein in their excesses.

"There are all kinds of things wrong with torture," Gaspari said to me, "but one of the main ones is that it poisons the system. For one thing, a sort of gangrene sets in, an accumulation of peripheral debts contracted in clandestinity which can only be rewarded illegally. The agencies working extralegally inevitably start behaving illegally as well: the torturers become smugglers and blackmailers and extortionists, and no one dares to stop them. Beyond that, unless everyone in the army participates in the torture you quickly develop two kinds of soldiers in your army—combatants, who are fighting the terrorists, and bureaucrats, who see to the army's everyday functioning and continuity. A day will come when the combatant will not accept the orders of the bureaucrat. If two majors are vying for the same promotion and the bureaucrat wins, the combatant may withhold his allegiance. This leads to terrible indiscipline and institutional instability. The military traditionally launch the coup in the first place because of the institutional instability of the civilian politicians, but one of the great paradoxes is that there is never so much military indiscipline and institutional instability as during a military dictatorship, especially when part of the dictatorship is engaging in torture. Here in Brazil, we were seeing rebellions of one sort or another almost every six months."

Gaspari continued, "There were people in the military—notably Golbery and his associates—who realized that the torturers were going to have to be isolated, marginalized, and eliminated, *so as to save the Army*. Those people grew in authority—especially after 1972, when two cases in particular galvanized a change in military opinion. One was the case of a battalion commander who ended up killing two soldiers while torturing them in connection with an investigation of allegations that they had been smoking marijuana. My God, the officers began to think, we're killing our own. The other case involved an incident in which a security agent was taking sexual advantage of members of a prisoner's family who were coming in to plead on the prisoner's behalf. The agent was having sex with a female relative of the prisoner after leading her to believe that he'd intercede in some fashion on his behalf—that sort of thing. And this horrified them. It's very strange. Rape as a part of torture was perfectly O.K.: that was an effective method of investigation, a way of sparking fear which would provoke confession and elicit information—all very professional. But rape for pleasure—the very thought that the torturer could be doing anything for his own pleasure—that really shook them up. After that, the tide began to turn."



I tried some of these notions out on some of the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" people with whom I spoke, and while they agreed that there were complexities to the military's internal dynamic over which their survey had barely glossed, they also felt that the importance of those internal differences could be overstated. "Look," one of them told me. "Some people want to make this distinction between the good technocrats and the bad torturers. Castello Branco and Golbery were good; they briefly lost out to Costa e Silva and Médici who made the mess, but then Golbery and company resurfaced with Geisel and his successor João Baptista Figueiredo, and they cleaned up their own shop. But the trouble with that kind of account is that, one, Golbery was one of the foremost theorists of the doctrine of national security in the first place. Two, although torture peaked in the late sixties and early seventies under Médici, there was already a lot of it as early as 1964 under the technocrats. Three, it was in 1964 already that the technocrats established the S.N.I."—Service of National Information—"as a sort of Brazilian combination F.B.I./C.I.A., with Golbery as its first head. Now, even Golbery subsequently despaired of having created a monster in the S.N.I., this massive security pyramid with the interrogation chambers as its base. But the most important point is that that evolution was inevitable. The technocrats endorsed and enforced a particular economic plan at the outset; and they were only too happy to take credit for the economic successes of that policy in the 'Brazilian Miracle.' But they cannot then disclaim responsibility for the subsequent upsurge of the torture network that proved necessary in keeping that plan on track. So yes, there were internal distinctions to the dynamic, but, finally, the doctrine of national security that justified the coup subsequently mandated the torture."

Summing up the legacy of the doctrine of national security, the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" authors wrote: "It exposed Brazilian citizens to the arbitrary exercise of power, foisting upon the nation an imported ideology which, when applied to Brazil, produced a prolonged period of unjust social policies. In the final analysis, these policies sought to perpetuate long-standing social inequalities." The "imported ideology" in that passage, of course, refers to the role of the United States.

LATE in the fall of 1984, Cardinal Arns invited Frei Ludovico Gomes de Castro, the director of Vozes, the foremost Catholic publishing house in Brazil, to a confidential meeting. Arns told him that the manuscript he was about to hand him needed to be treated with the utmost discretion, that he would permit him to read it on condition that he discussed neither its contents nor its very existence with anyone else, and that if he then was interested in publishing it he would permit him to do so only on three conditions: that he maintain absolute secrecy in the production of the book right through the date of publication, that there be no advance publicity for the book as the date approached, and that there be no announcement whatever on the date itself and no publicity of any kind thereafter. The book was simply to start surfacing in bookstores all around the country and then take on its own life.

Frei Ludovico, who, like Arns, is a Franciscan, asked for and was granted permission to show the manuscript to just one colleague at the publishing house, another Franciscan—indeed, a former student of Arns's. This was Frei Leonardo Boff, the great theorist of liberation theology and the people's church—who, incidentally, during that very period was coming under increasingly stern scrutiny by conservatives at the Vatican. Frei Leonardo quickly reviewed the manuscript and reported to Frei Ludovico that not only would it prove to be one of the most important books in Brazilian history but henceforth there would be Brazilian history before and Brazilian history after its publication.

Frei Ludovico agreed to publish Project B under the conditions stipulated. The team decided to delay publication until after the inauguration of the civilian President-elect, Tancredo Neves, which was slated for March 15, 1985. They did not want to chance provoking the cancellation, by a suddenly spooked military, of that inauguration. They also resolved to hold off publication of the list of four hundred and forty-four torturers a while longer than publication of the book—until the renascent democracy could take somewhat firmer root. The tragic lingering illness and subsequent death of Tancredo Neves before he could assume the Presidency, and his replacement by his running mate, José Sarney, a considerably more conservative politician—in fact, one who had been a longtime ally of the military and had been selected as the united opposition's Vice-Presidential candidate only in order to widen the front's appeal—did not deter the team members from their resolve. If anything, the newly complicated historical circumstances heightened their eagerness not to let the record of the prior period fall by the wayside. They continued moving toward publication, which they now scheduled for July 15th.

Meanwhile, Cardinal Arns sent Wright to New York City on an important mission. The team members were planning to let word leak out soon after publication that the entire archives, in microfilm form, had already been transported out of the country and were safely stashed away somewhere in Europe, thereby rendering futile any efforts at confiscation. They also felt that they needed to be able to leak news, at the time of the Brazilian edition's publication, that an American edition was already under contract and in preparation, in order to forestall any peremptory efforts at censorship or outright banning of the book in Brazil.

Wright called on Robert Bernstein, a prominent New York human-rights activist, affiliated with both Helsinki Watch and Americas Watch, who also happened to be chairman of the board of Random House. Bernstein requested that Alfred Stepan give an advisory opinion, whereupon Wright delivered the manuscript in person to Stepan.

"As it happened, I was laid up in bed that week with a slipped disk," Stepan has told me. "Wright came over to my home. He seemed incredibly nervous as he described the project for me—perhaps more than he needed to be, but then again, perhaps not. He struck me as a hundred per cent dedicated, ninety per cent sure that they had indeed pulled things off, but still ten per cent worried. You can imagine—he'd been living with that tremendous anxiety for over five years. Anyhow, he left the Portuguese manuscript with me overnight, I started reading, and I found myself progres-

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sively more absorbed and, indeed, flabbergasted. I mean, I'd certainly known something of the existence of political torture in Brazil. But this was astonishing—both in terms of the nature of the evidence gathered and the fact of who had done the gathering. And the scale—this had clearly been an enormous project, and somehow they'd managed to keep it a secret. As a scholar, I'd had my thoughts, but I never expected to have them confirmed. These people had proved the systematic nature and extent of torture in Brazil. Without this book, it would have been possible to go on denying such allegations, as many had been trying to do, but after this book the facts were undeniable."

Stepan, of course, conveyed an enthusiastic recommendation to Bernstein, and Random House quietly fell in line with the developing project.

WRIGHT himself did the translation for the American edition, accomplishing much of the task in a single month of seclusion in Geneva. On one of his last days there, he called on his colleague Philip Potter, who had recently retired as the general secretary of the World Council of Churches. Potter, who had known Wright's murdered brother Paulo in his own days as a Christian youth activist, had in effect been the principal financial backer of the entire "Brasil: Nunca Mais" project, in his capacity as leader of the W.C.C. In a significant gesture of ecumenical solidarity, Potter had readily agreed to write a foreword for both the American and the Brazilian editions, to accompany Cardinal Arns's preface. Handing the foreword's typescript over to Wright, Potter now said, "You know what has been moving me so much in all this, Jaime? That finally, with this volume, we will be doing justice to your brother Paulo and the others like him."

Wright returned to São Paulo and delivered Potter's foreword to the printers. The book rolled silently on toward publication.

ON July 15, 1985, without any fanfare, copies of "Brasil: Nunca Mais" started appearing in bookstores all over Brazil. Apparently, distribution to Brasília itself was lagging behind, for on July 16th the justices of the Supreme Military Court dispatched a staff person by plane to Rio to pick up a copy. On his return, they closeted themselves, launched an extensive (and eventually fruitless) investigation into the monumental security foul-up, briefly considered invoking the dormant but still valid National Security Law in order to ban the book altogether, received word of both the upcoming American edition and the safely hidden microfilm, and decided instead to just do nothing and hope that the book's publication would pass unnoticed.

The following week, Elio Gaspari's *Veja* devoted a three-page spread to news of the mysterious book's publication. The week after that, on July 31, 1985, "Brasil: Nunca Mais" made its first appearance on the national best-seller list—at No. 1, a position it retained for the next twenty-five weeks. It has since gone through twenty printings, and as recently as April, 1987, it was still on the best-seller list. With more than two hundred thousand copies in circulation, it has become the best-selling book of nonfiction in Brazilian literary history.

THE Cardinal's personal staff, I was told, were torn in the days immediately following the book's release—astonished and admiring at their boss's extraordinary ability to keep a secret, hurt that he'd kept it from them.

THE newspapers were scrambling for fresh angles on the story. "One afternoon," the journalist who had been a co-author of Project B told me, "the reporters and the editors here at the paper were having one of our weekly story meetings, to plot new assignments. This big new sensation 'Brasil: Nunca Mais' came up in the conversation, and somebody said, 'You know what I really wish is that somebody would try to find out who put that book together and how they did it.' Someone else chimed in, 'Yeah, why don't you take a crack at it?'—speaking to me. 'You're in real tight with the Cardinal.' It was an excruciating moment for me as a journalist—to be sitting on such a scoop and to have to keep sitting on it. In fact, I ended up slouching, and slouching further—so far that I almost slid right out of my chair. But, thank goodness, the conversation soon moved on to other topics."

I ASKED the man who had coördinated the photocopying part of the operation in Brasília how he felt on the day of the book's publication.

"Relieved."

I asked him how he felt the first time he came upon a copy in a store.

"Emotional."

Did he buy it?

"No. An unsuspecting friend had already given me a copy as a gift. Afterward, several other friends gave me several other copies."

ONE day, the journalist's kids asked him what had become of the book he'd been working on. He took them aside, swore them to secrecy, and then whispered to them that the manuscript had become this "Brasil: Nunca Mais" they'd been seeing at all the bookstores. "And they've kept their promise," he told me. "They haven't told anyone, even their school friends. Every week, though, they hand me that week's copy of the newspaper, with the book's position on the best-seller list circled in red."

"THE book had less of an impact than one might have expected," Elio Gaspari commented when I interviewed him at his *Veja* offices.

I asked him whether he thought that "Brasil: Nunca Mais" was a book more bought than read.

"No," he said. "It is a book both bought and read—avidly read. No, that's not my point. Rather, it's a question of who has been reading it. People in this country over age forty bought few copies. Either they already knew all about the torture and didn't want or need to hear more, or they didn't know and didn't want to know. Furthermore—and this is fundamental—the book came out after the compromise of the élites had been sealed. The transition from military rule in 1985 was consummated only because the civilian élites in this country—personified by the politicians—had in effect already signalled to the generals that they would not delve into the past and would honor the amnesty. There was to be, in effect, a giant coverup—for the sake of the future, they all assured themselves. The appearance of the book was a definite snag in that coverup, but it didn't fundamentally alter the spirit of the politics which had initially sustained it. I think, however, that the compromise was possible for many reasons besides its obvious expediency. For one thing, here in Brazil, although there had been much torture, there hadn't been nearly as many disappearances or outright murders as there were in Argentina, for example. For another, what torture there had been was, for the

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most part, over a decade past—unlike the situation in Uruguay, for instance, where the military were torturing people right up to their abdication, in 1985. The per-capita extent of torture, for that matter, was much, much lower in Brazil than it was in Uruguay. And, perhaps most important, here in Brazil, as opposed to both Uruguay and Argentina, the military itself had played a substantial role in gradually reining in the torturers over the years since 1975—admittedly, more out of concern over the breakdown in internal discipline than out of concern for the human rights of the regime's opponents. Beyond that, large sectors of the civilian élite had at least tacitly supported the military during much of its tenure, and these people were only too happy to move on beyond such a past. At any rate, the compromise was achieved, and it now held, despite the book's publication."

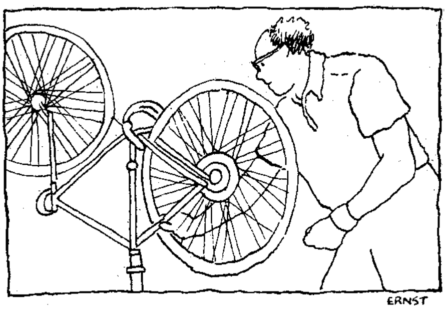
"Where the book truly had an impact," Alfred Stepan told me, "was with the young, the generation that came of age in the early seventies, for whom a whole swath of history had been suppressed as part of the repression. It seems that those were the people who bought the book in such huge numbers and made it such a cultural presence. Brazil, for all its inequalities, is in many ways a consensual society—there's a great tendency to let things pass. 'Brasil: Nunca Mais' worked against that tendency, so that even if its immediate political impact was relatively limited, it had a deep impact on how people, and especially the young, came to think about the recent past."

CARDINAL ARNS has commented that frequently on his pastoral tours through the country strangers come up to him, beaming with pride, and report, "I'm in your book—that's me on page such-and-such." They seem in some small but important way mended by the mention.

AROUND the time I was in São Paulo, in the fall of last year, one of the main characters on the country's most popular prime-time television soap opera, "Roda de Fogo" ("Wheel of Fire"), began carrying a copy of "Brasil: Nunca Mais" tucked prominently under her arm. Everyone I spoke with was eagerly anticipating the episode that was going to air shortly before Christmas, when—or so the tabloids were all proclaiming—this character was actually going to confront her former torturer.

THROUGHOUT the country, the compromise of the élites notwithstanding, grass-roots organizations calling themselves Tortura Nunca Mais began to form, addressing themselves not only to the bedevilling legacy of past political torture but also to the scandalous problem of continuing torture and mistreatment of common criminals. I was told that most precinct houses in Brazil still have electric-shock machines and that many have parrot's perches that can be set up or struck down virtually at a moment's notice. The wildly disproportionate distribution of wealth in Brazilian society, a perennial reality aggravated by twenty years of military repression, has recently led to a sharp increase in petty crime, such as theft and pickpocketing, which, in turn, has led an anxious upper middle class to range itself increasingly behind the arbitrary and often brutal authority of the police forces. The year 1985 saw more than five hundred and fifty killings by police in metropolitan São Paulo alone—an astonishing rate of well over one per day. Some victims died as they were being arrested, others from beatings routinely administered in the vans on the way to the precinct houses, others from torture administered there. In almost every instance, death was publicly attributed to the prisoner's resistance or effort at escape—just as the occasional deaths of political prisoners under military rule had been. In recent months, perhaps partly as a result of the sensation caused by "Brasil: Nunca Mais," the Brazilian press has shown growing interest in such stories, although the middle class remains much less perturbed by arbitrary violence directed against poor people than by political violence directed against middle-class students and professionals. Cardinal Arns, for his part, has been one of the leaders trying to prick the public conscience in regard to the poor.

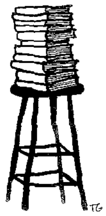
Nor was "Brasil: Nunca Mais" wholly without tangible political impact. Partly as a result of the ground swell of public awareness and revulsion which its revelations engendered, President Sarney felt compelled, on September 23, 1985, to sign the United Nations Convention Against Torture. Only fifty-seven nations have thus far signed the Convention, and only nineteen have ratified it as well. (The United States has done neither.)



THE archdiocese team waited until November 21, 1985, a few days after the first municipal elections held under the new civilian regime, to release to interested journalists its list of four hundred and forty-four torturers. The next morning, papers all over the country published the list in full, under headlines trumpeting some of the more surprising names. Many of the onetime torturers had in the meantime risen to high positions. Brazil's Ambassador to Paraguay, General Mário de Mello Mattos, was on the list, as was Carlos Alberto Brilhante Ustra, who was pulling down six thousand dollars a month as the military attaché to the Brazilian Embassy in Montevideo. Colonel Francisco Antônio Coutinho e Silva, until recently the military adviser to Jânio Quadros, the mayor of São Paulo, also made a prominent appearance on the list—a fact that provoked a sharp polemical outburst by the mayor of Brazil's largest city aimed at its archbishop. ("This is none of the Church's business," Quadros said. "I don't name priests; the Cardinal shouldn't interfere with my appointments.") Coutinho e Silva has since been promoted to the post of transportation director for the city of São Paulo.

In some places—notably the state of Rio, where the leftist Leonel Brizola (former President Goulart's brother-in-law) had been elected governor—some men whose names appeared on the list were summarily fired. In other places, during the months ahead, some men found their careers blocked: the list was occasionally consulted as promotions came under consideration. But for the most part those whose names appeared on the list retained their positions and, thanks to the amnesty, had little more to endure than the public's contempt.

Of all the names that appeared on the list, perhaps the most remarkable was that of General Octávio de Aguiar Medeiros. General Medeiros had come a long way since his days as



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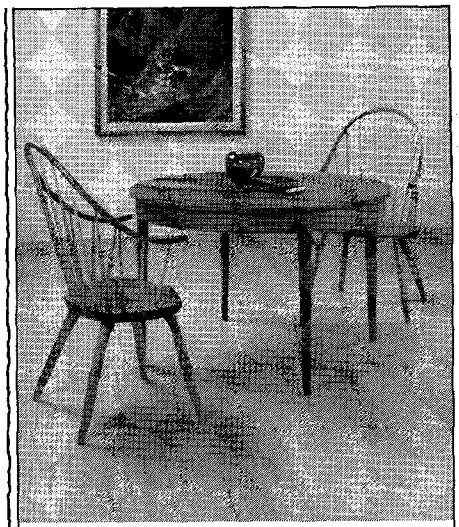
a colonel with the 12th Infantry regiment stationed in Belo Horizonte, where in 1969, according to Denunciation No. 1422 in the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" archives (that of a twenty-four-year-old student named Nilo Sérgio Menezes de Macedo), he had headed a torture team that tormented its victims with beatings, electric shocks, denial of sleep, denial of sun, denial of medical attention, and all kinds of "*selvageria animalesca*," "animal-like savagery"—administered, it seemed, in a spirit of "pure sadism." In fact, in the years since then Medeiros had risen all the way to the directorship of the S.N.I., the military's combination F.B.I./C.I.A. It had been his job—if it had been anyone's—to make sure that something like the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" project never happened. From very early in the history of the project, its coördinators had known that the head of the S.N.I. himself would have had a compelling personal interest in cracking their secret.

HOW, finally, had they managed to keep their project a secret all that time? It was a question I asked everyone I spoke with during my visit to Brazil. "That," the newspaper columnist Paulo Sérgio Penheiro asserted, "was the *true* Brazilian Miracle."

"Yes," Elio Gaspari concurred. "In a country with no secrets, this they managed to keep a secret. It is absolutely remarkable. I think, though, that it had a lot to do with the seriousness of the people involved and the seriousness of the work. It's a little bit like the difference between the Manhattan Project and the Pentagon Papers in your United States. The people who were involved in producing the Pentagon Papers couldn't take its need for secrecy seriously, and so the story inevitably broke. But with the Manhattan Project secrecy was *of the essence*. It didn't make sense to have the project at all unless you were going to keep it a secret. I think these people were involved in a sort of Brazilian version of the Manhattan Project."

"They were able to keep it a secret because they were openly bold," Philip Potter surmised. "And because they had courage. You know the origin of the word 'courage'? It means to have heart. These people were able to hold their tongues because their hearts were full."

"Was it because the security police were stupid and inept?" Jaime Wright asked himself when I asked him my



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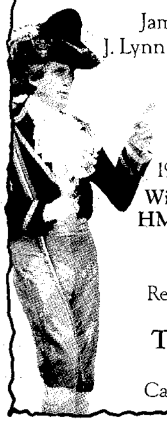

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question. "Was it because they were overly confident? Perhaps, perhaps. But I think the more likely reason is that after so many years of successful repression they could not *imagine* that anyone would still have the gall to be attempting anything on such a scale. The possibility never entered their minds. It didn't—it *couldn't*—occur to them."

On my last day in São Paulo, I talked again with the man who had run the photocopying part of the operation. He joked with me about the personal costs of continuing to keep the secret. He had run as an underdog candidate in the recent district elections for a seat on the constituent assembly and lost by a relatively narrow margin. "If I had been able to mention my participation in the 'Brasil: Nunca Mais' project, I would probably have won by a landslide," he said. "Ah, well."

I asked him, too, why he thought the secret had held.

"Efficiency," he said emphatically. "Efficiency and luck." He paused for a moment, smiling. "And divine protection."

CARDINAL ARNS was unavailable during my visit to Brazil, but Jaime Wright agreed to pass on certain written questions to him for written reply. I asked the Cardinal about some of the religious and theological issues raised by torture. In a thoughtful and scholarly answer, he quoted one of the first Popes to condemn the medieval practice of torture, Pope Nicholas I, who, in 866 A.D., in his "Reply to the Bulgars," wrote, "If a thief or a footpad is arrested and denies what he is accused of, you say that the judge should have his head beaten and his chest pierced with iron pins till he confesses the crime. But neither human nor divine law permits such a thing. A confession should not be extorted but voluntarily made. If it turns out too that, after inflicting such punishment on him, you find no proof of the alleged crime, won't you be forced to recognize how wicked your action was, and be smitten with shame? In the same way, if the accused, unable to stand tortures, confesses crimes that he didn't commit, who, I ask, is responsible for that foul deed but the one who forced him into that desperate but fictitious confession? What is more, everyone knows that if a man says what isn't in his mind, he isn't confessing, he's simply uttering words. So give up such procedures. And detest, from the

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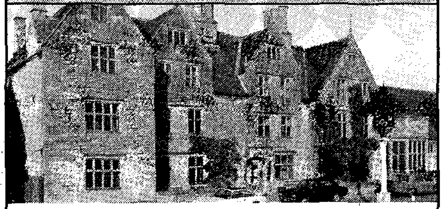

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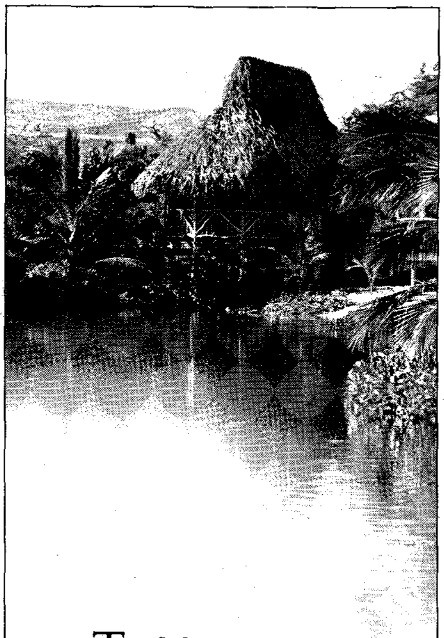

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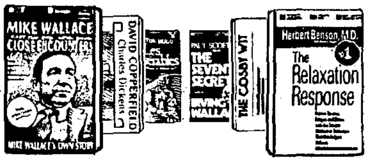

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bottom of your hearts, what you were so demented to do."

Cardinal Arns also noted "the very simple and clear mandate against torture in the New Testament," from Luke 3:14: "Do not mistreat anyone." He quoted the Second Vatican Council's "Gaudium et Spes," of 1965, which amplified this theme by declaring that "whatever violates the integrity of the human person—such as mutilations, physical or moral tortures and attempts at psychological domination—is effectively worthy of censure, for it greatly contradicts the honor of the Creator."

Cardinal Arns went on to explain, "The Church's condemnation of torture goes back to the Creation story, in the Old Testament: 'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God He created him; male and female He created them' (Genesis 1:27). If man was created in the image of God, the torturing of a human being violates God Himself who created him."

Jaime Wright made a similar point in a conversation I had with him. "Look," he said. "According to the Book of Genesis, a person is made in the image of God. When you're torturing someone, you're mangling and destroying the image of the Creator."

And Marshall Meyer, the former rabbi of Buenos Aires and a veteran of Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín's National Commission on the Disappeared, made reference to the same Biblical passage from a Jewish perspective when I spoke with him. He quoted a passage from Sanhedrin 4:5 of the Mishnah, the codification of ancient rabbinical commentaries on the Torah: "Therefore was one single man created first, Adam, to teach you that if anyone destroys a single soul from the children of Man, Scripture charges him as though he had destroyed a whole Universe—and whoever rescues a single soul from the children of Man, Scripture credits him as if he had saved a whole Universe."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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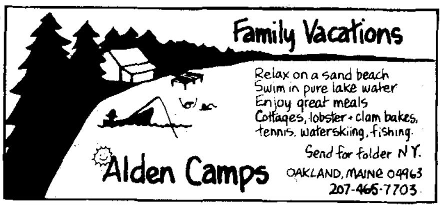

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THE THEATRE

Stopover

Murray Schisgal's "Road Show," at Circle Rep, opens on a bare revolving stage. A red car that looks like a cardboard cutout rolls in with a man and a woman inside. They are Andy, a television writer and producer, and his wife, Bianca, and on their way from New York to Los Angeles they have stopped off in a small town in Indiana. A public phone booth rolls in, and Andy makes the first of several collect calls to his agent in Hollywood. Bianca and Andy are in the midst of a tiff that began with her complaining that they are not taking a plane and continues with recriminations about their second-rate marriage. Andy has been hired, he thinks, as a writer and producer in Hollywood, and the calls to his agent are to make sure that the contract will be ready when he arrives. So far, it is not ready, and he threatens to wait where he is until the business news is satisfactory. He complains of a headache and escapes to a local drugstore to buy some remedy, while Bianca waits at the phone booth. The pharmacist refuses him aspirin, performs a noisy clog dance, massages Andy's head, delivers a religious routine, dons a wizard's hat, and tells Andy all about himself. The pharmacist's wife, Evelyn, enters to tell her husband that his father has had a fatal heart attack. The pharmacist rushes off. Andy and Evelyn stare at each other, motionless. They were, we learn, college lovers, and we also realize that he has planned the whole trip by car and the stopover with this reunion in mind. More reminiscence leads to the revelations that he started out as an essayist and somehow got sucked into commerce, and that he still loves Evelyn and intends to do something about it. Alone, and in stylized dialogue that gave me the pip, they relive their affair and then bring each other up to date. Dotingly, she shows Andy slides of her little girl, an extremely unattractive child—a cruel and dirty prank, even for this depressingly prankish show—and they decide that nothing will ever keep them apart again. But a call comes in from the agent; the contract has still not been signed, and Andy lets forth a stream of filthy bullying, exposing his own greed and hypocrisy, as Evelyn listens appalled. She draws away from him forever. At last, all financial matters are settled, and the play ends with Andy and his wife leaping about in glee as Evelyn consoles her bereaved husband.

So much for the story, which, for all its detail, boils down to yet another piece of writing about a writer who feels he has betrayed his talent—and who cares? This shopworn theme is presented with little songs and dances and tiny scenes, among them one in which the pharmacist, to cheer up Bianca, puts on a Charlie Chaplin mask and does an imitation. We do not lack for distractions, but they cannot conceal the fact that the play is a whimsical pain. Even the lively performance, under Mel Shapiro's direction, cannot conceal it. The actors, all of them good, are Jonathan Hadary (pharmacist), Trish Hawkins (Evelyn), David Groh (Andy), and Anita Gillette (Bianca). The ingenious scenery was designed by David Potts and lighted by Dennis Parichy.

Of the five works being presented in Series B of the Ensemble Studio Theatre's festival of new one-acters, Keith Reddin's very funny "AfterSchool Special" lights up an otherwise dim evening. A little boy is scolded by his parents for drawing an indecent picture on their bedroom wall and then refusing to admit it. The Big Squirrel did it, he insists. Outraged, the grownups leave the child alone. A door slowly opens, and a black-coated arm appears, and then—well, of course. The Big Squirrel has been quite busy, domestically speaking, and drawing indecent pictures is the least of it. The abrupt ending is unforgivable, but everything that precedes it is a delight. Especially delightful is the performance of Macaulay Culkin, aged six, as the child; Boyd Gaines, Janet Zarish, and Robert Stanton do well, too, as father, mother, and Squirrel, respectively. Billy Hopkins directed.

In John Patrick Shanley's "All for Charity," a young boy attempts to con a nurse in the emergency room of a hospital. The play amounts to little more than a finger exercise for Mr. Shanley, whose fingers are nimble enough anyway. Miguel Correa (boy), Tracy Thorne (nurse), and Willie Reale (director) are all commendable.

"Lady of Fadima," by Edward Allan Baker, is about a nurse who is being harried and blackmailed by a male hospital worker and gets no help from another nurse, a close friend. This one seems secondhand and not particularly convincing, in spite of decent work by the actors. They are Billie Neal and Lucinda Jenney, as the nurses, and Victor Slezak, as the tormentor. Risa Bramon directed.

In "A Ripe Banana," a first play, and a promising one, by Jennifer Lombard, a young man announces to his mother and his grandmother on his twenty-first birthday that he is married. Result: his mother becomes hysterical, but his grandmother, a wise and lively woman—especially lively as performed by Jane Hoffman—takes command and offers sensible solutions. Grant Shaud, as the birthday boy, is fine, and so is Barbara Andres, as the mother. W. H. Macy directed.

Kermit Frazier's "Dinah Washington Is Dead" is set near an Air Force base in Texas on an evening that marks the end of an affair between a young black lieutenant and an older black woman who is a major. The content is somewhat skimpy, but the characters are credible, as well portrayed by Darnell Williams and Venida Evans. Fred Tyson directed.

The flat-footed revival of Tom Stoppard's quicksilver "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," at the Roundabout, is best forgotten. Even the exuberant, fantastical presence of John Wood as The Player (and master of the revels) cannot save it. —Edith Oliver

◆

Dunkin Five table 3 leaves 12 in. 58′ by 40′ w/out leaves 6 matching chairs $250.—*Adv. in the Santa Rosa (Calif.) Gazette.*

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If your taste buds are not altogether excited about a future of organic fiber flakes, the beef industry would like a few words with you. Even a few from the U.S.D.A. Because the lowdown on beef is probably less than you think—lower in calories, leaner on fat, lighter on cholesterol than you would ever imagine. It's even faster to fix than your mother knows. So read on. And hang on to your forks.

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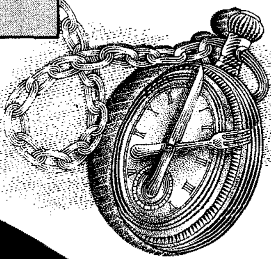

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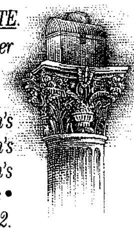

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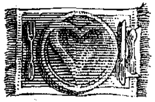
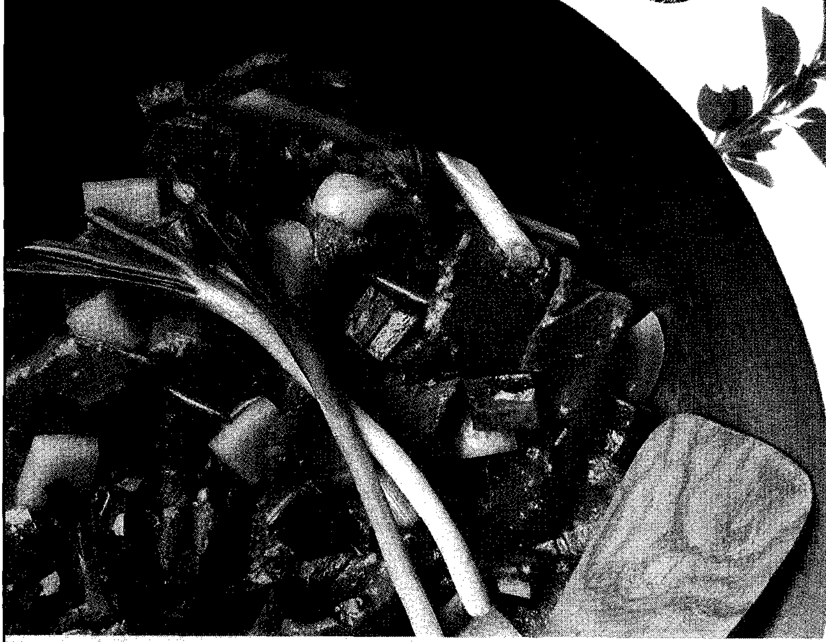


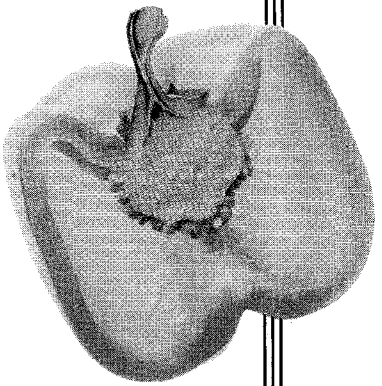
TERIYAKI BEEF STIR-FRY

Preparation: 15 min.
Cooking time: 10 min.

Cut 1 lb. top round steak in thin strips. Marinate in 3 Tbs. teriyaki sauce, 1 Tbs. oil and 2 tsp. cornstarch 30 min. Stir-fry 2 bell peppers (3/4" cube) and 6 green onions (2" pieces) in 1 Tbs. oil 3 min.; remove. Stir-fry beef (1/2 at a time) 2-3 min. Return all ingredients. Cook until hot. 4 servings.

Calories: 247 per serving; 162 from beef.





*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**

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(2.3 gms sat. fat)	(3.0 gms sat. fat)	(1.8 gms sat. fat)	(2.1 gms sat. fat)	(3.1 gms sat. fat)	(3.0 gms sat. fat)
162 calories	172 calories	162 calories	155 calories	174 calories	177 calories

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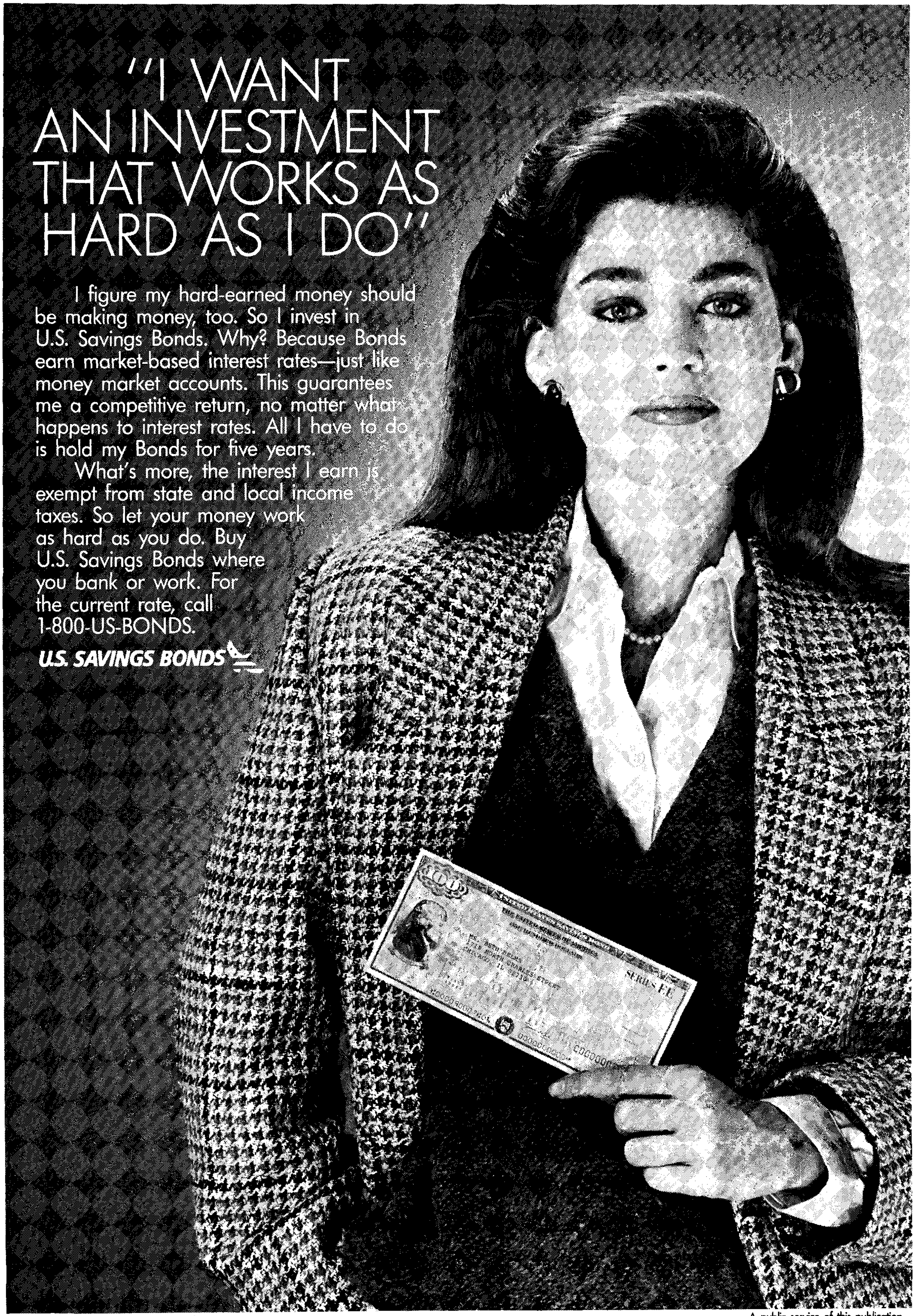

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Exuberant Inventions

Pierre Boulez's "Mémoriale" (1985) was introduced to New York at two Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts, in the Meet the Moderns series, which were conducted by Lukas Foss: on April 30th in the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the next day in the Great Hall at Cooper Union. The Manhattan daily press ignored them; since Boulez left the Philharmonic, it seems, he is no longer news. But for anyone who believes that Boulez is one of the keenest, most intelligent, most questing musical minds of our day the performance of "Mémoriale" was an exciting event. The piece—for solo flute and an ensemble of two horns and six strings—lasts about eight minutes. It was composed in memory of Lawrence Beauregard, a Canadian flutist who died young, in 1985; at IRCAM, he had been investigating elements that make up the flute's particular eloquence. "Mémoriale" is a new realization of the possibilities adumbrated in the page of musical ideas (an "Originel" surrounded by six "Transitoires"), followed by six pages of suggestions for their assembly, which Boulez contributed to "Canons and Epitaphs: In Memoriam Igor Stravinsky"—a collection that appeared in 1971-72 issues of *Tempo*. Various people—among them Heinz Holliger and Karl and Margaret Kohn—assembled performing scores. Boulez's own, "'. . . explosante/fixe . . .'," began in 1972 as a ten-minute trio for flute, clarinet, and trumpet; grew to a half-hour piece for eight instruments and electronic devices, which the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center presented in 1973; and has since been more than once revised and expanded. I've not seen a score of "'. . . explosante/fixe . . .'," but Paul Griffiths quotes a flute line from the 1973 "Originel" section in his little Boulez monograph (Oxford, 1978). "Mémoriale" (whose subtitle is ". . . explosante-fixe . . . Originel") opens with the same music. Beneath the flute, which plays throughout the piece, in full-hearted lyrical flow, the other instruments supply sometimes harmony and much of the time heterophony (a Platonic term now used to define simultaneous performances of what is essentially the same melody, but in differently graced and decorated versions). The flute plays elaborate melodies; the strings and horns pick out salient notes, simplify, underpin, add colors to the solo line. The pace keeps changing. Each strophe ends with a homophonic (chordal) refrain, each time varied, each time closing on E-flat. (In German, that note is called Es, and the E-flat "tonic" was presumably chosen as an initial tribute to Stravinsky.) "Mémoriale" is an engaging piece both to hear and to contemplate. (The score is published by Universal.) The melodic ideas are in themselves elegant, beautiful, and original. The construction is trim and graceful. The ensemble timbres are searching and new. The rhythms set up by heterophonic displacements are fascinating. "Mémoriale" may not be big Boulez, but it shows his exuberant invention, precision, and ardor—controlling and informing every aspect of the sounds and their combination—at their most attractive. No doubt it will soon join his "Dérive" (1984) as a favorite piece with ensembles and their audiences.

I attended the Cooper Union concert. (At a Meet the Moderns program that I heard in the Playhouse of the Brooklyn Academy in February, Milton Babbitt's "Arie da Capo" had acquired a thumping rhythmic bass line, supplied by a Twyla Tharp performance in the Opera House alongside.) It had been well prepared. Ideally, I suppose, "Mémoriale" calls for a flutist with a firmer, brighter tone than that of Katherine Fink. She cultivates a soft-grained, slightly fluffy timbre, which was effective in the purring trills of the refrain; some of the brilliant flights seemed to need a

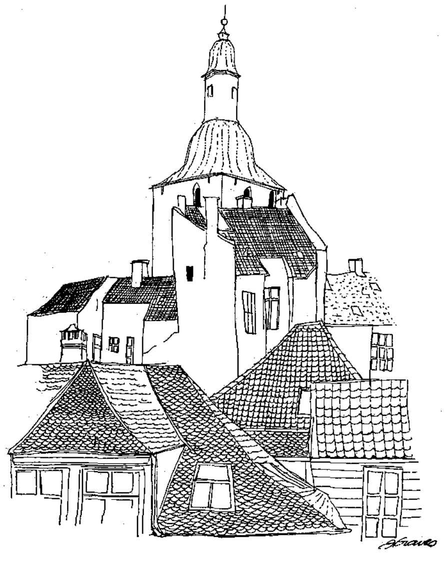
"I'd say we're both multilayered onions."

harder sound. She was admirably expressive and supple; the recurrent alternations of "*rapide, stable*" and "*rapide, irrégulier, vacillant*" were deftly handled.

There were other works of interest. Not Alan Hovhaness's Partita for Piano and Strings (a version of his Fifth Piano Concerto), composed in 1953 and receiving a belated world première. Not Giacinto Scelsi's "Natura Renovatur," for eleven strings, which seemed merely quirky and pretentious. But Karl Aage Rasmussen's "Pianissimo Furioso" (1982), a fleet, arresting toccata for seven players by a composer who challenges his listeners rather as Ives once did. And Takashi Yoshimatsu's "Threnody to Toki," a sad, naïve, and oddly touching little piece. The last toki, or Japanese crested ibis, on Japan's main island died in captivity in 1971; six birds remain on Sado. The bird's cry provides the main theme, and swells into multiple canon in an episode of hope for its survival.

LOS ANGELES seems an American Weimar to musicians who have never visited it: the city where the two giants of twentieth-century music, Stravinsky and Schoenberg, chose to live. Once visited, it becomes most un-Weimar-like. Still, for a careful musical pilgrim the glamour lingers as he treads where Stravinsky and Schoenberg trod, recalls music that was composed and first performed there, meets people who once saw Stravinsky and Schoenberg plain and stopped and spoke with them. In March, the Arnold Schoenberg Institute, on the campus of the University of Southern California, held a triple celebration with the title From Pierrot to Marteau. It marked the tenth anniversary of the Institute; the thirtieth of Pierre Boulez's first visit to Los Angeles, when he conducted his "Marteau sans Maître" at the Monday Evening Concerts; and the seventy-fifth of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." In the Japan America Theatre, Boulez conducted performances of "Pierrot" and "Le Marteau," with the Los Angeles Philharmonic New Music Group. The concert was also part of the New Music Los Angeles festival, at which Boulez had conducted the Los Angeles Philharmonic in a program of his own "Le Soleil des Eaux," "Messagesquisse," and "cummings ist der Dichter," followed by Stravinsky's "King of the Stars" and "Rite of Spring." At the Institute, Schoenberg scholars and Boulez scholars from Europe and America read papers. A program book for the celebration included, among essays, annals, and iconography, recollections by performers who took part in the 1940 recording of "Pierrot" (which was rehearsed in Schoenberg's house, just off Sunset Boulevard) and in the 1957 performance of "Le Marteau."

"Pierrot"—does it need saying?—is a masterpiece of such manifold richness that just about every performance still reveals something different to respond to and admire. Today, it's often the tugs of late-Romantic harmony in a score that the 1912 *Musical Courier* critic found to be "the last word in cacophony and musical anarchy;" E major has never sounded more comprehensive. The Wagnerian echoes in the text have often been noted; Christian Martin Schmidt, in his paper, pointed to specific Bach echoes in the music. Sometimes the picturesqueness of scenes intensely imagined and limned with graphic musical gestures and glowing colors becomes especially vivid; in the theatre of the mind, a series of dramatic scenas—anguished, grotesque, enchanted, finally serene—then takes shape, in moonlit décors. Sometimes verbal cross-references through the twenty-one poems prompt a new search for hidden meanings. One performer will maintain a light, ironic tone in her approach to the text, another charge it with fierce emotions. Phyllis Bryn-Julson, the speaker-singer of the Los Angeles performance, essayed a little "acting." She mimed Pierrot's vain attempt to wipe a fleck of shining moonlight from the back of his black frock coat. But it was the delicate musical precision of her performance that made it memorable. The ensemble had been very carefully rehearsed; there was exquisite balance of timbres and poised rhythmic interplay. Boulez's aim seemed to be to show how *beautiful* the music is. He has written, "What interests, attracts—even fascinates—me as a performer is the incandescence of great works, which can always be rekindled." The instrumentalists were Barry Socher (violin and viola), Daniel Rothmuller (cello), Janet Ferguson (flute), David Howard (clarinet), and Alan Feinberg (piano).



"Le Marteau sans Maître" pays specific tribute to "Pierrot": Boulez sets "L'Artisanat Furieux" for voice and solo flute, as Schoenberg set "Der Kranke Mond;" and, like Schoenberg, he uses a different ensemble for each number. In a program-book essay, Boulez pointed out differences between the two cycles. Schoenberg fashioned his text by choosing and then reordering twenty-one of fifty poems; the text remains dominant, and determined the final structure of the piece. In "Le Marteau," the text—three short poems by René Char (only two in the preliminary, 1954 version, which contained no "Bel Édifice")—is a seed from which nine movements, five of them purely instrumental, have grown. "Le Marteau" is three related cycles not laid out as a narrative but lapped into a structure of increasing textural complexity. Boulez himself calls the work a "labyrinth." Char's taut lines, tight-packed with imagery, might be likened to the potent ideas in that page of *Tempo* from which more and more music has flowered.

I did not hear the first performance of "Le Marteau," at the 1955 ISCM Festival, in Baden-Baden, but was present at the second, a few weeks later, at the Aix-en-Provence Festival. After it, mockers and champions in the audience came to blows; that night, the casino orchestra improvised a tinkling parody. It wasn't quite another "Rite of Spring" première sensation, but was the closest I've known to one. Hans Rosbaud conducted the early performances. Boulez himself has recorded "Le Marteau" thrice: in 1956, in the mid-sixties, and in 1972. In a program-book essay, Paul Griffiths tabled the timings, movement by movement, and noted a progress toward fuller, more generous phrasing. (The 1972 performance lasted a few minutes longer than its predecessors.) I didn't time the Los Angeles performance, but felt that it combined confidence with freshness, precision with a kind of passionate keenness. The performers were

Miss Bryn-Julson, Anne Diener Giles (flute), Dale Hikawa (viola), Stuart Fox (guitar), Gregory Goodall (xylorimba), Karen Ervin Pershing (vibraphone), and Raynor Carroll (percussion).

"MESSAGESQUISSE" (1976) seems to be a kind of stocktaking piece, a game played by strict rules, before the adventure of embarking upon "Répons." It was composed for Paul Sacher's seventieth birthday. Its "theme" is a musical encipherment of the dedicatee's name, using German Es and H for our E-flat and B, and French Re for D (thus, E-flat, A, C, B, E, D). The Morse-code longs and shorts of the letters provide rhythmic patterns. From this material—handled not doggedly but with bold imaginative leaps—Boulez builds a virtuoso piece for solo cello accompanied by six cellos. It starts with S-A-C-H-E-R slowly spelled out in glistening harmonics by the soloist; each letter is echoed by and sustained by one of his colleagues, until a chord is built. The chord dissolves into a *col legno* tapping out of letters while the soloist rhapsodizes. Then, to repeated E-flats, he plucks out S-A-C-H-E-R in Morse. A moto perpetuo ensues; then a passage of incantatory trilling, a solo cadenza, a whirlwind coda.

"Le Soleil des Eaux" began life in 1948, when Boulez was twenty-three, as music for a radio drama by René Char. In 1950, it became a cantata for soprano, tenor, bass, and chamber orchestra. In 1958, a three-part chorus was added, and the work was scored for full orchestra; this was the form in which I first heard it. In 1965, there was another revision, and "Le Soleil des Eaux" is now a work for soprano soloist, four-part chorus, and orchestra. This version had its American première at the Los Angeles festival. It is at once richer and clearer than its predecessor. "cummings ist der Dichter" has also been revised since its first appearance, in 1970, and again the Los Angeles performance was the American première of the latest version.

Many composers have revised and remodelled their works, but few as persistently, even obsessively, as Boulez has done. (The transmogrifications of "Pli Selon Pli" and "Répons" form a tangled tale.) In a 1968 lecture—reprinted in "Orientations," the collection of Boulez writings published by Harvard—he said, "I know that any picture that I have exhausted after three minutes' inspection I find unsatisfying," and "What really interests me . . . is a work that contains a strong element of ambiguity and therefore permits a number of different meanings and solutions." Boulez's revisions are sometimes not new "solutions" but clarifications of what was previously not so precisely formulated. Those in "cummings," which affect texture but not, so far as I could discern, structure, are of this nature: what was well put is now even better put. The "Soleil des Eaux" rewritings move deeper into the content of the music, especially in the second movement. The 1954 "Marteau" was perhaps too straightforward in form to satisfy its creator for long: the three "Artisanat" movements were followed by the three "Bourreaux de Solitude" movements. By intercutting the two cycles, and with them a third, something more complicated—and more poetic—was built. Some revisions are amplifications, resulting from the discovery of new possibilities in the original material. And some seem to have been prompted by the composer's ever greater mastery of timbre.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic performances—Ronald Leonard the cello soloist in "Messagesquisse," Miss Bryn-Julson the soprano soloist in "Le Soleil des Eaux"—were alert and vital. Boulez's presence was inspiring. —ANDREW PORTER

•

AMERICA, AMERICA

[*News release from the office of the Governor of Illinois*]

CHICAGO, Ill., December 16—With nearly 780,000 votes cast by Illinois schoolchildren during their own November elections, Governor James R. Thompson announced Tuesday that students selected the bluegill as the State fish, beating its closest challenger by more than 39,000 votes.

The election results, announced by the Governor's wife, Jayne Thompson, at a Chicago elementary school with the help of State Superintendent Ted Sanders, capped an effort designed to teach young Illinoisans the importance of participating in elections and to demonstrate how their votes will one day support the democratic process.

"The essential lesson these students have learned will be with them for a lifetime. They know that when they become eligible voters, it will be their responsibility to determine the future direction of this State and the nation," the Governor said.

"Exercising their right to vote—to determine who will speak for them in government at all levels—is one of the most precious rights we have in this country and the lesson to be learned in this election.

"The election of a State fish, while

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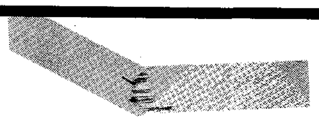

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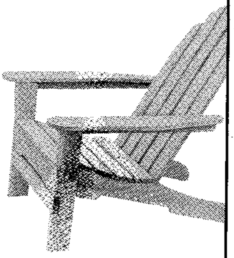

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teaching Illinois youngsters the power of that right, also has given these students a solid foundation for good citizenship and teaches them the importance of civic responsibility," said Thompson.

The bluegill, found throughout Illinois, was named the State fish over five other candidates: carp, channel catfish, coho salmon, largemouth bass and the white crappie.

Superintendent Sanders said public and non-public school children in kindergarten through eighth grade participated in the Statewide election.

Of the 779,714 votes cast in the election, the bluegill received 219,784, for 28 percent of the vote. The largemouth bass attracted 180,596 votes, 23 percent; channel catfish, 177,844 votes, 23 percent; coho salmon, 72,770 votes, 9 percent; carp, 67,700 votes, 9 percent; and white crappie, 45,352 votes, 6 percent. Write-in candidates accounted for 15,668 votes, or 2 percent of the total.

"Because both parents and students were involved with elections at the same time, the State fish election provided parents with an excellent opportunity to become more closely involved in educating their children on the voting process," said Sanders.

Election activities for students included organizing campaigns, giving speeches, acting as voting judges, conducting voter registration drives and learning how to mark a ballot.

At the 640-student Newberry Academy, where the State fish was announced, 600 pupils cast ballots. The bluegill received 261 votes—more than any other fish.

Sanders said the fish election was accomplished through a cooperative effort that involved the State Board of Education, the State Board of Elections and the Department of Conservation.

Schools were not required to participate in the election. But out of 4,581 public and non-public elementary schools in Illinois, 2,827 schools, or 58 percent, offered their students the opportunity to select the State fish.

Based on the latest school enrollment figures for the 1985-86 school year, 52 percent of the more than 1.5 million students in Illinois voted in the State fish election. In the November 4 general election, 55 percent of registered Illinois voters cast ballots.

Schools were asked to conduct their fish elections between September 22 and November 15. Schools were required to send election results to the State Board of Education by November 30.

Earlier this year, the Governor signed House Bill 2725, legislation that allowed Illinois schoolchildren to elect a State fish. The measure was sponsored by Representative Richard Mautino of Spring Valley and Senator Adeline Geo-Karis of Zion.

The Department of Conservation selected six species of fish common to Illinois waters to appear on ballots. Election booklets were prepared by the Board of Education, with help from the Board of Elections, and sent to Illinois schools.

Other State symbols selected by students in the past include the white oak as the State tree, and the white-tailed deer as the State animal.

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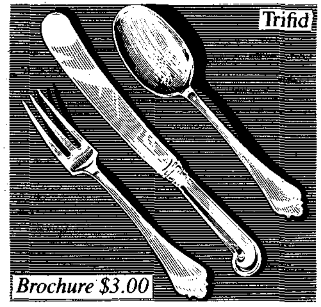

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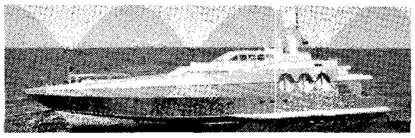

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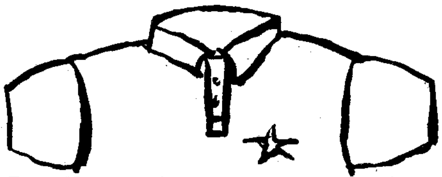

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Noodles

THE title "Tampopo," which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of the run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo that her late husband operated. The name—it's the name that the restaurant acquires, too—fits her. She's a weedy sort of flower—a meek, frazzled woman raising a young son and doing her best to please the customers. She can't, though, because she's a terrible cook, and knows it. One day, a courtly truck driver, Goro (Tsutomu Yamazaki), and his helper eat at the shop, and Goro, who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, gets into a fight on her behalf. Seeing him take on five men, she is inspired by his courage. She tells him that meeting him has made her want to be a real noodle cook, and, in his formal, majestic way, he makes it his mission to teach her.

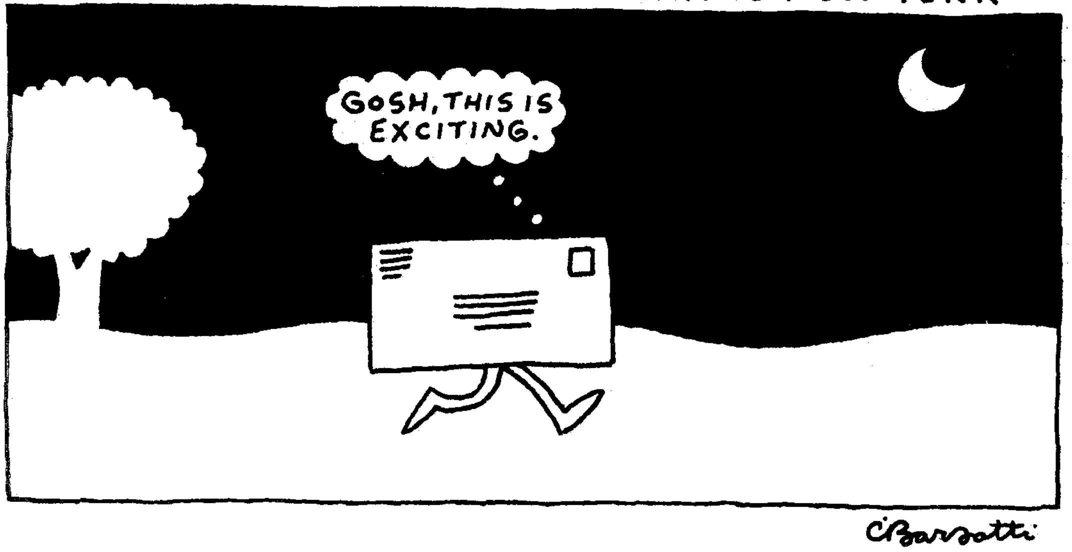
Juzo Itami, who wrote and directed this flapdoodle farce, is the son of a pioneer director. Born in 1933, he spent time as a commercial artist before becoming a well-known film actor (he played the bank-executive husband of the oldest sister in Kon Ichikawa's "The Makioka Sisters"), and he's also a popular essayist. He turned to directing in 1984 with "The Funeral," a prize-winner in Japan, which also starred Nobuko Miyamoto (who is his wife). "Tampopo," his second film, has its own brand of dippiness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people.

The picture is made in a free form, crosscutting between two sets of food adventurers. The main story is that of Tampopo, the cowboy-samurai Goro, and their band of friends as they penetrate the secrets of other noodle shops, bribing and finagling to get hold of valuable recipes. The secondary story takes up the culinary-erotic obsessions of a pair of lovers: a gangster (Koji Yakusho), in a white hat and suit, and his ready-for-everything cutie (Fukumi Kuroda). These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The proof is in the orgasmic moment when they pass a raw egg yolk back and forth from his mouth to hers, over and over, until it bursts and dribbles down her chin. This is undoubtedly one of the funniest scenes of carnal intercourse ever filmed, and it's shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness.

Itami uses his background in commercial art: every now and then, the characters assume shiny Pop poses, and the images have the slightly crazed look of heightened reality. (It's a little like the heightening in "Blue Velvet.") The whole movie—an understated burlesque of Westerns, samurai epics, and gangster films—is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches. (Goro wears his hat in the bathtub, like Dean Martin in "Some Came Running," and it works on its own—it's entertaining.) The characters are agreeable monomaniacs: they often speak in the stiltedly civilized language of food critics. (A noodle may be profound or synergetic; it may have depth without substance.) Itami loves filmed anecdotes. He shows us a woman dying just as her kids have sat down at the table, and her husband telling them excitedly, "Keep on eating! It's the last meal Mom cooked! Eat, eat while it's hot!" The scene is a brief sacramental black comedy. On the rosier side, there's a disconsolate little boy whose parents have decreed that when he's out playing he must wear the sign "I only eat natural foods. Do not give me sweets or snacks." When a man gives him an ice-cream cone, you get the feeling that the man wants to spite the parents more than he wants to give pleasure to the child. And there are such diversions as a restaurant scene with a class of young ladies being instructed in how to eat spaghetti without slurping. Elsewhere in the restaurant—in a private room—the man in the white suit is supping on crawfish in cognac, from his cutie's navel.

The film dawdles at times, and it has its lapses: Goro gives Tampopo her cooking lessons to the accompaniment of too much triumphal music; later, the jocular use of ragtime is a bit of a pain. And when Goro is giving Tampopo her workouts, to toughen her up for cooking, the spoof of "Rocky" is cloddish. But the lapses don't last long, and the picture has a frisky texture. Reminiscences of "Shane" and "Pépé le Moko" and Kurosawa's "Yojimbo" and films by Godard, Sacha Guitry, John Ford, and Sergio Leone may slip in and out of your consciousness while Tampopo struggles to get the broth right and goes to visit the Old Master, a chef who is surrounded by shaggy-haired vagrants discussing French food and wine. The Old Master decides to rally to Tampopo's cause, and his gourmet bums (they're like Japanese Hell's Angels) sing him on his way. When the skinny-necked, fine-featured Master joins up with Tampopo's other

LETTER ON ITS WAY FROM OMAHA TO NEW YORK



noodle warriors, the image seems posed as if for a calendar.

The film's greatest charm is in Juzo Itami's delicate sense of fatuity. He may have developed it during his years of acting. (He was in the American films "55 Days at Peking" and "Lord Jim" as well as in Ichikawa films and, more recently, "The Family Game," by Yoshimitsu Morita.) Tampopo, who seems to transform from within, like the American heroines of the thirties, weeps for joy when her band of friends and teachers pronounces her cooking perfection. Goro lives by his code, and he beams with satisfaction at a task accomplished. He's as proud of the refurbished restaurant, Tampopo Noodles, as he would be if he'd saved a medieval village. He looks at the throng of customers waiting to get in and knows he's no longer needed. Stately as ever, he heads out to his truck; the Old Master gets on his bicycle; and the whole group of mother's helpers disbands.

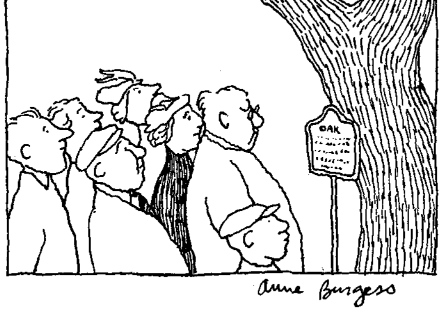
Itami's movie background is a satirist's treasure trove. There's a startling scene in which the white-suited sensualist buys a huge oyster from a woman diver; he tries to swallow it right out of the shell to which it's still attached and it bites him on the lip. Stirred by his appetite, the diver feeds the rambunctious oyster to him out of her palm, then licks the blood off his mouth. The gangster—the movie's dream hero—comes to the classic gangster finish. But even after he's shot down in the streets on a rainy night and his loyal moll pleads "Don't die!" he won't stop talking about what he wants to eat. He's got a recipe for wild boar stuffed with yam . . . And, with the whole history of movies reverberating in her voice, the moll says, "We'll eat wild boars in winter," as the gangster relinquishes his white fedora and puts it on her perfectly beautiful head.

A COMEDY creator trying to work up fresh gags can lose his equilibrium. This helps explain why so many movie executives would rather deal with hacks than with artists. The hack brazens his way through, without knowing or caring that what he's getting is stale. The artist can have so much trouble getting his footing that he sometimes comes out with less than a hack might have.

Elaine May is one of the most gently nutty of comedy writer-directors. When her timing is on target, the target itself is faintly blurred and a double take is built into the viewer's response. When her timing is off, as it is in most of "Ishtar," the viewer is left thinking Huh? The movie certainly isn't dislikable; you observe the fine touches. But you feel as if your mind is wilting.

"Ishtar" must have started out to be a casual, tacky "Road to" comedy about two aging nonentities—singer-songwriters who can only be booked into faraway night spots; dreaming of show-business success, they arrive in the Middle East and get caught up in revolutionary politics they don't know a thing about. This is the kind of musical-comedy burlesque of adventure movies that thrives on looking like an imitation B picture, as if the actors had wandered onto sets left over from straight-faced epics. The jokes call for papier-mâché Moorish castles, and spies in moth-eaten burnooses trudging around Palm Springs, with a caterer's wagon just out of frame. But "Ishtar" has been shot (by Vittorio Storaro) in a glamorous romantic style featuring authentic African sunsets, and Isabelle Adjani's pure, childlike face peeping out of the Moroccan clothes she's swathed in. All this misplaced visual gloss doesn't compensate for what's missing: comic energy. May comes up with clever script ideas, and the two male stars—Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman—give her lines a shine. They do everything they can *as actors* with the jokes that come their way. Her directing is passive, though. The stars get their laughs, but she doesn't build on them, and the laughs die away. The audience sits uncomfortably waiting for a sustained routine, waiting for the picture to get going. All that happens is another laugh followed by another dead spot. (May doesn't do the obvious, but sometimes she doesn't do anything else, either.)

The "Road to" genre calls for entertainers with the kind of sketch-humor savvy that passes for goofing off. The two roles could be handled more easily—and probably more energetically—by, say, Steve Martin and Bill Murray, or the SCTV performers. When Beatty and Hoffman play small-timers, it's a reverse conceit, a form of affectation. (And it's a big production.) As a bashful hick from Texas who drives a Good Humor truck in New York and wishes he were attractive to women, Beatty has his larkish moments, but he's playing against the grain. He muffles his personality; he makes himself so much less talented than he is that it's as if he were trying to take himself out of the picture. Hoffman, flexing his muscles and watching himself in the mirror, is effective in the early scenes. He's a preening vulgarian, a singer–piano player in a restaurant who belts out "That's Amore" and considers himself a ladies' man. But just when you think Hoffman is going to skip away with the movie, he appears to decide that he wants to be a sweet simp, too. The little muscleman confesses that his show of confidence was a fraud, and he begins to blubber. Hoffman, who can be funny when he's mean and vain and self-centered, is at his worst when he wants you to like him for his weakness and his innocence. These two major stars with a combined age of ninety-nine are both playing ten-year-olds.



They do have a great desert scene with a troupe of unusually handsome, well-groomed vultures. And there are performers who bring some charge with them: Jack Weston, as the team's two-bit hustling agent; Rose Arrick, in a tiny role as Hoffman's mother. And Charles Grodin manages to be fairly amusing because of his bland, whiny *lack* of charge. (He may be the only comedian to have made a career out of complacent affectlessness.) Grodin is a soft villain, despicable without being menacing—just right for Elaine May movies. He plays the C.I.A. man whose machinations force the two shlubby heroes to go out into the Sahara with a blind camel, and force the swathed beauty—a revolutionary—to go after them. (I admired Grodin, and I admired the camel, but both of them have given this performance before.) The plot involves too much exposition, and then doesn't add up. "Ishtar" is like a comedy act by a depressed person who keeps losing track of what's meant to be going on. The premise of the story is that the people of (the mythical) Ishtar will accept the two songwriters

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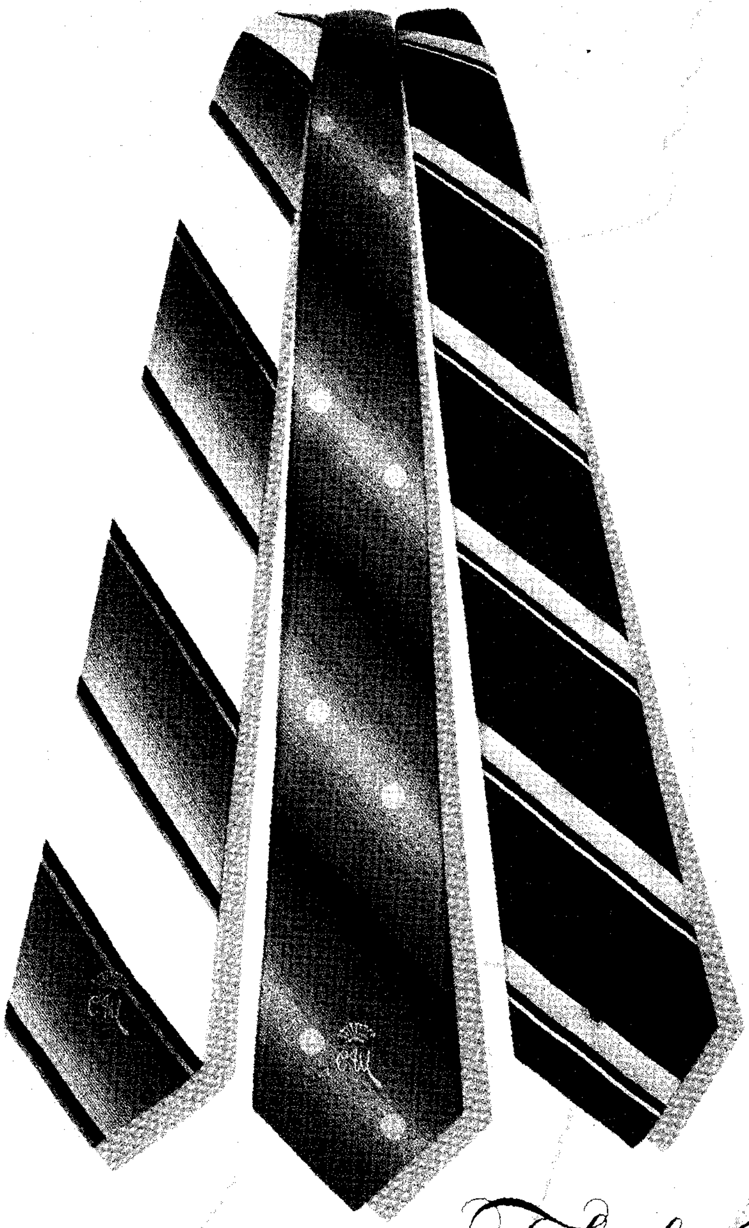

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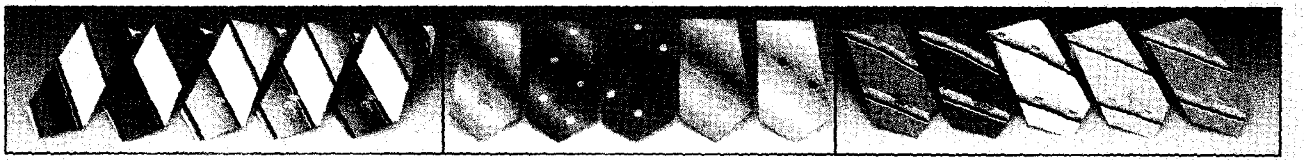

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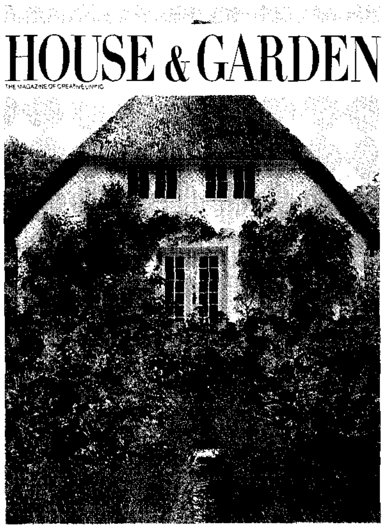

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as the two Messengers of God who have come to fulfill an ancient prophecy. But there's no follow-through; the idea seems to have been abandoned. Other ideas aren't abandoned, exactly; they just aren't directed with much vitality. An American goes to a camel bazaar and asks for Muhammad; that should be funny, but the joke fizzles out in the amorphous staging. And it's disappointing that there's no snapper in the hoary device of the mysterious map that's supposed to alert the people to rise up, and no comic twist to Adjani's ardent chitchat about overthrowing the evil (American-supported) Emir of Ishtar. (An inside joke: When the knavish Emir offers the C.I.A. bozo a drink, it's a Pepsi. The movie was financed by Columbia; i.e., Coca-Cola.) Some scenes look scheduled for a payoff. Adjani gives Beatty necklaces of seeds to mark his path in the desert; she tells him they'll shine in the night. They don't, of course, and he and Hoffman get lost. But when she turns up he doesn't ask what happened. And the viewer's expectations shrivel and blow away. The plot finally hinges on the Jack Weston character's pressuring the C.I.A. into turning his two clients into stars. But May somehow fails to give the whole burlesque a satiric kick by pointing up that when it comes to cutting a deal, the C.I.A. is no match for even a penny-ante show-biz agent.

The movie has unusually clear sound recording—the kind you get from Godard or Robert Altman. But most of the music is a washout (even though some of the batty lyrics almost click). Sinatra's record of "One for My Baby (And One More for the Road)" is used for an extended sequence, and it gives the film a rhythmic blissfulness that you miss the rest of the time. When Beatty and Hoffman do their (deliberately hopeless) singing numbers, jerking like mechanical men, phrasing unmusically, going off-key, they don't have the slapstick skills for it. That's when you long for Martin and Murray or some other comics. (Beatty and Hoffman are pretty funny near the end, singing "How Big Am I," but it's too late.) When real comics make fools of themselves, you don't feel they're being good sports. You feel that foolishness is built into them—that it's natural to them. That's what you miss with Beatty and Hoffman. "Ishtar," a burlesque without a subject, becomes, by default, a burlesque of their stardom.

—PAULINE KAEL

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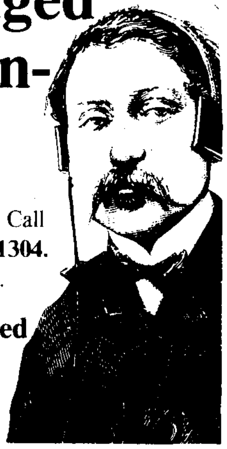

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BOOKS

Little-Read Schoolhouse

THE indictment is by now widely known, but it remains appalling. Some fifty per cent of American teen-agers can identify neither Churchill nor Stalin. Two-thirds of American seventeen-year-olds do not know that the Civil War took place between 1850 and 1900. Geography is to almost three-quarters of high-school juniors and seniors a black hole: they can neither identify the less salient states on a map of the U.S.A. nor make even an informed guess as to whether Ireland is east or west of England. One qualified witness could not find a single high-school or college student in Los Angeles able to tell him the years in which either World War was fought. Only two could locate Chicago "even in the vaguest terms." A junior at U.C.L.A. opined that Toronto must be in Italy; a pre-law student confidently situated the nation's capital in the state of Washington. How, one student asked, can Latin be called a dead language when there is a country called Latin America?

But these are only pinpricks. The best evidence is that at least one-third of the adult citizens of the United States are illiterate; that is, they are unable to read at all or can decipher only rudimentary bits of written information. The instructions on most medicine bottles, let alone tax forms, driver's licenses, and insurance policies, are wholly beyond their grasp. Of the remaining two-thirds of our citizens, it is thought that at least one-half, while technically literate, scarcely read at all, or read only print of the simplest and most ephemeral kind. Even people at the top of the educational and social pyramid fall, on average, well below the standard of cultural recognition taken to be essential in Japan and Western Europe. The schooling in mathematics and language in the Soviet Union is sharply ahead of that in all but the most selective and privileged of American schools. Learning by heart—note the depth and power implied in that eroded idiom—is crucial to Russian, Japanese, and European education. It has all but vanished from American mores. Instead, there is throughout primary and secondary schooling a planned amnesia.

"You can't insult me, sir. I've been mocked by the press."

The consequences are manifold. It is to the lowest common denominator that the mass media and the marketplace make their pitch. A deafening emptiness pours out of the television screens, radios, and jukeboxes that spangle the land. The press, except for a rather restricted mandarin sector, knows that the world must be blazoned to skimming readers in words of one syllable. Dependent clauses introduce into life a hostile mystery. Vital information—vital in the sense that it must inform sane political debate and decision—remains blocked in the conduits of the specialists. In a context of illiteracy and semiliteracy, the Ciceronian-Jeffersonian program for a republic founded on the articulate discussion of demanding and evolving issues, for a free polis based on remembrance of the historical past and on the dissemination of new knowledge, breaks down. The problem is not only that the United States is being outstripped in both the volume and the quality of economic production by rival societies, or that it can no longer recruit into its military and administrative cadres men and women of even minimal intellectual calibre; it is that the axiom of mature perception and debate on which the great, proud experiment that is the United States is conceived may crumble into a morass of demagogy and apathy.

The alarm bells have been ringing since Sputnik. It is to the imperative task of remedy that E. D. Hirsch addresses himself. His "Cultural Literacy" (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95) is a brief, crystal-clear, and condignly urgent tract. Even within its brevity, it is repetitive. But this is a legitimate device of impatient virtue. The hour is late.

Professor Hirsch sets forth his postulate as follows:

> We Americans have long accepted literacy as a paramount aim of schooling, but only recently have some of us who have done research in the field begun to realize that literacy is far more than a skill and that it requires large amounts of specific

information. That new insight is central to this book.

One is left mildly numbed by this solemn, almost Mosaic promulgation of a "new insight." Did it truly require recent research (one hears the deep, supportive breath of the relevant foundations and of national powwows) to discover that human beings cannot read intelligently—cannot make sense of a message—unless they have mastered a more or less extensive corpus of previous background knowledge? Is it a novel discovery that semantics—the structure and performative means of meaning—is almost invariably "contextual," that it depends on a measure of familiarity with the codes and objects of reference, with the preceding "textuality," from which it derives its own sense? The very notion of uninformed reading is one of those idiotic spooks conjured by hayseed populism and by psychologists in American departments of education. Never mind. Whether his insight is original or not, Hirsch is emphatically right.

Who are the villains of the piece? Again, Professor Hirsch's answer is unambiguous: Jean-Jacques Rousseau and John Dewey. It is they who preached a "content-neutral" schooling for children. It is they who held up the mirage of the development of a child's capacities by means of vaguely defined and roseate stages of personal exploration, of, as Dewey puts it, "personal acquaintance with a small number of typical situations with a view to mastering the way of dealing with the problems of experience, not the piling up of information." That we find here a drastic misreading of Rousseau—whose education toward solitude in "Émile" is one of the most complex and tragic analyses of human defeat ever argued—is immaterial. Hirsch is surely right in asserting, over and over, that the evacuation of concrete knowledge—names, dates, texts, the vocabulary and grammar of one's own language and others—from American education in the name of pastoral license and utopian play has been sheer catastrophe. It is, moreover, exponential: when almost nothing is known, nothing further can be learned.

Hence the pressing need for a return to more traditional ideals and practices. Hirsch argues, "It isn't facts that deaden the minds of young children, who are storing facts in their minds every day with astonishing voracity. It is incoherence—our failure to ensure that a pattern of shared, vividly taught, and socially enabling knowledge will emerge from our instruction." The establishment of this pattern of minimal shared reference—of "common readership," to borrow Virginia Woolf's designation—constitutes the heart of Hirsch's manifesto. What ought every American child to be taught so that as an American adult he can exercise his talents, his political rights, his spiritual and emotional maturity within a coherent community of values and of recognitions? It is this delineation of an essential "cultural literacy" that is proving to be the most widely noticed and most controversial element in Professor Hirsch's case.

Actually, the proposals he makes are not easy to encapsulate. There is in them more than a dash of the Great Books program developed by Mortimer Adler and Robert Hutchins in those palmy days at Chicago. There are (though these precedents are passed over entirely in silence) echoes of the visionary plea in Paul Goodman's classic "Growing Up Absurd" and of the pioneering work on illiteracy in America by Jonathan Kozol. Hirsch's trump card comes from an impressive background of psychological and sociological research, and from a certain specificity. It is his dream (that Martin Luther King phrase sounds and resounds through the book) that the greatest possible number of American men and women be educated to the linguistic-contextual level required to read intelligently the news stories and editorial page of a serious, adult newspaper—say, the *Times*. The ingenuity and the advantage of so focussed a target are clear. If we take this particular standard of performance as canonic, we can fairly readily establish the vocabulary needed, the syntax that has to be internalized, and much of the "primary content"—historical, geographical, political, literary, and scientific—to which an American reader must have unforced access if he is to understand both his own national life and, to a certain degree, that of the planet at large. He must, even to make sense of the sports pages, be able to identify "Waterloo" if a home team is said to have suffered one; he must be able to make out what is meant by a "Pyrrhic victory" if the hockey game has resulted in excessive injuries. To characterize either of

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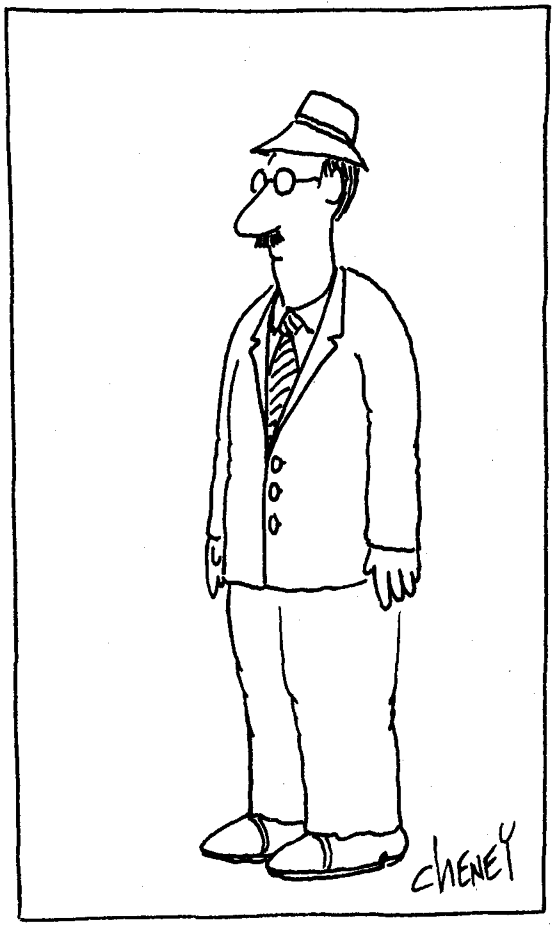
these events as a "Donnybrook" would, on the other hand, represent an instance of editorial preciosity beyond what might be reasonably expected of the normal reader.

This example derives from a list supplied by Hirsch and two of his colleagues at the University of Virginia, Joseph Kett, a historian, and James Trefil, a physicist, of basic words, terms, names, and proverbial tags that all literate Americans must be capable of grasping and locating accurately if literacy is to be regained. The list is intrinsically fascinating. A wicked soul could construe from it a psychobiography of E. D. Hirsch and his two associates. On a more serious level, it represents a peculiarly graphic image of the American liberal imagination—of the national mythologies of common sense—at a certain point in our history. Having only this listing to hand, future historians, sociologists, or political theorists could go a long way toward formulating with some accuracy the ways in which the United States in the later nineteen-eighties looked upon the past, upon its own institutions, and upon the outside world. Here was a society that had to remember Orestes but not Electra; Dickens but not Thackeray; the massacre at My Lai but not that of St. Bartholomew's Day; George McGovern but not Adlai Stevenson. Lee Iacocca makes the roll, but not Louis Sullivan, the originator of the skyscraper; John Philip Sousa, yes, but not Charles Ives, the most inventive figure in American music; Emily Dickinson is of the pantheon, Ezra Pound not; the oratory of Webster is assured inclusion, but not that of Demosthenes. The ideological reflexes discernible in this catalogue are sometimes transparent: Verdi is home and dry, but Richard Wagner, the greatest aesthetic influence on modernity, goes unnamed. Auschwitz must (praise God) be part of basic literacy, but not the Gulag. Wittgenstein is, hauntingly enough, part of the cultural alphabet for Americans, but not Heidegger, the begetter of modern existentialism and of all deconstructive movements, and a presence who more and more towers over twentieth-century thought. Irregular verbs must be identified, but not irrational numbers; Spiro Agnew is assigned a place in the echo chambers of the literate; syphilis endures, but herpes is not yet listed.

One could play this game ad absurdum (a tag omitted, while "ad hominem" is present). Nor is it a trivial game, for it is precisely via this basic lexicon and primer of cognizance that Professor Hirsch lets one divine what he has in mind. It is only here that one can make out the material and psychological contours of that "middle ground of cultural knowledge" which must be mastered and universally shared if the republic is to accomplish its promised destiny. There is a deliberate politics—almost a metaphysics—in the principles of selection which array Betty Friedan next to Milton Friedman or put "Pilgrim's Progress" immediately above the Pill. What emerges is the profile of a well-schooled man or woman with not only a sound knowledge of American history and of the numerous popular and populist elements alive within that history but also a quite remarkable alertness to science: mesons, quarks, pulsars, nucleic acids are postulated as indispensable signals. Nothing less will insure "that new generations will continue to be enfranchised in our medium of national communication as securely as they are enfranchised at the polls."

The attacks on Professor Hirsch's entire conception of a central cultural literacy—of an indispensable core of shared learning—have, predictably, come from the spokesmen for ethnic and sex-polarized diversity. Those who regard Mohican history as being at least as important as the sort of history that compels a child to know something about Julius and Augustus Caesar do not acquiesce in Hirsch's assumption of Judeo-Christian or European and Anglo-Saxon centrality. Radical feminism lays claim to its own syllabus of long-neglected facts and allusions. (In turn, how betrayingly characteristic it is of an academic in arcadian Virginia to include in his primary baggage of awareness Joe Louis but not Rocky Marciano!) Any canonic content is, in short, a piece of more or less naked power politics. Given the stridency and the personal tenor of the current ethnic, feminist, and minority-group polemics in the United States, Professor Hirsch is both elusive and defensive in his plea. The core must, he agrees, be flexible. It must be open to the currents of diversity in the singular mixture of races, inheritance, and historical provenance that make up the American mosaic. Classical markers will fade away as new configurations arise from American political and social experience. Booker T. Washington and Paul Robeson *must* appear on today's vade mecum (unlisted), even if Toussaint-Louverture does not. Nevertheless, insists Hirsch, there are prime numbers, as it were, that cut across all claims of splintered singularity. A play by Neil Simon is, if fundamental civility and civilization are at stake, never a substitute for one by Shakespeare.

Other polemics are bound to come from the more pessimistic and conservative right. Is it really evident that certain levels



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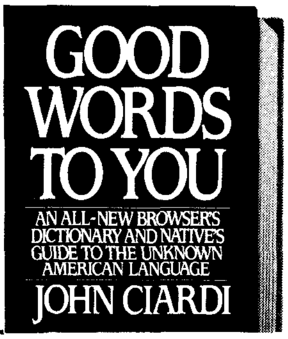
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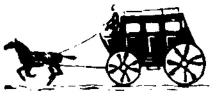

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of linguistic manipulation and abstract thought are accessible to all human beings, or even to the overwhelming majority? What level of coaching, of continued education, of directed reading is necessary if some two hundred million Americans are to be able to cope even on a modest plane—to have a nodding acquaintance—with the Fourth Gospel, with the art of Vermeer, with the concept of a quantum leap or that of genetic recombination (all of which figure in the cardinal catalogue)? Is E. D. Hirsch's whole program not going to water down to the level of a bland digest those very virtues and fascinations of culture, of textuality, which have always been the possession and the joy of the few? It would not, I imagine, be difficult for Professor Hirsch to counter that the sheer informational demands of modern American life call for a heightened ambition in regard to human capacities, and that there is no definite evidence—certainly not on biological grounds—that such capacity is denied to any given group, class, or ethnic component of our society. Such a reply *may* be erroneous, but hope and decency must underwrite it.

My own uneasiness is twofold. "To be culturally literate," proclaims Hirsch, "is to possess the basic information needed to thrive in the modern world." The postulate is unashamedly Benthamite. I am not certain that thriving in the modern world—in the palpably economic and socially integrated sense intended by Hirsch—is an unquestionable ideal. And I am fairly certain that it is essential for a genuine inward culture to be acutely critical of the information and the values offered it by the body politic. The "modern world" is, in fundamental respects, a fairly hellish place. We inhabit the century of Himmler and Pol Pot. The nuclear arsenal has long since spiralled into homicidal lunacy. We are laying waste what is left of the natural resources and the vestiges of the Edenic on our planet. In many of its fundamental motions of spirit and of policy, the era of the superpower and the terrorist is one not of progress, as Hirsch seems to imply unexaminedly, but of reversion to barbarism. "Animal kingdom" is immediately preceded by "angst" in the Hirsch lexicon. To "thrive" in these conditions and to do so via "information" are perfectly arguable predications, but they need to be argued.

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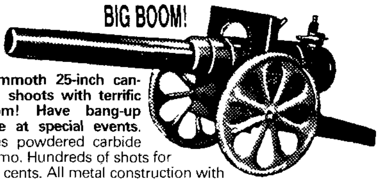

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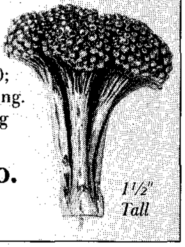

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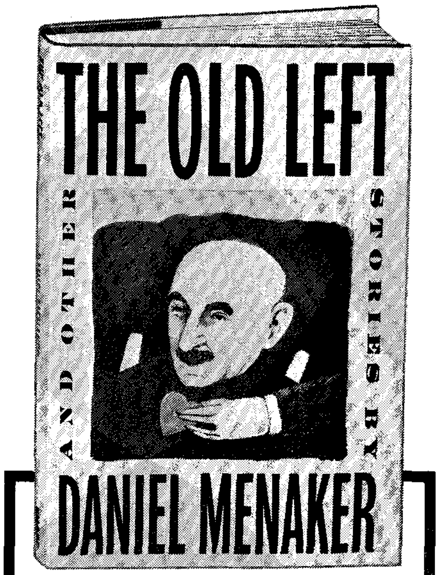

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behalf of eloquence—that of Cicero, of Jefferson, of Lincoln, of Martin Luther King. There is not in it an eloquent, a memorable sentence. Here is a plea for literacy in a dynamic, even joyful, sense, a plea for eyes that will light not only at the name of Shakespeare but at that of Rabelais. There is not a phrase, not a passage in this book that sings, that makes the language come alive with its matchless magic. When Bacon composed his "Advancement of Learning," when John Stuart Mill and Matthew Arnold discussed education and culture, they demonstrated by their very means of discussion just what was at stake. Perhaps it is now too late for that in the American circumstance. Perhaps it is, indeed, one of the merits of Professor Hirsch's discourse that it is as gray, as joyless, and as utilitarian as the realities and needs it addresses.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, by Howard Norman (Summit; $16.95). Noah Krainik was raised at the edge of the world: "Our house in northern Manitoba made up the entire village of Paduola Lake. We were on the map only because of my father's work as a cartographer." Noah begins to spend his summers in the town of Quill, ninety miles away by mail plane, with his best—and only—friend, Pelly. Quill is both an ordinary and a fantastic place, where a hunting trip may be called off because of a hostile omen, and where Pelly's Cree grandfather plays checkers by his own incomprehensible set of rules. Then Pelly drowns, but Quill continues to exercise a hold over Noah as he struggles against the pull of family ties—first back to the lonely life he comes from, and then on to the mysteries of Toronto, and a movie theatre there called The Northern Lights. The setting of this coming-of-age story is so compelling that it threatens to overpower the story itself, but the reader remains absorbed by the novel's graceful explorations of the nature of community and isolation.

THE FREE FRENCHMAN, by Piers Paul Read (Random House; $19.95). Mr. Read's new novel is the length of two ordinary long novels, and it is in some respects two novels itself. The title refers to one Bertrand de Roujay, the eldest son (born 1901) of a wealthy, landed, aristocratic, devout Catholic family in Provence. The first half of "The Free Frenchman" deals largely with the de Roujay family and their friends, and, through them, with France between the two great wars. It is an absorbing depiction, rich in its old-fashioned attention to human behavior. The second half, a kind of sequel, covers the years from the outbreak of the Second World War to its end. Bertrand de Roujay is the true center of the story, and his life—as a serious youth, as a patriotic Frenchman who answers General de Gaulle's call, and as a Gaullist officer in the last months of the war—shows us a man whipsawed by a rigid Catholic morality and a foolish weakness for women. It is a vivid portrait but one that comes dangerously close to caricature, just as the novel gives us a vivid and vigorous story but one that in a convulsive ending comes dangerously close to melodrama.

MEMOIRS OF AN INVISIBLE MAN, by H. F. Saint (Atheneum; $18.95). The hero of this shrewd black comedy is a securities analyst en route, in the opening pages, to a high-tech company's demonstration of some sort of nuclear device. Coming to after a cataclysmic explosion, he mistakes himself for a ghost and then an angel before realizing that he is still alive, though perfectly transparent, and that certain shady types, taking their orders from Washington, would like to turn him into a laboratory rat. What follows is a cunning game of hide-and-seek in Manhattan, where, for a while, our hero tries to survive on quickly digestible food—bouillon and cellophane noodles. (There is a frighteningly surreal chase scene in Central Park as a rainstorm renders his contours visible.) Eventually, he uses eavesdropping and the telephone to become the ultimate inside trader—a process that compels him to see that there was not much to his old self, either. A strong first novel, which will make readers look twice at some of Manhattan's residences and residents.

WALKING DISTANCE, by Marian Thurm (Random House; $16.95). An imperious four-year-old named Mia provides comic relief in this resonant melodrama, set mostly in Manhattan, about Mia's happily married mother, named Laura, and a doting marriage counsellor down the street who wishes Laura's marriage would hurry up and fail; he has cancer, and his doctors have given him less than a year. Subplots feature the marriage counsellor's widowed father, teen-age son, and unfaithful wife, who cope badly with his future; and Laura's grandmother, whose second marriage falters after three and a half months. "Love you one hundred and fifty-nine million miles an hour," Mia tells Laura in a rare outburst of hyperbole. It is a sentiment that Laura considers sending, on a postcard, to her neighbor, as his love proves to be as rewarding, and demanding, as her daughter's. Marian Thurm is an esteemed short-story writer; this is her first novel.

GENERAL

THE SPY WORE RED: MY ADVENTURES AS AN UNDERCOVER AGENT IN WORLD WAR II, by Aline, Countess of Romanones (Random House; $18.95). These memoirs of a woman hitherto known mainly as a member of international high society recall her début in that world as an American agent. In 1943, the future Spanish countess was a twenty-year-old fashion model in New York City, who by chance came to the attention of a recruiter for the O.S.S. By the year's end, she was in Madrid, posing as an employee of the American oil mission, and with secret orders to become a social climber. The upper crust of this neutral capital included not only Spanish nabobs and aristocrats but representatives, official and unofficial, of occupied, enemy, and other neutral nations. Her assignment was to uncover Himmler's top agent in Spain, and she was also supposed to hide Allied agents arriving from France and to set up a chain of women spies in Spain. Though one element of suspense is missing—we know our heroine survived—the tale reads like a perfect thriller, with just enough implausibility to make it believable.

STORMING THE MAGIC KINGDOM: WALL STREET, THE RAIDERS, AND THE BATTLE FOR DISNEY, by John Taylor (Knopf; $18.95). An exceptionally lucid retelling of a corporate drama in which Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck repelled an assault by big bad wolves. In 1984, the Disney heirs were at odds with

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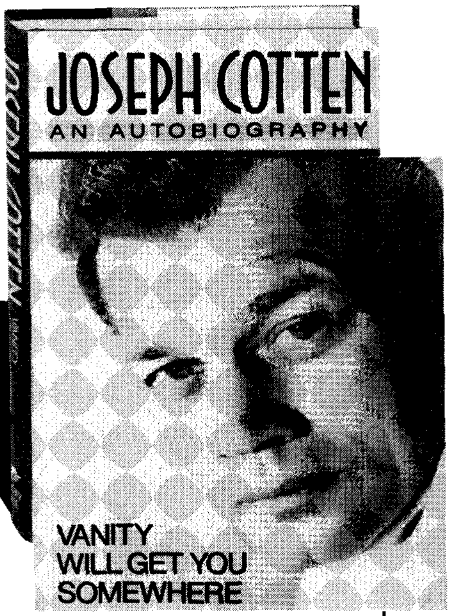

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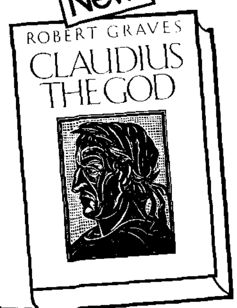

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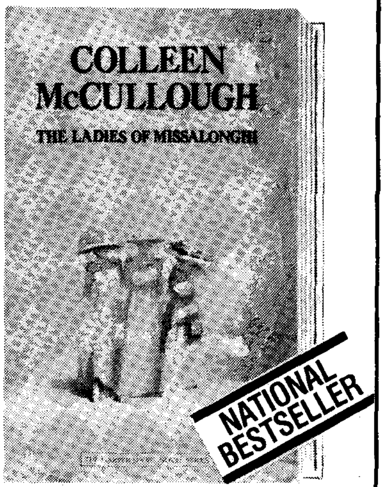

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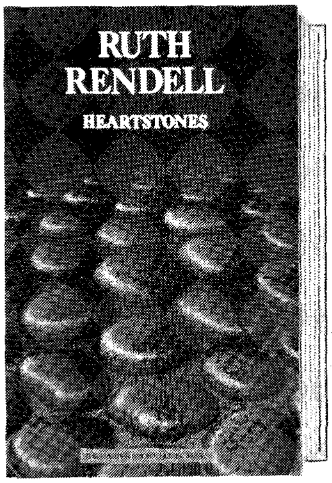

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each other, and the corporation wasn't earning what it might. These conditions tempted a famous raider, Saul Steinberg, who planned to buy the company whole and sell it off in parts. He was followed onto the scene by other well-known financiers (Boesky, Bass, Simon), who moved into battle amid convoys of lawyers, bankers, and brokers. Saving Disney was painful but in the end profitable for almost everyone in the cast. Taylor's thoughtful epilogue explains that corporate raiding flourishes because large institutional investors are quick to sell off stocks that are not paying high dividends, without examining whether the reasons for the low earnings are good or bad, temporary or permanent.

On Glory Roads: A Pilgrim's Book About Pilgrimage, by Eleanor Munro (Thames & Hudson; $17.95). This quite wonderful book takes us to some of those places in the world which have been the destinations since time immemorial of religious pilgrimages. Although many such sacred localities are discussed, the author focusses on four, each of which is a shrine, or a place holy to one of the world's great religions—Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, and Christianity. Miss Munro, an art critic and historian who describes herself as a humanist with no mystical affiliation, ponders the phenomenon of the pilgrimage as a challenge to the imagination of mankind—one whose origins are lost in antiquity, and which has historically exerted a potent psychological attraction. Her investigations have taken her into the reaches of many scholarly disciplines—art history, theology, cosmology, ethno-astronomy, the explication of myth, and others—where not every reader will be ready to follow. No matter. This book will elate those equipped for it.

Sergei Prokofiev: A Biography, by Harlow Robinson (Viking; $29.95). A splendid life, by a Slavic-studies specialist who is also a musician, of one of our century's most popular composers. Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1953) was a wunderkind who was spoiled by his parents and at odds with his teachers, whose pianism was applauded, and whose compositions were performed, if not invariably praised. He grew up deeply interested in music and in himself; the roster of patrons and colleagues he insulted or quarrelled with is a *Who's Who* of the arts. He left Russia in 1918, expecting to return in a few months, but spent nearly nine years abroad—mostly in Paris. He returned to Russia for ever-lengthening tours and stays, and in 1936 decided to settle permanently in Moscow. Mr. Robinson's account of the musical development of his monomaniacal hero is first-rate.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Conspiracy of Angels, by Frank Ross (Atheneum; $18.95). Laurens Bartell—originally, Eisenstern—is a relic of the sixties Left, an American long expatriated to Europe and active among the young terrorist organizations there. But now he's dying—of cirrhosis—and he wants to come home. A retired American Intelligence agent, Lucas Garfield, is persuaded to return to duty by some Washington cronies and help old Larry realize his wish. Such is the entirely deceptive beginning of this excellent entertainment, a thriller as poised and cunning as any in recent years.

The Tenth Interview, by John Wainwright (St. Martin's; $12.95). In the first chapter we meet Herbert Grantley, the owner of a successful pharmacy in the English resort town of Rogate-on-Sands, married and with a married daughter; he is considering what would be the best method of poisoning his wife. In the next chapter we attend an interview in which he confesses that murder to a detective chief inspector. Subsequent chapters continue the interview and offer Grantley's recollections of his boyhood and his domestic life. Mr. Wainwright, even-toned and even-tempered, turns Grantley upside down and inside out, and treats us to an ending that could hardly be more devastating.

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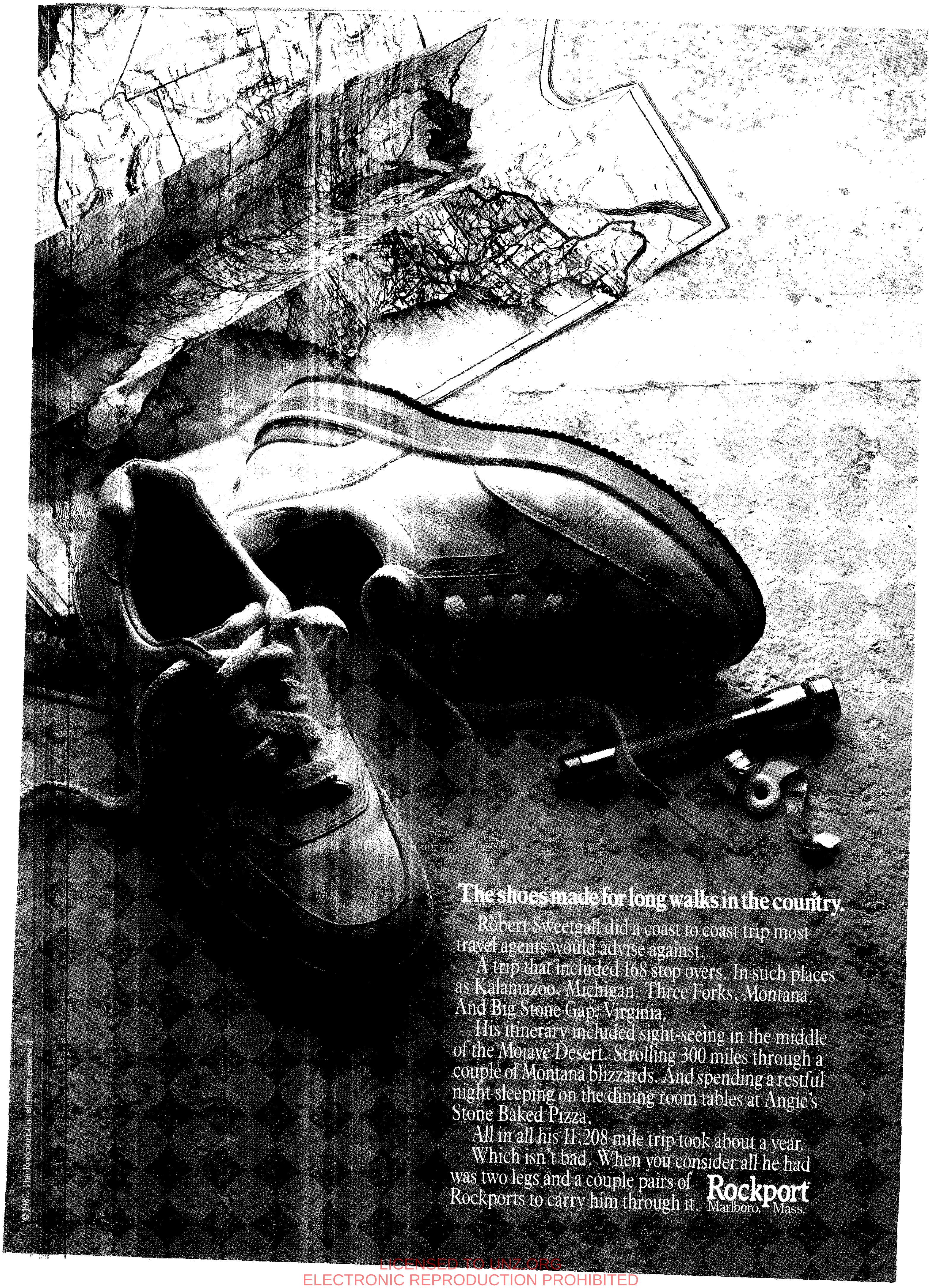

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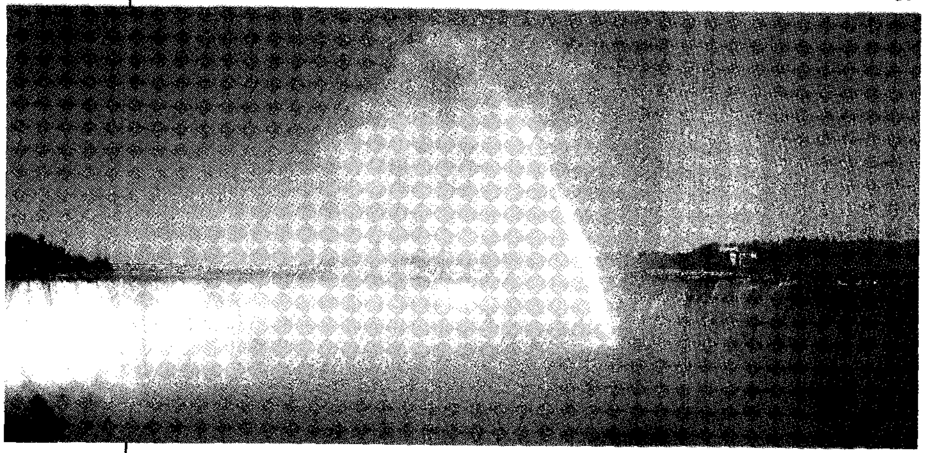

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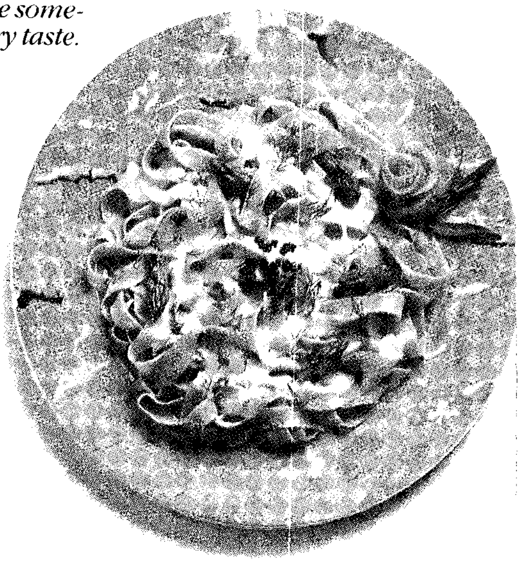

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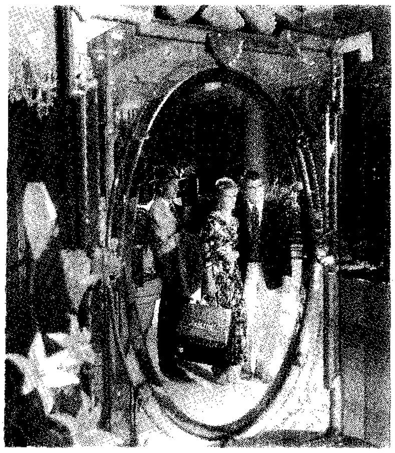

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Big Sandy, Texas

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

"MISH" TWORKOWSKI

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 25

OCCUPATION: Rock & Roll expert and appraiser, Sotheby's.

HOBBY: Designs his own line of jewelry. "I also enjoy working with some metals that aren't heavy."

LAST BOOK READ: *Glitz*, Elmore Leonard.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Selling more than $850,000 worth of golden oldness at a recent Sotheby's auction. Among the items on the block were a fringed vest that belonged to Jimi Hendrix, four gold records, and a genuine Beatles beach bag.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I love it and they actually pay me for it, so why not?"

QUOTE: "A rolling stone gathers much value."

PROFILE: Energetic, witty and very inquisitive. "Mish" is not so much obsessed by the recent past as entertained by it.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label" and soda. "It makes the idea of selling tickets to a 1966 rock concert a little easier to swallow."

AMBASSADOR [illegible]
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